The Zodiake of Life

Written by the Godly and zealous Poet Marcellus Pallingenius ſtellatus,

wherein are conteyned twelue Bookes diſcloſing the haynous Crymes & wicked vices of our *corrupt nature: And plainlye* **declaring the pleaſaunt and perfit pathway vnto eternall lyfe, beſides a numbre of digreſſions both pleaſaunt & profitable,**

Newly tranſlated into Engliſhe verſe *by Barnabe Googe.*

Probitas laudatur & alget.

IMPRINTED AT LONDON by Henry Denham, for Rafe Newberye dwelling in Flæte ſtreate.

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The Zodiake of Life

Written by the Godly and
Zealous Poet Marcellus
Palingenius Stellatus,

Wherein are represented the
Books directing the Harmous
Courses & Lucky Hours of our
continuall Preparations &
declaring the practises
numbers of Planets
Fruits of Trees
Herbs,

Profitable to be read of every

Translated out of
Latine into
English.

IMPRINTED AT LONDON

B G
TOVTE·LOVENGE·AV·DIEV

GILBERTVS DVKE CANtabrigiensis, in Marcelli Palingenij conuersionem.

Bellorum, vt sæuam rabiem depellimus armis
Armatoq́ minus gladij, vel tęla nocebunt:
Ramis, vt volucres deuitant grandinis imbrē,
Nec non ventosos nimbos, gelidasq́ procellas
Ardens vtq́ calor frigus depulsat acutum.
Blandimenta, velut sedant, cohibentq́ furores,
Aureus vt Phębus tenebras detrudit inanes:
Sic decus eloquij liuorem pellit acerbum
Grandi presidio Gogeum cingente Minerua
Omnigenis herbis, vt enim ver pingit agellos
Gratum ver opus hoc Musis sic sacrat, & ornat,
En silet infrendens tua (Zoile) lingua, nec istīm
Veris dente potest florem vitiare canino.
Sit stygijs flammis acris tua lingua sepulta.

Idem in Laudem operis, ad benęuolum lectorem.

Hoc docens vitæ speculum beatæ
Quosq́ virtutis, vitijq́ fructus
Ducit ad sacras pietatis arces
Qua sit eundum.

Anglus

Anglus exultet Iuuenis, Senex q́
Commodis fretus Latio dicatis:
Quæ dat hoc, inquam patriæ libello
Gogeus almæ.

Sit nefas ergo violare linguis
Gogti, lector, vigilem laborem:
Gratias gratus meritas habere &
Huic memor esto.

CHRISTOFERVS CARLILVS
sacrosanctæ Theologiæ professor, in Marc.
Pallingenij conuersionem.

Orbem signiferum collustrat numine Phœbi
Pax: radios mittens, spargat in orbe faces.
Lumine virtutis Gogêus pectora complet
Nostra, ligans nostris verba Latina modis.
Angligenas lector binas reperisse Poetas
A vita agresti, qui reuocare student.
Alter Chaucerus fama super æthere notus,
Alter Gogeus posteritatis honos
Ambo virtutes, virtutis præmia pandunt
Ambo: artes omnes ambo docere parant.
Quid deus est monstrat quæq́, est diuina potestas
Quidq́ Dei numen, miraǵ, facta docent.

In Marcellum Pallingenium à Barnaba Gogeo ex Latino Carmine in Anglicum traductum, Iacobi Itzuerti carmen.

Dic mihi quæ riguis Parnasi in collibus erras,
Queq3 præs sancto Calliopeia choro,
Dic queso (neq3 enim quidq̃ mihi Diua negasti)
Dic mihi quid mereant, qui tua tẽpla colunt.
An non & virides Laurus Hederasq3 sequaces,
Nexaq3 per dias florea serta comas?
An non æternas laudes, vitamq3 perennem,
An non perpetua posteritate colit?
An non sunt digni quorum post funera nomen
Viuat, & æterna laude feratur opus?
Sunt equidem: neq3 enim scribunt sine numine vates
Sunt reor illorum pectora plena Deo.
Quis neget imbutos diuina mente Poetas?
Crede mihi æthereo spiritus igne calet.
Dic mihi Diua precor si sint hæc præmia vatum,
Quænam Gogeo munera digna dabis?
Ille tuos coluit largis sudoribus hortos,
Et nouus accessit ad tua templa cliens.
Hic resides iuuenum mentes accendit, & altis
Eduxit tenebris, luce deditq3 frui.
Nempe refert magni, quis nos moderetur euntes
Et quonam pueri discimus ire duce.

Hic

Hic Anglis Anglus glaciem preſcîdit, & illis
Difficile ad laudem iam pateſecit iter.
Addidit & ſtimulos, calcarq; impreſſit eunti
Primus, & hoc magna laude ſubiuit opus.
Huius enim didicit bene Palingenius arte
Stricta quidē numeris Anglica verba loqui
Iamq; nouo inſignem ſeſe miratur amictu,
Seq; ſtupet duplici veſte Poeta tegi.
Et defixa tenens in pulchrum lumina tegmen
Iure noua vates veſte ſuperbus quat.
Nunc nitidum laudat cultum, variosq; colores,
Nunc ſua ſcripta ſtupet diuite verſa ſtyla.
Nunc vim, nunc faciles motus, caſteq; fluentis
Carminiis immenſas ſępe rubeſcit opes.
Non peregrinorum fœtus, nec adultera verba,
Sed nudam & caſtam cernit vbiq; fidem.
Non videt excurſus, ſua ſed veſtigia noſcit,
Et latio paſsim conſona verba ſtylo.
Iamq; etiam cūctis gaudet ſua ſcripta Britannis
Et ſancta a cupida carmina pube legi,
Et te Calliope (cuius nunc munere viuit)
Per Charitum ſupplex numina ſancta rogat.
Vt quoq; Gogei ſuper aurea ſydera nomen
(Sunt etenim hęc Vatū premia larga) vehas
Neue quis illius curſus decus obruat aui,
Sed fœlix omni tempore viuat. Amen.

IN GOGEI ÆDITIONEM,

G. Chatertoni carmen Elegiacum, Christi Collegij Cantabrigiæ Socij, ad Lectorem.

Marmoreæ turres, prẽcinctæ mẽnibus vrbes
Tempore labenti, prẽcipitata ruunt.
Intereunt statuę, monumenta antiqua virorum
Quicquid & orbis habet, tempore cassa iacẽt
Vrbs Romana licet, sublimibus alta columnis:
Occidet horrendi conscia dedecoris.
Magnificam pẽnis videas, Carthaginis vrbem:
Nulla loci, aut vrbis pristina signa manent.
Sempiterna manent, quę scripsit carmina Gogus
Aetnęis nunq̃ pręda voranda rogis.
Non opus egregium hoc, himnis celebrare decorũ (est
Hoc erit in toto notius orbe nihil.
Te tamen inprimis nostra hęc mirabitur ætas
Si moriere, tuum non morietur opus.
Anglia lętatur se tali prole parentem,
Estq́; sibi solum, se genuisse satis.
Hęc antiqua domus (tibi quõdã sedula nutrix)
Extulit ad verbum, nominis ecce caput
Quos et hebręa min̄ vel quos nec græca iuuabũt
Cuiq̃ minus forsan turba latina placet.
Huc omnes populi, vos huc generosa iuuentus
Confluite huc pueri, decrepitiq; senes.

Da

DAVID BELIVS, IN BARnabę Gogei Pallingenium.

Carmina Gogei crebro recitare Rotunda.
Ingenium, mores, eloquiumq́, iuuat.
Quisquis auet veram complecti mente salutem,
Comparet hunc librum qui sine sorde fluit
Diuitię pereunt, validūq́, quoq́, corpus honores:
Florent doctrinę perpetuoq́, manent
Qui sapiat, librum claras qui continet istum
Virtutes querat, nam mala cuncta vetat.
Vade libelle igitur Gogei clara suppellex
Et monstres nomen traxeris vnde tuum.

Εἰς τὸν Γωγίον, Ῥίχαρδος ὁ σέφανος.

Οὐτι σε τῶτολε μεν τοῖσ ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἐμοῖσι,
Γόμμαι, τήσγι τεὴσ Γώγιε δόξα τᾶλρασ.
ἀλλά σέθεν πάνυ λαμτρὰ τοιήματα τοῖάκισ ὄμμαι
γράμμασιν ἴσα τεὴσ χαύχερε καλὲ χιρόσ.
ὄμμαισ δ' ἀιρολόγε τά τοήματα λαμτρὰ τοιητῦ,
εἶσ τὸν τήσδε τᾶτραισ σοὶ μετάφραισα λόγον.
τᾶνλάδε ταῦλα καλῶσ, καἤσύν μυσἤσι γέγραψαι:
ὄνεκ' ἤχοις ξίφανον μᾶλλον ἐοικόλα σοι.

Eadem Latine.

Non oculis ego te, clariſsime Gogie, vidi,
Gogie natalis gloria magna ſoli:
Sed tua bella tamen luſtrauı epigrammata, quę̃
Aequent Chauceri ſcripta deſerta ſenis.
Vidi & Signidici veneranda poęmata Vatis,
Sunt in maternos quę tibi verſa ſonos.
Omnia quæ pulchrè, Muſisq́, fauentibus ipſe
Scripſiſti, Vatum munere digna ſacro.

To the right Honorable Sir William Cecill Knighte, principall Secretary to the Queenes highnesse, & Maister of her Maesties Courte of Wardes and Liueryes.

THe fauorable accepting of my simple trauayles lately dedicated vnto your honor, hath so much boldened and thorowlye encouraged me, that mawgre the despite of most reprochfull tongs, I haue not feared to finish the course of my long pretended race: with no lesse profite as I trust, vnto a number, than paynefull trauayle vnto my selfe. Wherin if I had knowen at the firste, as much as since I haue perfectly vnderstode, neyther had I as then taken vpon me so great an enterprise, nor since so rudely finished, the translation

of so eloquent a Poet. For when I fyrste began to employ some part of my leysure aboute it, making dilligente inquirie, I coulde learne of no man that euer had attempted to englishe the same. So that perceyuing my labour to be no hinderaunce to any other mans prayse, and lamenting to see so Christian a writer to lie hyd and vnknowen to the ignoraunt sorte, I thought I should not do amisse, if al that in me lay I bestowed, in the albeit simple and slender, yet faythfull and true translation, of so vertuous a worke. But since I haue certaynely vnderstoode, that when I firste began to fall in hand wythall, three bookes thereof were both eloquentely and excellently englished, by Walter Smith, clark vnto the moste honorable of the Queenes Maiesties counsell. Whose doings, as in other matters I haue wyth admiration beheldē, so in thys I am well assured I should with an amased minde haue seene: I woulde that eyther I had latelier begonne it, or else that he had fallen in hand soner with it, wherby my grosse & homely

ly style might haue bene no hindrance to the fruites of so pure a penne. But since it was my fortune, so blindely to venture vpon it, I truste my trauayle shall neuer the more be enuied. I could not (when I had long debated ỹ matter with my selfe) finde out a Poet more meete for the teaching of a Christian life (an estate in these oure dayes most miserably decayed) than this no lesse learned than famous Italiõ: *Marcellus Pallingenius*, a man of such excellent learning and Godly life, that neither ỹ vnquietnesse of his time (Italie in those dayes raging wyth most cruell & bloudy warres) ne yet the furious tyranny of the Antichristian Prelate (vnder whose ambicious and Tirannicall gouernaunce he continually liued) coulde once amase the *Muse*, or hinder the zealous and vertuous spirit of so Christian a Souldiour. I haue many times much mused wyth my selfe, howe (liuing in so daungerous a place) he durst take vpon him so boldely to controll the corrupte and vnchristian liues of the whole Colledge of contemptuous Cardinals

dinalles, the vngracious ouersæings of bloudthyrsty Bishops, the Panchplying practises of pelting Priours, the manifold madnesse of mischeuous Monkes, wyth the filthy fraternitie of flattering Friers. Which surely he durst neuer haue done, but onely that he was heartened wyth a happy and heauenly spirite. Which notable audacitie of his was wonderfully reuenged by the malicious hands of such as felt themselues fretted with his spiritual corsey. For when they had not power to execute their tyrannie vpon his innocent body in time of his life, their mischieuous malice was no whit ashamed to consume with fyre the blameleſſe bones of so vertuous a man: yea and that a great while after his death. Besides the reprouing of the leud liues of the Clergie, he boldly inueyed agaynst the graceleſſe gouernance of proud pompous Princes, & licencious liuing of the riottous nobilitie, the couetous catchings of grædy Lawyers, the vngodly gaynes of fonish Physitians, and the corrupted consciences of deceytful Artificers;

tificers: affirming playnly, that if they did not better beautify their christian names with a more christiā life, of so many thousands as haue in vaine receiued that most holy sacrament of sacred Baptisme, there should scarce three aspire vnto the enheritaunce of Heauenly ioyes. What doth your honor suppose this man would haue written? Vnto how great a volume doe you thinke his workes would haue amounted, if so that GOD had appoynted him to florish at this preſēt time in England, wheras pitifully raigneth such mōstrous & horrible pride, such cancred and spiteful malice, such false & fayned frēdships, such lack of loue and charity, such professing of God in words, & denying him in works, as doubtlesse is not to be foūd among the faythlesse Turks, miscreant Sarazēs, or superstitious Iewes: Better were it in my family not at al to profes his name, thā thus with diuelish life to make it be euill spoken of amongst the heathen. The Pro phet saith, *Væ vobis propter quos nomē meum malè audit apud gentes. Væ qui consurgitis &c.* Esay. 52. Esay. 5.

It

It is not our christendome assuredly that liuing so vnlike Christians shall bring vs to Heauen, as S. Chrisostome in these wordes doth wytnesse. *Sin vero ne tibi quidem ipse luce as, & ne propriam putredinem fœtoremq; detergas, quibus te indicijs ego fidelem patero agnoscere: an quia sacrati aquas fontis ingressus es? at hoc ipsũ fit tibi grauioris viatici cũ supplicij.* I would therfore wish that we should not to much presume of the securitie obtayned by a Christian name, but that we should wyth al our endeuour apply our selues to shew such fruits as duetie requireth in the followers of Christe. Wt hereby we shoulde not onely preuayle agaynst our enimies, and stoppe the mouthes of our slaunderous aduersaries, but also enioy a blessed and happy tranquility in this worlde, and be assured to obtayne the promised pleasures in the worlde to come. For the teachinge whereof, I know no man that hath so much trauayled and perfectly profyted, as hath this Poet, which I here present vnto your honor, about whom although I haue lately

In Cap. x. Mat. Ho: 4

taken

ken some paynes, not enioying all the while so quiet a minde as had bene nedefull for such a labour, nor hauing the familiar conference of any studious frends whereby in some doubtes I might better haue bene resolued. I am well assured I shall receyue for reward, the reprochfull reports of a number of infamous tongs, as by the publishing of my first attempts I haue bene sufficiently taught. What remedie? If this my trauayle shall finde fauoure at the handes of youre honoure and others of perfectnesse in iudgement, I doe little esteeme the fonde surmisings of the scornefull company, nor the rashe reporte of so fonde a fellowship, aduising them rather to proue the lyke laboure, than hawetyly to reproue any well meaning minde. I haue longer here continued my Barbarous style than reason doth allowe; wherefore ceassing (for auoyding of tediousnesse) wyth so vnperfecte an ende, I moste humbly beseeche your honoure to take in good parte this so simple and slender a gyfte, whiche al-

thoughe it hath escaped at the firste impression with a number of faultes, I truste hereafter shall perfectelye be purged.

God long preserue your honour in prosperous estate.

Your Honours humble and faythfull seruaunt

Barnabe Googe.

¶ To the vertuous and frendely Reader.

WHat pleasure and profite the dilligent reading of vertuous Poets doth minister to the Godly and Christian minde, so euidently and playnely hath alwayes appeared, that I nede not to bestowe any time about the declaring hereof. Neither was the statety style of Heroicall verse, only had in price and estimation with the learned Grekes and eloquent Romains (wyth whome Poets were alwayes esteemed and carefully prouided for,) but also it semeth there was no little accoumpte made, of the pleasant agreement of iustly measured wordes, among those sacred Prophetes that directed the whole course and trade of their life, to the praysing and pleasing of the almighty Lorde. For as S. Hierome testifieth, the deuine and notable Prophecies of Esay, the Lamentation of Jeremie, the Songs & Ballades of Salomon, the Psalter of Dauid, and

the boke of Hiob, were written by ỹ first auctours in perfect and pleasaunt Hexameter verses. So that the deuine and canonicall volumes were garnished and set forth with the swæte according tunes, & heauenly soundes of pleasaunt metre. Yet wyll not the graceless company of our pernicious Hipocrites allow that the Psalmes of Dauid (a moste comfortable booke) should be translated into Englishe metre. And why? Marry (saye they) bycause they were only receiued to be chaũted in the Church, and not to be song in euery Coblers shop. O monstrous & malicious infidels, doe you so much disclose your cancred stomacks towardes the deuine Maiestie, that you abhorre to heare his glory aud prayse sounding in ỹ mouth of a poore Christian artificer? May none of your sacred secretes passe any farther than your solemne sinagogs? What say you to Chrisostome who exhorted his audience in this sorte?

Homy. 2. in 1. Cap. Gen. *Dicat vir aliqua eorum quæ nunc hic sunt dicta, audiat autẽ Mulier, discant Pueri, discant & Familiares, fiatq; Domus Ecclesia, vt*

effuge-

effugetur Diabolus, in fugam vertatur malus ille Dæmon inimicus ſalutis noſtræ.

Let the goodman (ſaith he) tell to his familie ſome of theſe matters, whereof I haue here entreated. Let the wife giue eare, let the children learne, let the reſidewe be inſtructed, and let the houſe be made a Church, that the Diuell may be put to flight, that the wicked ſpirite and enimie of our ſaluation may be chaſed away. If you had lyued in theſe dayes Mayſter Doctor, for your ſo ſaying you ſhould haue bene counted an Heritike, as a good Scholler alledging of late dayes to Sir John lacklattin of the countrey, the auctority of ſainct Paule: wilt thou haue it (ſayth the Parſon) S. Paule was an Heretike and ſo art thou. I aſſure you ỹ Diuell hath a fayth and ſo haue you. To retourne to thee, louing and frendly reader: Seing that wyth theſe auncient fathers and holy Prophetes, this kinde of wryting in verſe was ſo highly eſteemed, that the Godly inſtructions of the Scripture, and the comfortable prophecies of our mercifull redeemer, were in this ſorte

of wryting vttered, yea & since there was suche a grace giuen vnto it that the Holy Ghoste did therein prophecy of Christe by the mouthes of sinfull Pagans, as it appeareth by the prophecy of Virgill.

Eglog. 4.

Vltima Cumei iam venit carminis ætas
Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo.
Iam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna
Iam noua progenies cælo demittitur alto.

Since this (I saye) appeareth, be not so straight of iudgement as I know a number to be that can not abyde to reade anye thing written in Englishe verse, which nowe is so plenteously enriched wyth a numbre of eloquent writers, that in my fansy it is lyttle inferiour to the pleasaunt verses of the auncient Romaines. For since the time of our excellente countreyman sir Geffray Chaucer who liueth in like estimation with vs as did olde *Ennius* wyth the Latines. There hath flourished in England so fine and filed phrases, and so good & pleasant Poets as may counternayle the doings of *Virgill, Ouid, Horace, Iuuenall, Martiall, Lucan, Perseus, Tibullus, Catullus, Seneca,* and *Propertius.* Amongst whome

whome (as moſt inferiour to them all) I haue for thy cõmoditie brought into Engliſh verſe this vertuous Poet *Palingeni*. And though I haue not ſo eloquẽtly Engliſhed it as a nũber that may better thã I would haue done, & as the worthyneſſe of the autour ſæmes to require, yet haue I faythfully & truly tranſlated it: giuing in ſome places verſe for verſe, & word for worde: in other places (where I haue not preciſely obſerued ſo ſtrickte an order) yet haue I no whit ſwarued from the perfect minde of the autoure, to the entente that with theſe ſundry kinds of tranſlations I might pleaſe euery head. And if it ſo happen to fall out that I ſatiſfy not thine expectation, yet accept good Reader my good wyll therein, which onely meaneth to pleaſe and profite thee. For which I accoumpt my trauayles recõpenced, if ſo be they ſhall be thankfully receyued of thee. And for the other ſorte, I ſaye vnto them wyth *Martiall*.

Qui ducis vultus, & non legis iſta libenter
Omnibus inuidias, liuide, nemo tibi.

Fare thou vvell moſt heartyly in Chriſt.

Faultes escaped in the Auctors absence.

Letter.	Leafe.	Syde.	Lyne.	Faultes.	Corrected.
A	7	2	5	when God,	When that
A	7	2	16	and left	at laſt
A	7	2	20	nygher	Pyſer
C C	3	2	24	their	they
C C	4	2	17	not	no
C C	6	2	24	with mighty fall, &c.	leue out but with ſtroke of Toztoys loſt his life.
C C	8	2	15	Poets	Pzophets
F F	7	2	14	doubtfull	doleful
G G	2	2	11	beaſtes	hoaſtes
H H	5	1	12	Belbowes	bellowes
K K	5	1	18	hys hozne	his right hozne.

My minde with fury fierce inflamd
of late I know not how,
Doth burne *Parnaſus* hylles to ſee,
adournd wyth Laurell bow,
The Camps ſo cleare of *Caſtaly*,
where *Muſes* ſweete do ſing:
The towne *Cyrrha* doth me delight,
and trees that euer ſpring.
What darkneſſe oh ſhall I now flie:
to me appeareth playne
The bliſſefull beames of *Eous* bright,
the day returnes agayne.
O darkneſſe fade thy way from hence,
hyde thou thy ſelfe in hell.
The loue of *Muſe* and hie *Iehoue*,
doth both within me dwell.
And vertue doth not labour feare,
the way though hard it be,
O *Phebus* father Poets helpe,
diſcloſe the doubtes to me,
With *Aganippes* holſome fode,
repleniſh thou my dayes:
Thy temple eke to come vnto,
do thou direct my wayes.
Defend me from the common ſorte,
that ſeeke me to diſpraiſe.

Not worse vnlikde now shall I be,
if that thou wylt me blesse,
That I thy priest vnknowne and new,
my selfe to labour dresse.
Thou liftest men from base estate,
to honours them to call,
Without thy grace, the wit of man,
would perish sone and fall:
His voyce and al would ware full horse
nothing would swetely sound,
All swete and pleasaunt melody,
would fal vnto the ground.
And if thou wilte me fauour nowe,
I wyll ascend the Skies,
And there thy hie and Godly workes
contemplate with mine eyes.
Oh fauour me, thou *Phebus* hie,
take thou from ground away:
Thy Poet prostrate here on earth,
if that by fates I may.
And you (O *Nimphes*) of *Castaly*,
if wyth vnfayned harte
I haue approcht your learned dores,
if riottes fylthy arte
Could not wdraw my youthful yeares,
from honoring of your name,
Ne fylthy lust of beastlinesse
coulde euer me defame:

Then let my fame go flye abrode,
least that vnworthyly,
I shal be after thought to liue,
and so my name shal dye.
For hope of glory and renowne,
a man for to obtayne,
Hath caused men in vertuousnesse
to take both care and payne.
And thou O famous worthy Prince
that *Hercule* hast to name,
Amongs the doughty *Italian* Dukes,
of most renowned fame.
And of the hie *Estensian* blond,
the chiefe illuster floure:
Whom *Pallas* in *Parnasus* caues,
hath nouriſht euery houre,
Whome *Muses* nine wyth sacred milke
from tender yeres haue fed,
Whereby a fame they hope to haue
that neuer shall be deade:
Of *Cyrrha* eke the Laurell tree,
shall spring they trust agayne,
Though *Mars* doth let in spite of them,
and seeketh to retayne
Your noble heart into his tentes
by al the meanes he may:
In tents where honour you shal haue

that neuer shall decay,
Wheras your armes as right requires
shall richly decked be
With triumphes due to such a Prince
of lusty Laurell tree.
Drawe nere and wyth a ioyful face
thy Poete loke vpon,
Willing to treade vnproued pathes
that haue not yet bene gone.
And shewe thy fauour to a wight
that nowe abashed is:
So may *Ferrara* see thee long
in perfect ioy and blis,
Till after this thy ioyfull life,
a long and happy time,
Departing from the earth thou shalt
the starry heauen clime.
And if my Fatal yeares be long,
in time shal come the day,
When as your grace and worthy dedes
I shal at large display,
When *Indie* ayr with *Tarteſſe* brinkes
thy name shall cause to sound:
Thy fame shall flye in euery place
of *Hiperbores* ground.
In vtter partes of *Africke* to,
you shall be knowen by me:

Then

Then I wyth greater rage of *Muse*,
encouraged shall be,
And shal declare vnto al men,
how that you do embrace
Iustice, and eke what Godlinesse
and fayth is in your grace,
What counsayle doth in you abound,
what valeant worthy powre,
How liberall with gentlenesse,
you are at euery howre:
By me shall also wonder much,
the world in euery place,
To see what wyt and manners mylde,
consisteth in your grace.
But now the things that I you giue,
receiue wyth gentle harte,
And take my present doing here,
a while as in good parte.
My minde desyreth sore to wryte
of much and diuers things,
And not alwayes to stay at one,
but as the spryte me brings
I go now here, now there I swimme
amid the waters deepe,
Sometime I tosse the boistrous waues
sometyme to shore I creepe.
And though sometimes by reasons rule

I shall assay to finde,
The secret wayes by nature hyd,
and bring them vnto minde:
Those things yet will I follow most,
whereby a profyt shall
Aryse, and adde a holy life,
to men that be mortal.
A life alas now banisht cleane,
if I the truth may say
In this our age, than which a worse
was neuer seene the day.
Such things I say, that shall expel
the vices of the minde:
A thing that more the *Muses* fyttes,
than this I can not finde.
This makes a man for to be sound,
of witte both prompt and fine,
Although by nature he be dull,
and do no whitte decline
Vngodly, and neglecting right,
that horedome doth not spare,
Or on whome earthly auarice,
hath caused for to care,
Or he whome enuy in his hearte,
doth euermore possesse,
Inconstant, or a lying man,
or takes in drinke excesse,

In fine what euer vice he hath,
by this he may forsake,
The hurtful harmes of peruerse mind,
a Godly life to take.
This worthy men doth cause to be,
and fyt for honours hie:
which to themselues, their house, and realme
can councel prudently,
And vnto doubtful things they can
bring present remedy.
So much the face of beauty fayre,
ought not esteemed to be,
The pleasaunt eyes with shining locks,
eche parte of royall blee,
As maners wel composed, and
a pure and honest minde,
Where vertue beares so great a stroke
that vice is harde to finde.
Doth not the righteous man or he,
that vertues much doth loue,
Liue al in myrth, and hopes for helpe
of only God aboue:
Ye nothing cares whē whispring wor-
be closely spoke in eare, (des
When iudge, or King, doth for him cal
his heart doth nothing feare.
Contrarywise the wicked man,

deſamed feares to be,
And when the lightnings thũder rores,
then gilty trembleth he.
If men doe chaunce in eares to rounde,
or whiſper when they walke,
Alas then cries he to himſelfe,
of me theſe men do talke,
What ſhal I do? the Iudge or King
doth cal, and ſhall I goe,
Or rather flie the perils great
of wretched life? now loe,
By fyxed law of *GOD* doth feare
the wicked men torment,
And though ſometime the euil man
to myrth doth ſeeme as bent,
As *Strongilos* amyd the ſeas,
yet doth he boyle within,
Or *Etna* when his flaming dartes,
Pyrackmon doth begin.
But were it better to declare,
with thouſand ſhippes aſſaylde
The curſed chaunce of *Pergamus*
that foliſhly bewaylde
The periurde chaunce of *Sinons* deede?
or elſe *Ogiges* towne,
Which by the cruel chaunce of warre,
was raced cleane adowne?

Or shal I prayse, as Poetes wont,
some man wyth forging lyes:
And iudge a colour fayre to be,
contrary to mine eyes:
Or were it better here to fayne,
how *Dedalus* did flie,
The woful hap of *Icarus*
that fell out of the Skie:
The bodies oft transformed aye,
of Gods and eke of men:
And so delude the ydle eares,
with trifles of my pen:
Or had I better to declare
the wanton toyes of youth,
And slaunder Gods wyth prophane acts
which is a greater ruth:
For what do these our frantick heads
now feare at any houre:
The Gods (we say) with lecherous luske,
both boyes and maydes deflloure.
A whore in heauens hie to be,
a lechoure to they say:
O shame, is this a Godlinesse,
or right to vse such way:
Are these the thankes we owe to God:
be these our odoures swete:
Be these the duties that we owe,

or prayses for him meete:
What thing will now the witte of man
forbeare to fayne or lye:
By meanes whereof they may obtayne
in sinne a liberty:
Of writers vayne both leud and yll,
O rude vnruly route,
You nede to take *Elleborus*
to pourge your humours out.
To you I speake that others harme
whose tongs do spare no man:
If lightning should you all consume,
what marueil were it than:
Shew me the cause both night and day,
why do you take such payne:
Is it but only for your selues:
why then no prayse you gayne.
For he that only priuate wealth
regardeth alwayes still,
And laughes to scorne an others harme
whilste he enioyes his will.
A sauage beast by right desert,
deserueth calde to be:
And not a man for to be namde,
for so to write ought we,
That men may get some good thereby,
and not complaine to spend:

Their

Their times in trifling trickes & toyes
that haue no certaine end.
And fyrst ought to be knowen that we,
do good in thyree deuide:
In pleasure and vtilitie,
and honesty chiefe beside.
Some one of these or greater parte,
may Poets alway vse:
So that the bondes of honesty,
to breake they shall refuse.
But O what titles and what crowne,
did he deserue to haue,
Which things not only vaine & nought
good fruite that neuer gaue,
But wrot such things as might corrupt
the life of any man,
And make him worser ten to one,
than when he first began:
He left behinde him monuments,
of wanton wicked wayes:
And left such foolish doting things,
to men of latter dayes.
O Lord how much doth wanton words
to wicked life entice
And with a feruent poyson great,
doth draw men vnto vice.
From eares a wanton wicked voice,

dare pearce the secrete thought.
And vnto mischiefe moue thereby,
the members bent to nought.
A noble man such things delight,
(some man perhaps wyll say:)
Who in his house a lusty route
doth kepe in rich aray,
Whome for to feare, excessiue goods
compels a man thereto,
With any parte of worthy wyt
who neuer had to do.
What then may these be suffred thoe,
or prayld, bycause they please
The rich, or else the noble men
that alwayes liue in ease?
Not so, for what a sorte there be
of twolegd Asses clothed
In Golde and Silke, and Purple fayre
to al men is not shewed.
There be, there be ful many nowe,
whome Pearls haue puft with pryde,
And whome the *Asians* haue beset
with Silke on euery syde,
Whose fingers fayre with rings of gold
be dasht and deckt about,
With precious stones & pearles of price
that *India* sendeth out.

Those

Those men a man would almost swear,
that *Plato* they excell,
Or *Socrates* who (*Phębus* iudge)
of wisdome bare the bell.
And yet these Princely paynted walles
do nought within contayne,
A blather ful implete with winde
they may be termed playne. (springs
Where Fortune fawnes, there pleasure
and pleasure bringeth folly:
And so the light of reasons rule
is darkned vtterly,
Whereby it happes that seldome wyse,
these childzen chaunce to be.
To suffer payne for vertues sake,
who wil, if so be he
Haue no rewarde: rewarde who sekes,
but he whome nede constraynes:
The rich man followes ioyful things,
and liueth void of paynes,
He hates the pricking thorny wayes,
the clyffes both sharp and sowre,
By which we do assay to clime,
to Lady learnings towre.
I can not stay my selfe as now,
when anger cõmes vpon,
But needes I must dekye both verse,

and

and Poets al as one,
When boyes we see decline to nought,
whome maisters do embewe,
With verses filthy to be namde,
which most they should eschew.
Their first possessed shamefastnesse,
to see them cleane forsake:
And eke how apt and prone they be
a naughty way to take,
And fonder mischiefe so in youth,
that he may alwayes dwell
In them, whereby they may prepare
in age a way to hell.
But yet it doth me good to see,
how hoping al for praise,
They get themselues immortall shame,
that neuer more decayes.
For who wil iudge them voyd of vice,
or that they liude not so,
As they themselues did giue precepts
to others for to go?
The talke it selfe doth wel declare,
the nature of the minde,
And euery man doth most frequent
things propre to his kinde.
Of Oxen, rake, and culter sharpe
the plowmans tong doth walke,

Of

Of Sayle and Cable, Mast and Oze,
is all the Seamans talke.
Of Horses, harnesse, Speare & Shielde,
the Captayne styl wil boste:
So bawdy mates of bawdy things,
their tongs do clatter moste.
I warne you syrs aboue the rest,
of youth that takes the cure,
Whose parte it is the tender mindes
of boyes for to allure,
To vertue and to Godlinesse,
like waxe do them prepare,
Hate you the wicked workes of those,
for greater matters care.
Reade not such things as are but vayne
vnworthy to be tolde:
But teach the worthy histories
of auncient fathers olde.
Herein let children nouseled be,
let these be borne away:
Hereof may spring a Godly fruite,
direct their life that may.
They shew what things we folow shuld
and what we should reiect:
And fables al among the rest
we may not wel neglect.
For oftentimes a Comody,

may

may holesome doctrine bring:
And monith men by pleasant wordes,
to leaue some noughty thing.
There be I graunt some Poets workes
not altogither vayne,
Which with a plesaunt sugred style,
procede from sobre brayne.
These things do helpe, and voyd of vice
these workes do profit much:
In youth bring vp your scholers wyth
none other foode but such.
And when their yong and tender age
they once haue passed out:
Then may they safely voyd of harm,
go range the fieldes about,
And gather floures where they list,
for daunger is away.
But now a while for to discusse,
I thinke it best assay,
Of which of these is nedefull most,
or moste to be esteemed:
The man that good and honest is,
or he that well is learned.
The good or else the learned man,
of two which is the best:
Learning is hie, becõmes the meke,
and doth the proude infest.

It

It doth refuse the belly gods,
and such as sleepe hath traynde:
Without long time and labour great,
it wyll not be obtaynde.
This Citie rules and moueth Wars,
and this can warres refell:
It sheweth the earth and goodly starres
and sickneſſe doth expell.
Thys teacheth figures faire to frame,
of sundry sorte and kinde:
This teacheth vs to number well,
and musicke calles to minde.
This doth ascende the heauens and
bring hidden things to light:
No perfit man without this same,
may called be of right.
Unlike to beastes and like to gods,
this causeth vs to be:
Sometime and yet of little price,
his vertue lost we see.
As oft as with the dregges of vice,
defylde he doth put on:
Deformed hewe amid the durte,
as doth the Jasper stone.
Or as the Sunne behinde the clonde,
or shadowe of the Moone:
Ne is it onely vile in sight,

but hurtfull very soone.
For if a wicked man it haue,
then may it be compared:
Unto a frentyke foole that hath
a sworde wythout regarde.
Whereby hee many doth destroy,
and runneth more astray:
But he that voide of harme and hurte,
to liue doth well assay.
Obseruing well the law of God,
and of the hygher powre:
And synne doth flye as open throte,
of dragon to deuoure.
The shepe, the moyle or horses kept,
whose office is to see:
Though he be one, if learning lacke,
esteemde he ought to bee.
Such one I say no man nor God,
can euer well despise:
But he that vertue doth enuie,
at least that is not wise.
For who but such wyll not hym loue,
and worthily commende:
That feareth God and righteousnes,
obserueth to hys ende.
Whom golde can neuer ouercome,
who willeth no mans wrong:

Who helpes the poores afflicted case,
who flyeth the naughty throng.
He feedes the humble and the meke
yll tongues her doth reiect:
No man to hurt he doth reioice,
but rather to protect.
And that which is the worthyeſt praiſe
at euery time he can:
In euery thing a modeſtye,
vſe, happy is that man.
Woze happy yet I doe him iudge,
that doth in both excell:
Who that is good and learned to,
a crowne deſerueth well.
For other men he farre exceedes,
as golde doth copper paſſe:
And as the flaming Piropus,
excelles the duſkey glaſſe.
And ſeldome ſynne thou ſhalt diſcerne,
a man of learned fame:
At leaſt not much, vnto the rude,
there is no heede of ſhame.
But headlong ruſhe they into vice,
which they forbidden bee:
And holy lawes be laught to ſcorne,
by fooliſhe fonde decree.
Lyke as the blinde cannot beware,

but fal in ditches deepe:
As men amid the darke be hurt,
when Proserpine doth sleepe.
So minde of man, which is but blinde
take learning once away:
In euery vice it doth not doubt
to fall and runne astray.
Except it be compressed by feare,
of paine that may ensue:
No things but those that pleasaunt bee,
it iudgeth right or true.
Yet many times it may be sene,
that nature doth supply:
The maisters roume and giueth grace,
in youth abundantly.
Whereby that schoole did neuer teache,
by grace they may obtaine:
What letteth such to leade a life,
as vertue teacheth plaine.
The greater thankes be due to him,
for euermore to giue:
Whose booke doth shew a Methode true
declaring how to liue.
O famous Gods of hie renoume,
which rule the forked hyll:
To whom my yeares I alwayes gaue,
and dedicate them styll.

If that such waighty things a wretche,
may safely you desire:
In this my worke I take in hande,
your aide I now require.
Let not dishonour me deface,
nor in his blasing rage:
Let limping Vulcan me destroye,
at any time or age.
And thus an ende the ramme that kepes
the entraunce of our dooze:
Doth leaue his place vnto the bull,
that hasteth here afoze.
The booke approching next at hande,
doth will mee to haue done:
In hast and biddes me finishe now,
that I of late begonne.

¶ *The Seconde booke entituled Taurus.*

LOng time ye hast thee rested well,
my boate in pleasant baye:
Now time vs biddes to hoyse vp sailes
and ancour vp to way.
The washing wynter now is fledde,
the hoary snowes be gon:
From downe the hylles they fast distill,

that once they fell vpon.
The earth againe doth florishe greene,
the trees repaire their spring:
With pleasaunt notes the Nitingale,
beginneth new to sing.
With flowers fresh their heads be decke
the Fairies daunce in fielde:
And wanton songes in mossye dennes,
the Dryds and Satirs yelde.
The wynged Cupide fast doth cast,
his dartes of golde ystamed:
And lusty youth with pleasaunt heate,
hath feruently inflamed.
Now may we safely wander out,
amid the waters plaine:
The floudes be calme & westerne wynde
is present here againe.
O foole why art thou now afraide,
the ayze is fayze and bright:
And Atlas daughters rising vp,
perswade thy course of right.
For ydlenesse what kynde of praise
can happen vnto thee:
To slouthfulnesse no good rewarde,
may well ascribed bee.
Lyft vp thy heart and corage eke,
be bolde and of good chere:

For

For fortune most doth fauour those,
that all things least doe feare.
To fearefull folkes at any time,
shee triumphe hath denaide:
But as I gesse the monsters teeth,
doth make thee sore afraide.
Great shame it is that vertue shoulde,
for monsters hyde their face:
Go to therefore leaue of thy lettes,
and walke the depth apace.
The kyng and Lord and mighty power,
that rules the worlde so fast:
Who wyth a beck the golden starres,
shall gouerne whilste they last.
Who made the earth inhabited
wyth beastes of sundry sight:
And diuers fishe within the sea,
to draw their vitall spryte.
Least destitute of dwellers be,
those elements they shoulde:
And onely man among the rest,
discerne be reason woulde.
And vnto him he graunted speache,
where beastes be dumme of sounde:
Declining downe their bodies great,
doe lyeke the massey grounde.
With reason he hath vnder brought,

the ſtrongeſt beaſtes of might:
The Lion fierce, the Tygre ſwift,
alone hath put to flight.
The ſerpents though their bodies foule
wyth poyſon doe abounde:
Doe ſtande in awe and feare him to,
when that they heare hys ſounde.
The mõſtruous mole ỹ thurlpole greate,
of mighty forme and ſtrength:
In Oceane ſea doth giue him place,
when he doth walke at length.
Take him away what were the earth?
a place wyth briers growne:
And would bring forth no kinde of corne
vntilde or els vnſowne.
Yee cities built and ordned lawes.
wherby they ruled bee:
Wyth temples trymmed for their ſtate,
the Gods adourned hee.
Full many artes he ſearched forth,
and inſtruments he founde:
Which like the lightning flaſhe & flame,
and lyke the thunders ſounde.
Wherein the fier faſt incloſde,
inforceth all hee may:
Out of hys mouth to rumble oute,
the pellet farre away.

Whereby

Whereby the Towers hye be bette,
and walles of euery towne:
Hys strength not able to abide
come topsy turuey downe.
And he that heareth farre away,
the bouncing of these blowes:
With dreadfull noyse & thũder thumpes
as present there he trowes.
Unhappy had you bene O Gods,
if in Phlegreus grounde:
Whereas with giantes huge you fought
such weapons had bene founde.
He founde out shippes whereby a man,
to passe the seas may knowe:
And wander farre whereas he list,
if wynde at wyll doe blowe.
In places farre abrode and nie,
to Tytan in the East:
And where the Sũne doth slip sometime
and fall vnder the west.
And in the North whereas the Beare,
her colour cleare doth giue:
And in the other part againe,
where men there be that liue.
Whose feete contrary quite to ours,
doe alwayes vse to treade:
And lyke to fall their heeles aloft,

doe

doe downewarde hang theire head,
And though he doe excell in witte,
and vigour of the minde:
So much that well he may be thought
to come of God hys kinde.
Yet knowethhe not nor seekes to know,
a thyng to badde to tell:
How for to liue, what wayes to flye,
or what to follow well.
O mortall breastes where darknes blinde
doth euermore abounde:
And eke O mindes where foolishnesse,
may alwayes well be founde,
By wicked wayes they runne astray,
and fewe alas doe knowe:
Which way their iourney well to take
or where in safe to rowe.
Whereby the chiefe and happiest lyfe,
in time they may obtaine:
The knotty science of the lawes,
will neuer shewe it plaine.
Nor he that can in medicine skyll,
in eloquence or grammer:
But onely wysedome must the waye
detect, the chiefe defender.
Of man and ruler of hys life,
which if the Lorde not giue:

And

And if the ſyſters three me let,
vntill my time to liue.
What kinde of thing is bleſſed lyfe,
I wyll my ſelfe entreate:
And how it may be got although,
it be a labour great.
The greateſt part of men doe thinke,
felicitie to ſtande:
In purſes puffed vp with pens,
and ſo much golde in hande.
To haue as in the Lidius ſtreames,
among the ſande doth growe:
Or elſe as much as Tagus vp,
continually doth throwe.
To haue ſo many acres of
good grounde and paſtors plaine:
As he hath haires vnto hys head,
of men a bushing traine.
Of beaſtes ſo huge a droue to haue,
as Polyphemus not:
At any time did fofter vp,
amid the pleaſaunt plot.
Of Sycyly as neuer had
the ſhepeheard Ariſteus:
As neuer toke away by force,
the man that hyght Tyrinthus.
Wyth orchardes fayre as euer had,

Alcinous

Alcinous the King:
And as the fyshers fayre did holde,
by force of cruell sting.
Of dragon vgly to beholde,
for to possesse alone:
Wyth houses hye adourned faire,
wyth crust of Parble stone.
These are the things that euery man,
doth now a dayes desire:
Which nature carefull for her sonne,
doth instantly require.
With earnest prayer to the Gods,
these things who doth possesse:
The common sort beleues he liues,
in perfect blessednesse.
What Hiders great in flowers lurke,
the blockheads doe not knowe:
Ne yet how many pricking thornes
among the Roses growe.
For needes he must no remedy,
that riches wyll obtaine:
Both night and day he vered sore,
wyth cares and cruell paine.
His lucke vncertaine euery houre,
now thys, now that he wayeth,
No sooner sittes he downe to meate,
but auarice hym frayeth.

No

No meates almost doe please his mouth
he hasteth to forsake:
The table yet vnsatisfyde,
for filthy lucre sake.
And little rest the wretched soule,
doth take at any night:
Sometimes on side, sometimes on face,
sometimes he turnes vpright.
He tosseth rounde about the bed,
like as the waighty stone:
That Sysyphus continually,
doth tosse and turne alone.
What he hath done the day before,
he muttereth in hys minde:
And what the nert day he may doe,
he museth for to finde.
Beholde (sayth he) my cattaile dyes,
to morowe if I may:
Some fother I shall seeke to get,
O cursed wynters day.
How much this cold hath hurt mi beasts
full sore am I deluded:
My bayly and my shepeherd eke,
haue both me foule misused.
My folde the wolues, O wofull chaunce,
alas haue broken in:
And now my cattell to destroy,

The

the ſouldyer doth begin.
He hath deſtroide my tenements,
by flame conſumed quite:
My cozne and now my vineyarde to,
he ſcozcheth downe a right.
My detter fledde from hence away,
my money with him gone:
No fayth there is that feareth God,
I thinke there be not one.
The wozlde is naught but great diſceit
O Lozde he was eſtemde:
An honeſt faithfull man and true
but all is not as it ſemde.
That rule is not to be obſerude:
to truſt a man by face:
But wherefoze ſhoulde I nowe lament,
my ſhippe returnes a pace.
And home ſhe bringes I leape foz ioy,
ſuch wares as wyll awaye:
Both pepper ſpice and franckincenſe,
wyth ſylke and amber aye.
With clothes that Sydon ſendeth fozthe
and wares of diuers kinde:
Which thozow ỹ waues of ſurging ſeas
ſhe bringeth fozth of Inde.
Whom if the great Symplegades,
had chaunſe to burſt a ſunder:

Or Scilla with the Caphare rocke,
the seas had suncke her vnder.
Then should I fyll my house alas
wyth great complaynt and cryes:
The teares would ouerflow my breast,
that issued from my eyes.
I wyll no money lack I trowe,
tyll lyfe beginne to starte,
Corne beares to lowe a price what then
of oyles I make my marte.
I must go delue I must go sowe,
and harrow well my corne:
I must go builde and see my vines,
well trimmed cut and shorne.
This wyll I bye this will I sell,
I wyll receiue and paye:
My dettes no otherwise thys wretche,
is tost then ball in playe.
The multitude beholding hye,
is vsed to be cast:
Now here now there among the croude
is driuen very fast.
Some one doth strike it wyth his hãdes,
some other wyth hys feete:
In ioye in griefe in feare and hope
so doth he alwayes fleete.
As seas be wont when windes do blowe

an

an Irion is he iuſt:
Who wyth a cloud as hath bene tolde,
perfourming filthy luſt.
Begat a ſonne of double fourme
wherfore he then was iudged,
Of gods vpon a ſnaky wheele,
for euer to be tourned.
For what is riches but a thing,
which apteſt we may like:
Unto a cloude which Boreas if
deſcending happe to ſtrike.
Thou ſhalt beholde wherof it came,
to ſmoke reſolued than:
Of riches monſters he begot,
that haue the face of man.
Then outward face of welthy man:
what thing doth more excell?
But when the courſe of all his life,
we once haue marked well.
We ſhall beholde the hinder partes,
to differ farre away:
From thoſe that we did firſt diſcerne,
whome fortune wythout ſtay,
Doth tourne about vpon hir wheele,
the carkes and cares be ſnakes,
Which alwayes gripe & gnaw his hear
wyth ſorrowes that he takes.

The riche man either knowes or not,
what goodes he doth possesse:
If not what helpe they then thereby
no good ne yet distresse.
He doth receiue but as a man,
that riches is without:
If he doe knowe he either loues,
or loues them not no doubt.
If he them hate, why keepes he them,
what toy takes he thereby:
Such as who drinks the iuice of grapes
and wyne doth cleane defye.
If he them loue he them regardes,
and seketh to defende:
Them, and to kepe the sorrowes much,
and labours till his ende.
It doth him much vnquiet when,
He thinketh for to see:
Some harme approching to his welth,
and dered most is he.
When any part therof by losse
doth scape out of his hande:
As many times for to befall,
by needefull rule doth stande.
When nothing long in state abides,
thou shalt beholde and see:
So many harmes as euer seene,

in hast at hand to be.
When all is done how much the more
of goodes he doth possesse:
So much the more of carke and care,
shall euer him oppresse.
What shall I here declare or shewe,
the daungers incident:
That he doth passe by seas and land,
his liuing to augment.
From theues by land frō theues by seas
full oft he flyeth fast:
And yet for all the wyles he hath,
he taken is at last.
And oft his bowels doe become,
a pray vnto the wolfe:
Or Fishes fowle do him deuoure,
vp swallowed in the golfe.
And often he whom worldly wealth,
had moued to be bolde:
Is forced vnder his maysters yoke,
his captiues neck to holde.
At home at boorde ne yet in bed,
he cannot safely be:
But poyson strong they wil him giue,
whome least mistrusteth he.
Or else the wicked handes of some,
vnthrifty seruaunt wyll:

In bed a slepe and snozting fast,
hym quickly sley and kyll.
As fattest beastes in sacrifice,
be soonest euer slayne:
And as the wozthiest tree is first,
depziued of his grayne.
And as the grape is first destroyde,
that sweetest is of tast:
With flyes and bees and other wozmes
that always them do wast.
So he whome nature most hath lent,
is alwayes most intrapt:
And euermoze in daungers great,
is readiest to be clapt.
Note well the crafty wit and head,
of Dionise the King:
Behold good man and art thou blessed,
what else thou lackst nothing.
Thou lackst no meat ỹ lackst no drinke,
thou lackst no pleasaunt hoyes:
Thou lackst no sceptre noz no crowne,
thou wantest no wished ioyes.
With glistering gold & pzecious stones,
beholde thou doest abounde:
A swozd but loe haugs ouer thy head,
that will the wzetch confound.
With enuy richesse eke be vext,

all things of good estate:
Doth malice harme and happye things
it euermore doth hate.
So deare (O misers) do you seeke,
of golde the wicked mine:
Wherby your harts may alwaies prick
the lusters Palestine.
And soner downe descend the pit,
of ghastly Plutoes raigne:
Was not the giftes that Bacchus gaue,
of golde to Mydas gaine.
Of all men laught to scorne by right,
to whom thou Phebus much,
An angred gauest an Asses eares,
all thinges quoth Myde I tutch.
Be golde I wyshe and by and by,
he asked his fatall ende:
For downe his gredy griping guttes,
no meate coulde then discende.
Such fortune hast thou sparing wretch
the more thou hast of goodes:
The more thou lackste as Tantalus,
doth thirst among the floudes,
If thou mighst all things free obtaine,
thou wouldst thy selfe require:
Wouldst thou but take y should suffyce
excelle or else desire.

This

This one doth hurte the other meane,
all men may soone obtaine:
For nature with a little thing,
contented doth remaine:
Except that headlong falne to vice,
it doth repugne againe.
The chiefest fruites of seas and woode,
to riche mens boardes be brought:
There lacks no Hare no goat nor Hart
no Kid no Boze nor ought.
Amongst the flocke of flittering foules,
the Throstell fatte and rounde:
The Partrige, Colmouse, nor ỹ birdes,
that bredes in Colchis grounde.
With Capons great & mighty Doues,
and Turbots in be brought:
The Lopster, Lampzey & the Shrimpe,
and Mugil fat is caught.
The fishe that toke his name of golde,
the chopping Dysker newe:
Which Cizicus doth fosker vp,
amid his seas so blewe.
Wyth many moe that semeth harde,
in verse for to declare:
And wines ỹ may wyth falerne fieldes,
and Nectare sweete compare.
But now I aske and will this wretche,

all this himselfe deuoure:
I thinke not so for if he woulde,
it semes not in his power.
And if he might his belly sure
would burst a sonder thoe:
And swolne to tombe with roring route
him following should he goe.
For he that doth his stomacke charge,
with more than will suffise:
Is hurt and then phisicions helpe,
with groning voice he cryes.
Then vp he throwes and all his house,
doth filthy stincke possesse:
Whereby him feruent feuers vere,
and humours sharpe oppresse.
What sicknes great excesse doth breede,
no man there is but knowes:
What hurts by to much drink let down
within the body growes.
Wherfore he must be modest nedes,
of much and little take:
Who that before thapointed tyme,
sweete lyse will not forsake:
For more than doth ỹ pore he must,
his hungred body slake.
With purple faire and clothe of golde,
the riche man is arayed:

His

His gorgeous shirt doth cast a shew,
with sylke and ouerlayde.
About his head he weareth aye,
the fleece of Scithian bow:
And Iewels fayre about his neck,
of price he weares but now.
Are these of greater force for to
expell the bitter colde:
Than if in garments made of wolle,
thy body were infolde.
Or doth the wouen webbe of flare,
not so repulse the heate:
Whē as ỹ Sunne doth feruēt flame
amids the Lion greate:
Or when the raging dog the fieldes,
of greene doth quite defeate.
As if the fine and tender sylke,
encloside thee rounde about:
But thou wilt say he is esteemde,
whom gorgeous geare settes out.
Vnto hym passing by the way,
the people ducke and ryse:
And onely he is counted then,
both noble good and wyse.
And worthy worshipto receiue,
and frendshipfor to haue:
No heede at all they take of hym,

whose garments be not braue.
The common people laugh to see,
his cote then worne to nought:
Though thou shouldst Tully represent,
whose eloquence was thought.
For to excell all Italye,
or else Demosthenes:
Whose famous voice the Athens men,
dyd wonder at in plees.
Or if thou hadst as great a gift,
as Maro had in verse:
Or couldst the auncient Homers tunes
celestiall well rehearse.
For all this same yet shouldst not thou
the price of praise obtaine:
But as reiect of euery man,
thou shalt receiue disdaine.
In vaine thou shalt beholde the hewe,
of Ganymedes face:
In vaine and oft thou shalt desyre,
thy damosell to embrace:
If that with vile apparell thou
doest runne the poore mans race.
I not denie that clothing faire,
esteemed ought to be:
But if the minde doth vertues lacke,
with vices ebbe agree.

Thy

Thy beauty all biddes then adewe
and glory leaues thee quite:
And euery man that knowes thee well,
will haue thee in dyspite.
They will thee floute behinde thy back,
and greuous mocks thee giue:
Thy seruant to that of thy foode,
hath alwayes vsed to liue.
If that he know thee for to be,
a gredy Churle or such:
As cruell is of hauty minde,
or vseth wine to much.
Or one that lacketh wit he will,
regarde thee then but lyght:
And grudging eke these wordes will he
vnto himselfe resight.
O such a maister fortune false,
why didest thou me giue:
We vnder such a maister long,
shall fates enforce to liue:
Can other men commende him then,
whose seruants so despise:
But if thou valiant be and iust,
both sober sadde and wise.
If so be that, that learning great,
doth cause thee to excell:
Then to thy worship doth agree,

all

all kynde of garments well.
And no man will thee then despise,
except that he be mad:
And first whatsoeuer that thou art,
desirous to be had.
In honour to be praised much,
and much to be beloued:
Imbracing thou vertue flye thou vice,
and that of right reproued.
Nay bring the aucthour to a shame,
beware thou not commit:
For oft the common people rude,
doe vse as voide of wyt.
The noble vertue to despise,
if so be that they see:
With little spot of any vice,
defyled hir to bee.
But what is hee vpon the earth,
that liueth voide of crime:
And from the true and beaten way
departeth not sometime?
Or doth not swarue or runne astraye,
from out the ruled lyne?
But he that least and seldome synnes,
hym best we may defyne.
But greatest grace hath such a one,
that learnedly and wyse:

All

All things he ſpeakes with order ſuſte,
can well himſelfe deuiſe.
To wyſe and ſtied ſpeache may be,
great force and ſtrength allynde,
At diuers paſſions doth prouoke,
and gouernes well thy minde.
Much more will this than coſtly clothe,
ſet forth thy worthy name:
Vſe not the loue of boyes take heede,
ſuch loue is ſynfull ſhame.
For chilozen haue no loue ne wit,
no reaſon faith nor truſt:
A vengeance light on hym I wiſhe,
that ioyes in ſuch a luſt.
If that the pleaſaunt portrature
of maydes doe thee delyght:
Go take a wife thou nedeſt not lack,
a Dormouſe for the night.
What hadſt thou rather foole to wyſhe,
and hope for things denayde:
When as with eaſier medicine thou
mayſt haue thy grieſe alayde:
Perchaunce for thys yet riches are,
to be deſyred plaine:
Wherby a man may ſooner ſo,
to vertue hye attaine.
If voide of money cleane thou arte,

ne

no man will take the paines:
Thee to enstruct for teachers sure,
require no little gaines.
Nor little price will thee suffice,
thy selfe with bookes to store:
Whereby thou maist apply thy selfe,
to Lady learnings lore.
Lest pouertie with other cares,
doth occupy thy head:
And so from learning draw thy minde,
with other business lead.
O lorde howe harde a thing it is,
how fewe doth God permit:
To flye from base and povertstate,
in honours hye to sit.
How seldome doth the sely soule,
ascende to honours hye:
And more besydes what is his lyke,
to death and eke how nye.
How much to be despysed tho,
when pleasure none his minde,
Doth ease, amongst his trauailes great
when he no ioyes can finde.
When neuer cares absentes themselfes
with griefes when all habounde:
Yet better passe the Stigian lake,
and feede the gredy hounde.

And

And mired be wyth shrikyng soules,
then neuer ioy to finde:
In happye things when neuer mirthe,
shall glad thy wretched minde.
For to this wretche what ioy at all,
or pleasure can remaine:
That lackes both meate & drink full oft,
sometime his bedde againe.
Sometime he lacketh cote and cloke,
and oft his toes be spyde:
From out his clouted shoes to pepe,
where seames sitte gaping wyde.
With paine drawes on hys drudging (lyfe,
much lesse he able is:
Those things to haunt ỹ here doe bring
a mortall man to bliffe.
But he that hath the golden mines,
in hym these things doe flowe:
And euery thing he straight obtaines,
wherat he bendes hys bowe.
Such rule and swaye hath money nowe
such force in euery place:
That nothing long she wyll permit,
for to resist her grace.
From hie she raceth hilles adowne,
and valleys vp doth hoyse:
If that therefore with swifty course,

of

of dogges he doth reioyse
To take the Harte the Goate or Wolfe
the slighty flying Hares:
If birdes to take or fish deceaue,
wyth hookes and nettes or snares.
If for to serue in Venus court,
if meate or drinke delight,
If quiet rest, if Lute or Harpe,
him please or songes to shright:
All these the rich man doth possesse,
through mighty moneyes might.
Now hark agayne what I shal say,
to thys in contrary:
If any man desire to learne,
he shall it soone come by.
So that his minde be constant thoe,
and feareth not to tread:
The sharp and crabbed thorny wayes,
to vertue that do lead.
If money lacke what then perforce,
let houshold stuffe be solde:
With house and all and meddowe to,
how may my life then holde:
Then shall I be constrayned to begge,
and wallet vp to take:
Farre better wretch it is to begge,
when learning shall thee make.

Like

Like to the heauen saincte aboue,
than if thou shouldst possesse:
The Persians herds & droues of beasts
with all their welthinesse.
Beleue not thou the iudgement blinde,
of rude and common sorte:
No more who can than beasts discerne,
the truth or it reporte.
If thou be wise, marke what I saye,
in mind and print it sure:
Excepting vertue nothing is,
that here may long endure.
For riches fade and forme and strength
and honour eke doth fall:
And vertue onely doth remayne,
in strength and euer shall.
Which neuer fortune may suppresse,
nor age can take away:
I neuer saw it yet nor thoe,
beleue it well I may.
The vertuous man for hunger sterue,
or left to begge his bread:
Though fortune somtyme doth assay,
him for to ouertread.
Yet vertue hasteth fast anone,
and learning doth defende:
His clients nor doth suffer them,

their yeares in care to spende.
But offers them a booyde to help,
when sayle and shippe is losse:
Whereby they may the shoye attayne,
from waues of Seas ytoss.
Who followeth vertue may go see,
tharabian desertes fell:
The Ethiops black the rugged getes,
the Indes in health and well.
For only vertue of her force,
wyll fortune false wythstand:
And oft with hir in doubtfull matche,
doth striue with fighting hand.
For costes thou oughtest not to spare,
nor doubt the landes to sell:
Wherby thou vertue mayst obtayne,
yf fortune be so fell.
That nought to sell at all thou hasse,
let goodnesse then remayne:
In thee, If learnde thou canst not be,
wyth learnde thy selfe retayne.
With eares attētiue mark their woyds
sometyme and question finde:
The rest to God do thou commit,
and wyth a lowly minde.
Receaue thappointed fates from hie,
if ioyes thou doest frequente:

An

And hurtfull pleasure thee entrap,
and in hir ginnes thee hent.
And couet so thy youthfull dayes,
to passe in pleasaunt spoyt:
And therfoye doest desire to beare,
a rich and wealthy poyt.
These things that reason doth thee tell,
peruse thou well in minde:
A greater yll and hurtfull moye,
than pleasure none can finde.
It taketh counsell quite from vs,
and doth the minde oppresse:
Resisting vertues euermoye,
encreaseth wickednesse.
It is the chiefest nource to vice,
enfebleth aye the strength:
With bitter ende and many hurtes,
procureth man at length.
But playnlier of this same anone,
we wil entreate and tell:
The poore man hath his toyes also,
yf that thou markest well.
Not much perchaunce inferiour to,
for pleasauntest be such:
Obtayned toyes that seldome happes,
and toyfuller he much.
The pleasure is beleue me now,

that long hath bene absented:
And more desirde so meate is swete,
to him that is an hungred.
So rest to him that laboureth sore,
so drink is to the drye:
So flame vnto the frieſing wight,
so colde when sunne is hye.
So long forborne is welcomer,
to Lady Venus fayre:
For contraries by oppoſites,
their strength do eft repayre.
The rich man now will suffer nought,
but alwayes doth abound:
With deyntes so that lothsomnesse,
in him may eft be founde.
Sometime he doth desire and much,
on earthy rootes to grash:
Sometyme on peſcods fast he feedes,
sometime on other trash.
And royall fare wyth deynty diſh,
abhorring nought eſteemes:
Nothing so swete he then receiues,
but better loe it seemes.
And lykes him not if any tyme,
it chanceth to endure:
But chaunges new doth him delight,
and for to haue in vre.

For

Forbidden things are sweeter much,
such things be nought and yll:
That alwayes are at hande to haue,
so not the thing but wyll.
And iudgement of the minde doth cause,
a man to be content:
And worthy is to be imbraside,
that pleaseth his intent.
What profits it vnto the sicke,
to offer deynty meate:
Whose tast away doth quite berekt,
the feruent feurrs heate.
Or what auayles it vnto him,
the pleasaunt wines to bring:
Who euermoze refrayning wine,
doth ioy in cleared spring?
Some one with Kid some other thoe,
wyth porke refresht to be:
Desireth moze some songs delight,
some other playes to see.
So loue to all men is not like,
some man a boy desires:
And some a mayd and some a gyll,
and some a wyfe requires.
The minde and not the thing therefore,
doth cause a quietnesse:
Wherby the poore no lesse their ioyes,

then riche men doth posseſſe.
Excesse the riche man doth desyre,
fewe thinges the poore suffise:
To him doth greater charge of house,
but lesser ioyes arise.
The shipman or the labouring wight
much pleasure more doe take:
With egges & leekes and homely foode,
his hungred mawe to slake.
Than kyngs & Queenes wt deinty dishe
of seas and lande to dine:
The worthier pleasure then I thinke,
of right we may define.
That vsed neither causeth harme,
nor honesty resysses:
For best it is to couet leask,
and liue within the lysses.
Of counsaile good nor vered be
with vaine and fonde desyre:
For who the things he cannot haue,
doth earnestly require.
With frustrate hope is tormented,
and loseth time in vaine:
Wherfore desyre thou nothing els,
but that thou mayst obtaine.
And rule thy minde wt bridlyng bitt,
but he that doth habounde:

With

With riches, alwayes couets moze.
then lawfull may be founde.
With little and content to liue,
he knowes not yet therefoze:
Whom leaſt of all doe full ſuffiſe,
hym happier iudge I moze.
Foz lofty landes doe cauſe a man,
foz to excell in pzide:
Thimmoztall gods foz to deſpiſe,
and men foz to deride.
Without all rule, a carpet knight
and vertues moztall foe:
Foz who doth vertue ought regarde,
when riches ſwelleth ſo?
O famous wozthy pouertie,
O giftes of God vnkende:
Of vertues aye the ſafe defence,
to ſhameleſſnes a frende.
The bzydle tryde of wantones,
and patron of the lyfe:
Thou onely canſt and well deſpiſe,
the ſhameleſſe foztunde ryfe.
The raging of the Seas and wyndes,
whiliſt in thy little bote:
Thou kepeſt the ſafe aſſured foozdes,
and rydſt by ſhoze a flote.
The loftye hylles on hye full oft

the flashing lightnings smite:
And spiring ashes long be bette,
by northern Boreas might.
Low things do lie vnknowē to harmes
the tempestes neuer greues:
The lowly shrouded Iunipers,
nor shakes the Pirice leues.
The famous Anaragoras,
and Democryte the wyse:
With many mo whose worthy fame
throughout the world nowe flies:
Did syluer golde and riches eke,
as heads of yll despyse.
And why? but ý they thought they were
not vertues good nor trew:
Which let the minde wt diuers cares,
and hedlong downe eke threw,
Full many men in diuers vice,
but alwayes marke thou well:
What Fabrice Calo and Curius to,
these holy men thee tell.
Regarde not what the common sort,
and foolishe route doe say:
Therample of the good alwayes,
before thy eyes but lay.
Dyd not Quirinus conquerour,
his banners oft display:

Com-

Commaunded weapons vp to take,
and plough a downe to laye.
And rest his deluing spade a whyle,
then would the cottage small:
Content the men and deinty fare,
not vsed then at all.
But Pyncely meates & rouked roomes,
bring forth as now a dayes:
A weake a faynt and tender fruite,
and apt to sport and playes.
O learne you mortall men at length,
put darkenes from your minde:
Lyft vp a loft your dimmye eies,
wherto doth will so blinde.
You leade: take heede in any wyse,
you thither doe not goe:
By reason lyke the gods abone,
you are created loe.
By reasons are the seas and lande,
vnto your power subiect:
Let errours not therfore as now,
but reason you direct.
The certaine ende of euery thing,
peruse you well alwaye:
And let the meate your selues suffise,
that hunger driues away.
And garments eke your skinnes to hide

and cald for to expell:
Let aye the slepe that doth refresh,
your wery limmes be well.
Of these three things aboue the reste,
most nede we haue alway:
Sith these our bodies are compact,
of vile and brittle claye.
But yet thou oughtst those things to vse
as Phisick for to heale:
The diuers sickneste that to man,
dame nature wontes to deale.
Some one we see in daynty fare,
doth riot most embrace:
Some other in excesse of clothes,
and some whilst they apace.
From learning slye do vneth knowe,
nor once this life perceaue:
When euermore wyth sluggish slepe,
their eyes togyther cleaue.
But happy is he that is content,
with little to remayne:
Nor puts his trust in things so frayle,
that death will him constrayne.
To leaue behinde as none of his,
and wayeth well in minde:
How short the space is of our life,
how all things vayne we finde.

That

That here on earth created be,
who alwayes one remaynes:
In prosperoule eke and aduerse chance,
the iudge noz Stigian paynes.
Regardeth not and nought esteemes,
what euer foztune flyng:
Unhappy is he whom will doth leade,
vnmindfull of the thing
That is to come, but like to beastes,
regardes the thing in syght:
Who knoweth not that by how much,
the minde is moze of might.
Than is the cozps, so much the moze,
in gifts it doth excell:
Riches be not the chiefest goodes,
therefoze appeareth well.
Foz these bicause foz bodies wealth,
they onely out be sought:
The manners of the owners eke,
we see they better nought.
Who wil accompt them chiefest goods?
foz often times we see:
Such men with riches as abounde,
like bzuttish beastes to bee.
As much therfoze as will suffise,
thy life no moze require:
Foz in excesse do fooles reioyce,

in

In vaine thou doest desyre.
Thy barnes vnheaped & hugy mowes,
of corne when thou as well:
With lesser measure though by much,
thy hunger mayst expell.
When little cuppes shall thee suffise,
why doest thou tunnes desyre?
But yet if Putus doe thee loue,
and plentie on thee syre.
And eke the will vnknowne of fates,
hath riches dele to thee: (learnde
What wouldst thou doe that thou hayst
it semeth best to mee.
Least by possession thou be worse,
a dolte and counted plaine:
And tell mee now I thee require,
what wisdome doth remaine.
Or counsell else to him in whom,
great riches euer kowe:
And by what meanes them for to vse,
the foole doth nothing know.
Hereby doth strength and often hurte,
and beautie eke anoye:
By reason lyke the aucthour oft,
doth eloquence destroy.
And by these meanes are diuers artes,
full hurtfull oft to many:

Let not the snare of auarice,
thee catche but from her flie.
Than thys there is no fury fierce,
assuredly moze fell:
Begotten once in Acheron,
amyd the raigne of hell.
She was where flaming fyerbzandes,
she dzeadfully doth cast:
A yundzed thzetning heades shee beares
wyth vgly adders bzast.
Yer gredy iawes with bloud of men,
coulde neuer haue their full:
With churlish chaps deuouring meat,
yet foode requirthe shee still.
She spareth none noz god hys churche,
once feareth to defyle:
This cursed neuer fylled beast,
and wicked monster vile.
Of hir come plagues & slaughters sharp
wyth discozde and distresse:
Wyth treasons bzawlings and disceits
and losse of shamefastnesse.
Contempt of God with periuries,
and chydings fell with fight:
With many moze which in my verse,
I cannot well resyght.
From this therfoze flye thou thy way
nothing

nothing doth moze infeſt:
Noz nothing moze than this declares,
a vile vnwoꝛthy bꝛeſt.
So women, aged men and boyes,
doe couet moſt alwayes:
Becauſe they lack both ſtrength & foꝛce,
in minde and haue no ſtayes.
An other vice contrary now,
to this doth yet remaine:
This ſame from the to baniſhe quite,
thy ſenſes looke thou ſtraine.
If thou doſt ſpende without reſpect,
in vaine thou ſhalt beholde:
An hungred eft anothers ſpitte,
with deintíes manifolde.
When all thy liuing quite is ſpent,
by ryote cleane deſtroyde:
Betwene them both the vertue lyes,
the vice therefoꝛe auoide.
As reaſon doth requíre to giue,
and euermoꝛe take heede:
Be not to bolde to vſe exceſſe,
within thy rether ſeede.
This ende hath riches we are bounde,
all men to pꝛofite thoe:
But firſt our owne dame nature ſure,
hath vs created ſo.

That

That not alone to vs and ours,
we should commodious be:
But also if that powre wyll serue,
to all of eche degree.
What thing more famous is than thys,
what more deserues the place:
Of gods aboue then for to helpe,
the poores afflicted case:
So shall the people honor vs,
so get we fame thereby:
And by such actes to gods full oft,
we see doe many flye.
Nothing doth more a man become,
nothing for him more meete:
As sayth the olde and auncient schoole,
of Philosophers sweete.
Than man to aide and succour soone,
hys fellowe faine to grounde:
But now alas O dolefull times.
and fashions nothing sounde.
All godlinesse is clean extinct,
to no man geues doubtlesse:
The welthy wretche although he hath
wherwith to giue excesse.
Of no man thoe he pitie hath,
all heartes doe yron seeme:
Who geueth the begger nowe a myte,

their

their teares they nought eſteeme.
If ought they giue to ſcoffers now,
or elſe to rake hell-knaues:
They do it deale to Colmon birds,
and eke to bawdy ſlaues.
No man doth giue the learned ought,
the muſes be deſpiſed:
In euery place ſome one we ſee,
ſo much hath exerciſed.
The dyſe and tables tyll his purſe,
at length the gorge doth caſt:
So oft an other dies at Cardes,
tyll all his goods be paſt.
And is not this a greater ſhame,
thus money for to ſpend:
Wherby no honour is obtaynde,
nor thank is got at thende.
O minde forgetting God and eke,
wyth vices vile defilde:
And is it lawfull this to doe,
didſt thou not once a childe.
Come naked from thy mothers womb,
and ſhalt retourne agayne:
Reſolued vnto durty earth,
from whence thou camſte certayne:
O foole theſe goods be none of thine,
but vnderneath the hande:

Of God aboue and thou but here,
a ſtraunger in the lande.
And burſter for a while of them,
ne be the goods at all:
But onely now the vſe of them,
to our ſubiection thrall.
For when the Greſilde Charon olde,
ſhall beare thee paſt the lake:
By which the gods aboue to ſweare,
do tremble eft and quake.
Then here ỹ wretch to other heyres,
the goods thou ſhalt forſake:
Wherefore we ought to vſe them wel,
while line of lyfe doth laſt:
In occupying about our ſelues,
and helping others faſt.
Now haue I well declarde I thinke,
if riches ought to bee:
Accompted for the chiefeſt goodes,
all men may playnly ſee.
My bote draw backe we haue aſſayde,
the ſeas ſufficiently:
Lo cauſing cloudes the ſoutherne winde
beginneth faſt to flye.
Vpſuckt the floudes from out the ſeas,
the whirlewindes vp do beare:
Which doth declare a ſtorme to come,

not

not best we tary heere.
Beleue me now for sore I feare,
to shippes vntrusty Orion:
Whilst time we haue let vs dispatche,
to port and get vs gon.
When as the banisht cloudes aboue,
shall make the day be fayre:
Then Triton shall vs call from hye,
and we to seas repayre.

¶ *The third Booke entituled Gemini.*

VPrising was the dauning day
and fading starres did shun
The heauens hie of Titã thon
and half to apeare begunne.
To them that vnder vs do dwell,
and halfe discernde our eyes:
I meruayld much to see as then,
the fier vppe to ryse.
Amyd the floudes vnquenched thus,
these contraries no doubt:
Ech other now do quite destroy,
but is the sunne put out.
With flouds: it is not fiery then,

or else to touch the brinke:
Of Occean sea, the common sort do lye,
thus did I thinke.
While as by shore I walked alone,
beholde there gan me meete:
An aged man with staffe in hand,
in clothur neate and sweete.
His hoary beard with syluer heares,
his middle fully rought:
His skin was white and ioyfull face,
of diuers colours wrought.
A flowry garland gay he ware,
about his seemely heare:
When as we met and made vnto,
eth other frendly cheare.
Frō whence I came, what place I seke,
my name he doth desyre:
I aunswered him and did the like,
wyth shamefast voyce requyre.
But after that he had declared,
his proper name certayne:
For Epicure this man he height,
I was astonished playne.
Like as the poore and labouring soule,
in deluing of the grounde:
A hydden chest amyd the earth,
by lucky chaunce hath found.

And thus I sayd good father olde,
such fauour mayst thou finde:
Amongst the gods that al things wel,
may satisfy thy minde.
Syth wisdom great and wondrous eke,
within thy breste doth dwel:
If falsly men do not affirme,
as eft they doe. Now tell
Unto me here I thee beseche,
of grace the good preceptes:
With witty sawes and eke instruct,
my youth if nought lets.
Woze wayghty affayres: quod he againe
no wayghty affayres me let,
But foz that cares and wozke I shunne
oft tymes my selfe to get.
Unto this place I wonted am,
and floures vp to take:
Of diuers hewes amid the meades,
head garlandes foz to make.
Willing therfoze wyth all my heart,
to aunswere thy request:
I am foz olde men all to chat,
it doth delight vs best.
But least by some that passe the way,
we here disturbed be:
Let vs go hence, and vnderneath,

the shaded holmey tree:
That by the waters syde thou seest:
our selues we wyll repose.
We went and thus with pleasant voyce
his minde he gan disclose.
Some god young man thee hither now
assuredly hath sent:
Wherby this day thou might perceaue,
by wisdome what is ment,
For O the gods in what a misk,
and darknesse of the minde:
Is drent as now the whole estate,
of mortall humaine kinde.
Of them that beare the face of men,
two thousand thou mayst see:
But one that shewes himselfe a man,
is scarcely found to bee.
A den of doltes that now the world,
may termed be ful well:
And place wyth errors ilukt therfore
gine eare what I thee tell:
If wretched darknesse frō thy minde
thou seekest to expell.
And first of all thou ought to knowe,
the true felicity:
Which wyth a reason firme and good,
ought searched forth to be.

Hereof doth wisdome flow w streames,
hereof she doth appeare:
But fewe there be that can attaine,
the truth away to beare.
For riches to be chiefest good,
the greatest sort do say:
An other part doth honour take,
to be the chiefest away.
And diuers men in diuers things,
the chiefest good doe fynde:
But I the price aboue the rest,
to pleasure haue assignde.
And this my part I trust I can,
by reason good defende:
It is the marke that all shoote at,
and eke the finall ende.
To which, the actes and dedes of men,
be altogither bent:
Euen as vnto thappointed marke,
the shooters shaft is sent.
Who euer would the earth with rakes,
or Seas with Oares haue tryed?
Or martyall power by force of armes,
who durst haue occupyed?
In fyne, who euer would haue sought,
vertue to come vnto:
If pleasure then or hope thereof,

did

dyd not enforce hym so:
For this the chiefe beginning is,
the midst and eke the ende:
Of laboures all, for proofe therof,
thy minde a whyle attende.
All worckes if thagent reason haue,
vnto some ende are donne:
The workmãs handes it moues therto,
and first in minde begonne.
It is: But last of all the deade,
it selfe comes forth to lyght:
The ende therof is good therfore,
the worke doth more delight.
The will therof, with great delight,
the ende for to obtaine:
Doth force the labour light to be,
the cause is pleasure plaine.
For truely nothyng elfe it is,
but pleasure of the minde:
And fynce by reason harde it is,
to teache the rude and blinde.
I will attempt by fimilitudes,
the truth for to declare:
Why delues the plowmãs clubbifhe (hãd,
& teares the earth w̃ fharc:
For all the heate of flaming dogge,
hys worke he doth not fpare.

Nor hoary winter froste. Why feares,
the shipman not in minde:
The raging rage of surging Seas,
with threatning Rocks so blinde:
Despising death at hande in hope,
of maske with sayly pyne:
Why doth the Captaine to the fielde,
hys manfull minde encline:
And fiersly doth reioice when as
he heares the Trompettes blow:
With hyñeng noyse of foming horse,
hys heart begynnes to glow.
Why doth it some delyght alwayes,
with papers pale to bee:
And bookes of diuers authors made,
with daily paine to see:
Certes for that that after time,
when labours long depart:
Sõe gaine or fame may gyue him cause
for to reioice in heart.
For if so be that fame and gaine,
should not the minde ascende:
With ioye both vertues artes withall,
would soone be at an ende.
For of it selfe the ende is sweete,
and for the ende is thought:
Both middest & former facies so sweete,
it

it forceth also nought.
Of vyle or else of honest state,
the deades do seeme to be:
For as the lewde lycentious man,
reioyseth vice to see.
In vertue lykewyse euermore,
the good mans Ioyes doe stande:
All things therfore for pleasures sake,
we surely take in hande.
For pleasure men decline frō harmes,
for this they gaines require:
Thiings worthy praise or else reproche
through this they doe desyre.
With onely this the Goddes aboue,
contented surely bee:
For profyte is for them vnmeete,
synce nought they lacke we see.
But thou perchaunce wilt say the gods,
with honest ioyes abounde:
What then: If with such ioyfull goods,
in them no ioye is founde:
As if thou shouldest vō glistering golde
and pearles a frocke aray:
An other thing here adde, as oft,
as cause be perfect may.
It nedefull is the like effect,
from thence should then proceede:

when

When as therefore that force of lyke,
is well disposde in deede.
And chiefest good object to it,
it alwayes doth retayne:
That this is happiest happinesse,
denieth no man playne.
But now from out such fountayne, loe,
is pleasure forst to runne:
With musick so the eares reioyce,
of numbers apte begunne.
So is the syght wyth beauty pleasde,
the nose with goodly smell:
This iudgement eke I do pronounce,
of other partes as well.
What sayst thou now to Venus worke,
that creatures all doth make?
And this the pleasauntst pleasure is,
except thou truth forsake.
Moreouer yet both payne and griefe,
since greatest yls they bee:
Contrary eke to pleasure now,
by right we pleasure see.
To be the chiefest good deserues,
of contraries also:
The reason lyke contrary is,
that sad things to forgo.
By natures force all things do seke,

and

and pleasures do embrace:
Who may beleue that once wyl vs,
deceaue that natures grace?
The chiefest good therfore it is,
that creatures all do loue:
But what loue they, or seeke they for,
but pleasaunt ioyes to proue?
That we must vertue seke agayne,
some sort there be that say:
By swet and colde while here we liue,
and pleasure cast away.
And after death they say we shall,
in perfit pleasure liue:
Which god to those that do him loue,
prepared hath to giue.
This boyce wyth reason cannot stande,
but shewes it selfe as vayne:
For that the soule doth after liue,
when death the corps hath slayne.
Or that it lurkes in lothsome lake,
of Tartares grielly den:
And payes the paynes of his deserts,
and takes rewardes as then.
Of former factes ought none beleue,
except his senses fade:
O fooles it is your Poets mad,
that haue these fables made.

Who euer wonted were to write
such foolishe fayned toyes:
Whereby they might delight the eares
of fooles with frustrate toyes.
The vglsome place they fayned haue,
of Stigian tiraunt fell:
Wher flames & flouds of Phlegethō
that burnes with roaring yell:
Whereas the triple headed dog,
and Tisiphone doth dwell
With adders armde of paynted hewe,
and greesly Gyaunts great:
wyth dreadfull darkenes-boide of lyght
and fyres whose flaming heat.
Consumes no wood, where frieseth cold
without the wynters space:
The bote without the force of oke,
here creketh in this place.
Whilste her wyth soules doth ouerlode
the aged Ferriman:
Here Sisiphus the stone tormentes,
and Tantale waters wanne.
The filthy riftye vesselles heare,
matemurdring systers beare:
From whence the waters out do gush,
that kept in vaine are there.
Much more than I haue heare declarde
these

these Poets pride haue taught,
In hell to be, which are not true,
of children to be thought.
O gods how great a lacke of wit,
there is in euery place:
How prone the way to trifles is,
and credite you this case,
O voide of wyt: which neuer coulde,
by reason ought be proued:
Nor by no sense may be discernde,
with feare why are you moued:
Of things so vaine, who credites most,
is most himselfe deceaued:
These are I say deceitfull things,
whereby be priestes releaued.
For when that once our vitall breath,
is faded cleane away:
No more we be than first we were,
before our natall daye.
O to much weake to fraile and proude,
O nature bolde of man:
whereby doest thou perswade thy selfe
to liue for euer than:
Leaue of therefore thou lumpe of claye,
the yeares of gods to wyll:
All things begonne shall haue an ende,
nothing remaineth styll.

Both

Both cities great, and mighty men,
and baskye realmes withall:
The hautiest hylles and greatest floods
doth time at length let fall.
And thinkest thou (O fading dust)
for euer to remaine?
Is hope of minde with thee so great?
we trauaile but in vaine.
In trusting dreames for vertues sake,
and fayning fansies strange:
That be but fooles that things assured,
for vnassurde will chaunge.
Forsakyng thus assertainde here,
with doubtfull things to meete:
But yet of olde, and auncient fame,
rewardes remaineth sweete.
Of little force this nothing is,
when death hath had his right:
Thou nothing art, for what is fame,
if it doe nought delight?
The corps in graue, what doth ỹ tong
or stocke reioice in prayes?
If here thou hast not them, thou shalt
haue neuer happy dayes.
Therefore while this our brittle lyfe,
vncertaine eke doth last:
The wyse man, to his power will ioy:

nor straite wyll downe be cast.
As oft as fortune on him frownes,
wyll seeke the pleasaunt life:
If any thing to him shall hap,
of bitter eygre strife.
Wherefore bicause I will not now,
thee frustrate here retaine:
(O yong man) ioy while time permits,
and banishe dolefull paine.
When these his wordes my berded sire
had moued me to beleue:
Good father then (quod I) for these
thy paines I cannot geue.
Thee worthy thanks, but whilst I liue,
I shall to thee be bounde:
Within my heart, and eke I shall,
reserue thy sayings sounde.
One doubt within my brest doth yet,
assuredly remaine:
For not the deedes we onely must,
but learne them to obtaine.
Therefore I doe require you now,
to teache me here the way:
That wyll me leade to pleasures place,
whereby it haue I may.
The way is short and plaine withall,
then grayberde to me tels:

not

Not farre from hence voluptuousnesse,
that lusty Lady dwels.
Whom if thou doest desire to see,
come after me a pace:
Wherby thou mayst by me reioice,
in finding out hir grace.
One parte of three the starry orbes,
had scarce past over than:
When starkring vp himself did rayse,
thunwieldy aged man.
Who leading forth I followed on,
and hand in hand we went:
By straunge vnhaunted wayes we goe,
and space a little spent:
Beholde appeares a sumptuous house,
and strayght I aske my guide:
What honour kepes that precious gem
and princely palace wide:
Plutus quod he possesseth this,
and eke an armed knight:
The way to kepe and men to passe,
forbiddeth by his might.
Except they come him first vnto,
and please him wyth some gift:
But he himself doth holde his hall,
amid yon towry clift.
Three daughters eke he only hath,

within his bowze to dwell:
Whose names if thou desire to knowe,
I shall thee briefly tell.
The first of them is filthy excesse,
the second puffed pride:
The third is foolish ignorannce,
with countnaunce bolde besyde.
Who then quod I shal leade vs now,
vnto this famous kyng?
Three maydes he hath quod gresil thoe,
that thereto wyll thee bring.
Chance, fraud and vsury, by these,
haue all men easy way:
I haue no gifts then aunswered I,
that giue these maydes I may.
Nor sake it is such girles to trust,
some other way declare:
There is quod he another way,
there is a way to spare.
which if thou sayst the word we go,
leade me thereto quod I:
Togither both we went therwyth,
where depe a vale did lie.
With stones the way was all beset,
by which our iourney lay:
And so begrowne wyth crabbed thorns:
that scarce we see the way.

Hereby

Hereby we found the ragged house,
of seely pouerty:
With top vntylde we past it thoe,
and streight a wood we spye.
Beholde, then sayth my guide to me,
beholde yon trees so hie:
Which w̄ their tops do seme to touch,
the steamed starry skie.
There dwels ẏ worthy quene (quod he,)
by whom we shall be blest:
But first thou must wash hand and face
and get thee neatly drest.
The Goddesse loues no nastinesse,
nor slouens can abide:
A riuer small I then perceiude,
by grauayle ground to glide.
Which wyth a pleasannt hushing sound,
prouoked the ioyes of bed:
Here washt I fayre my face and hands,
and combde my rugged hed.
I trimde my clothes in order fine,
and lightnesse hath expelde:
All graue and earnest things: so that
wyth mirth my way I helde.
No further of than once a man,
a stone may from him sling:
The wood was then whereas we heare
the

the birdes full ſwetely ſyng.
And floures ſwete and fayre we ſmell.
of which inowe ther growes:
Such woods tharabian neuer ſaw,
though franconcenſe there flowes.
Nor yet the Eaſterne Indian thoe,
nor Scith the like doth ſee:
Though round about he is beſet,
wyth bowes of lawrell tree.
Nor Atlas that the rowling ſkies,
with ſhoulders doth ſuſtayne:
Though Satirs in the place doth daũce
whom Fayries loue doth payne.
A riuer milde about it runnes,
wyth comely water cleare:
The bankes ſo farre aſonder ſtode,
as leapes the chaſed Deare.
And in the depth a doughty droue,
of ſcaley beaſtes they play:
And for a wall it compaſde is,
with lofty pines ſo gay.
With pines that in their crabbed barks
doth Cibels loue contayne:
And Phebus Cipreſſe ſtandes them by,
of equall heigth agayne.
There lackes no maſſes Eſculus,
no Wappls, Yolme nor Oke:

Nor plaintree, Tozke, nor yet the nutte
that colour doth prouoke.
The Arbute, and the Alder tree,
the Chestnut, and the Ashe:
The Filbert, Pechtree and the Palme,
the Wyrch with spriggy lashe.
The Firretre, and the mirtle eke,
and brode leaude Beechy wood:
When Saturn ruled the golden world,
which was our fathers foode.
The Vine, the Figge and Apple eke,
and Lotos Pryaps frend:
The Iuey and the Laurell tree,
that Poets heads doth shend.
The Mulberry and the Poplartree,
that Hercule once esteemde:
The Peartree, willow, and the Prime,
with Bore that whitley semde.
The Medlar and the Olive tree,
the Elme and Cherrey red:
The Codtree and the Almon eke,
whose floures first do spred.
What should I here the Cedre tree,
or Hebron call to minde:
Or Cytre fitte for Tables fine,
whom golde his place respynde.
Or other more whose names if thou,

dost

doth take in hand to tell:
Thou soner mayst in number bring,
the Egiptian sands as well.
Thus in we go whereas the bridge,
doth ioyne the bankes in one:
Of ample space and semely syght,
their alleyes long they gone.
Wyth Purple Roses red and white,
and Paunseys paynted hewe:
White Daffodils and violets swete,
wyth flagrant Lillies blewe.
Swete Amaranthe that long doth liue,
wyth leaues of crimson die:
The Cloue wyth Balme and Cassia to,
Pynt Time and Sauerie.
With Saffrō Wyzhe and Maiozam,
the Gardens onely gem:
Of sauoure sweete in Idale woodes,
ynow there growes of them.
Both here and there in euery place,
swete sauours vp they fume:
A thousand kindes of Birdes do fill,
the woodes with euery tune.
With diuers notes the cleared ayze,
they caused to resounde:
There Pzogne wayles the gret vntroth
that in her loue was found.

And Philomela doth bewayle,
her owne and Itis case:
In humaine voice and painfull throte,
the Parat pastes apase.
Their varying softly notes so fine,
the Goldfinch fast doth sing:
And waters flowes the flowers vpon,
from cleare continuall spring.
And here and there their courses runne
and moystes the hearbes so grene:
No Dragon there nor greedy wolfe,
might euer yet be seene.
No Boze, no Beare nor Tigre fierce,
nor Serpent foule there dweis:
To harme with triple hissing toung,
with poyson fierce that swels.
In fine no kinde of beast there is,
but such as peace hath swozne:
The longeard wat, the Hart, the Buck,
the Goate with harmelesse hozne.
The middle heauens then almost,
the flaming Phebus helde:
When first we saw the gozgeous place,
whereas thys Lady dwelde.
Amid the woods an aumple space,
full of grene herbes we see:
No tree there grewe but tables rounde,

in order placed be:
With deinties such as Capna did,
the oneyde duke prepare:
Such deinties as they once did eate,
the sacred shieldes that bare.
The time is come quod Cressill nowe
let vs go drinke and fill:
Our bellies: Strength for to repayre,
it is the goddesse wyll.
That none shall passe wyth sober head,
nor yet with hungred mawe:
For scotfree here may all men feede,
thys is the Ladies lawe.
Whē meate doth faile, her maides do fil
the table full againe:
A pace wee feede and scarce can rise,
so wetes the wine our braine.
With doubtfull steps our feete do trede,
with stackryng stumpes we go:
Yore earnestly we then desyre,
the Queene to come vnto.
Whom in the fielde we walking finde,
with mighty mirthfull traine:
Young lusty guts wyth boyes & maides
and doting age againe.
On her right hande a woman goes,
with pleasant shining face:

And in her hande a boye she leades,
from downe whose shoulders place.
A dreadful quyuer hanges with shaftes,
both cruell sharpe and kene:
And in his handes a bowe he bare,
and drewe the string so tene.
Though blinde he was yet straight hee (threw
at euery man his darte:
And fiersly to without regarde,
he perced to the heart.
The shaft returneth straight againe,
when wyde the wounde is left:
The people all incontinent,
he had of lyfe berefte.
But that a certaine woman there,
that pityed much the sore:
Of Godly zeale vnto these men,
gan helpe and helth restore.
For when the wounded brestes she saw
whereas the darte went in:
Of any man, and bloud so warme,
that gushing out did spin.
Then strayte she runnes her cure vnto,
and healthfull drinkes him giues:
Wherby though cruell wound remain,
the pacient yet he lyues.
An other woman yet beside,

in

In left hande leades the Queene:
Whose chaps do alwaies chaw ỹ cudde,
her golles they gresy beene.
Wyth musty dusty lothsome clothes,
whose stynke doth all anoye:
And onely to sheer doth delight,
in beastly belly toye.
Great tanckards depe she turneth quite
the bottoms vpsey downe:
And in her hande a boy she leades,
wyth drousy droupyng crowne.
And winking eies, he scarce could wake
nor woulde his dame permit:
With meate & drink thus ouerchargde
to haue a waking fyt.
A moyster straunge on her he flyngs,
heers soundes with wheasing noyse:
The boxen shalme, with stroke ỹ harpe.
is forcde to shewe his voice.
Here Orpheus doth bewayle hys wife.
with tooth of serpent torne:
The dire decrees of darksome den,
and labours past and worne.
And after him both beast and stone,
by musyck swete he drawes:
To Delphins eke Arion here,
doth swetely syng his sawes.

With harpe the noble Amphion here,
doth Thebes walles renewe:
Declaring here his cruel case,
by shipmen eke vntrewe.
And after these with friskyng legges,
comes Dauncing all the rest:
Whose eyes a certaine dymnes darcke,
had fully then oppzest.
About the heades of euery one,
their flyes a stincking mist:
And one amongst them all I knewe,
that helde this wytte in fyst.
Sardanapalus here am I,
that rulde with pzincely powze:
Thassyzians Realme loe thys haue I,
foz that I did deuoure.
O foolishe wzetches, whyleste you lyue,
let neuer Joyes so go:
Foz after death alas there are,
no Joyes to come vnto.
Learne you by mee O moztall men,
the trewest way to knowe:
Now last of all two Monsters came,
amyd the vttermost rowe.
Wherof the one with diuers tonges,
these fellowes fowle arayde:
The other vexed them sore with pzicks,
that

that griefe their Ioye alayde.
So much the heauens vs do hate,
retoyling at our yll:
So farre the Gods aboue doe seme,
contrary to our wyll.
And though wyth these aduersities,
we passe our dayes in payne:
Yet haue we not one houre to ioy,
in quiet to remaine.
If ought we haue it is but short,
and ioy vnperfect framed:
O lyfe that dosse of ryght deserue,
exilement to be named.
Why doth the harmes of mortall men,
the Goddes aboue delight:
Why had they rather sad we were,
than liue in toyfull plight.
Whereof did fyrst spring out to vs,
such mortall hatred fell:
Wynne thou the gods w̄ pacient mind,
in bearing euils well.
No space we were of any length,
from this vnrulye game:
When from the right side of the woode,
came forth a comely Dame.
With body fyne and virgins face,
and sober semely gate:

Such

Such one as Ioue his wife is thought,
amyd her great estate.
With haire, and bosom tozne, she runnes
to vs in dolefull plight,
And not to be despyde she was
though clothes were base to syght.
And from her ruddy rosye lyppes,
these witty wozdes did spzyng:
O caytifes whereto pace you thus,
whereto shall phzensy bzing.
You now: stay here, set down your fete
and leape not to the snare:
And hearken to my wozdes a whyle,
that I shall heere declare:
Fyzst this (quod she) no goddesse is,
noz her no goddesse bare.
As you (perchaunce) beleue she is,
to whom as now you goe,
To tentes of whom you couet now
to Ioyne your selues vnto.
But is a dzedefull dzery spzite,
deceiuing all that liues:
Unwares of her deceitfully,
and gall foz honey giues.
Let not the face deceiue you now
that semeth fayze without:
That glisters aye with shining golde
beset

beſet with gemmes aboute.
You know not yet how foule ſhe is,
within thoſe garments gaye:
A thouſande ſpots within ſhe hath
and caſtes her men away.
Deceiude with falſe defrauding ioye:
as fiſhe their bane come by:
Whom crafty fyſher doth begyle,
with reede deceitfully.
When from the rockes, into the flouds
he caſteth downe his lyne:
With harmefull baite the hooke ſo hyd,
with haſtye courſe they hine.
And ſnatche with gredye iawes ỹ bayte
and faſt they hang thereby:
And following faſt the ewyzling thzede
theyz daunce full dolefully:
The quiuering ſandes of Libiaes lands
we nede not foz to flye:
Ne fearefull Atiphates houſe,
ne Scillaes rocke ſo hye.
Noz dzeadefull dzenching Charibdis,
noz other monſter fell:
So much as ought we pleaſure ſhunne
what harmes hereby do dwell.
In mozrall men: what townes: what realmes:
what men of wozthy fame
Hath it deſtroide: I wilbe ſhozt, and

and one example name.
Who euer yet Alcides past,
who durst such deedes assay?
That slew two serpẽts foule sometimes
in cradle as he lay.
Ye tore the tushes from them both,
and thrust his handes so small:
In midst their throtes. Ye caused hath,
Molorchus beast to fall.
Ye cut the foule Echydnaes head:
destroyde the dreadfull drake:
The fearefull bull adowne he threw,
and swifty Hart did take.
Ye hath erpelde the Stimphalides
by force of valeant bowe:
The Thracian tyrauntes stable eke,
his hande did ouerthrowe.
Ye turnde thy course Achelous,
and brake thy winding creke:
Ye toke the Apples from the maydes,
and spoilde the Spanishe kreke.
Of hugie kyne. Ye did descende
adowne the pyt of hell:
The dreadfull dog from thence he drew,
that fometh poyson fell.
The Woze of Erymantus to,
was slaine of that same hand:

And

And Anthenes eke the strength of him,
lift vp did vnderstand.
Ye felt it eke that Oren stale,
Dan Vulcanes wyly whelpe:
And after all the wery tire,
he could olde Acias helpe.
The starres aboue and swaying poules,
whose shoulders do sustayne:
But O thou hurtfull pleasure loe,
deceatful eke and vayne.
The Lordly hests of Gigian mayde,
with will he did obay:
And he whom dire Megeraes force,
nor fende might once affray.
Nor quiuering Tartares frosty colde,
nor flames of Phlegethon:
Nor vggly Charons dreadfull loke,
with brisled haires vpon.
Did often fondly feare the threats,
of milde vnmighty mayde:
For shield in hand a distaffe beares,
for helme wyth coyfe arayde.
The hande also that once was wont,
vnweldy clubbe to shake:
In maydely guise then tolue to spinne,
and eke accountes to make.
Of taske performed. And vnto her

the bondled slar he beares:
whilst clothed in womēs wed the stroke,
of mistres whip he feares.
Amphitrions sonne, what beastly toye,
hath made the thus so blinde?
For as that hag daine Circes did,
transforme to swinish kinde.
Ulisses mates bewrapt their bones,
in stubborne brisles harde:
So doth your Quene (nay rather slaue,)
chaunge them that hir regarde.
For dish in hand to them she geues,
of pleasaunt poyson full:
Of which who drinks is straight transformd
in Lion, Bore or Bull.
Or made a dogge or else a wolfe,
the common plague to sheepe:
And other into diuers shapes,
are thus compelde to creepe.
But few of that same sort there be,
this deathly cup that flye:
And you your selues these fearful fates,
shall shortly sure come by.
If thou perchaunce wil after runne,
the banners of this hore:
Wherfore be wise and flye the snares,
I warne you sirs before.

whilst

Whylst time will serue wyth bridling
and rule your wilful minde: (bits,
And in the priuy hidden snares,
let not your eyes be blinde.
Least she like as the spyder doth,
begyle the sely flye:
whilste as in tender webbe she lurkes,
and in her bowze doth lye.
But when that she doth perreyne,
the gyltlesse soule intrapt:
Then out wyth cruell course she comes,
the cozps in cozdes so clapt.
The dusky twyst with nimble legges,
about it fast she windes: (through,
wyth deadelye skyngs she thrustes hym
and suckes the blous she findes.
O mad to mad, which when he may,
to gods compared be:
By reason rulde, yet brutish trayne,
to haunt delighteth he.
In bsing eft of lecherous actes,
and pampering Venus frende:
His gredy paunch and beastlinesse,
he followeth to his ende.
These wozds wyth pacience coulde not
my lusty gresild gyde: (beare,
But mourning this his wil so broke,

and

and angred eke beſide.
With mumbling wordes: I know not (what
he turnes frō vs his face,
And, vnto his acquainted mates,
ran threе legds lire a pace.
Arete then (for this hir name,
ſhe termde her ſelfe to be)
Let Greſil flye from hence away,
regarde not thou quod ſhe.
The Owle to darkneſſe vſde, cannot,
the gliſtring ſunne abide:
And as the ſick whome feuer long,
wyth raging heate hath tride.
Refuſeth ſuch as may to him,
his health agayne reſtore:
Things worſe and hurtfull to his life,
deſiring rather more.
So fooles do follow falſe things moſt,
and from the truth they flye:
But flie not thou my warning heare,
if elth thou doeſt ſet by.
Which that ỹ mayſt more aptly heare,
walke now this way wyth me:
For with theſe ſights the minde is let,
and eares diſturbed bee.
Then towards the right hand forth ſhee (leades,
and vnderneath a bay:
That

That stode thereby, we both sit downe,
and thus she gan to say.
That workman first that made the skies
the earth and seas also:
As all the spheares he hath compelde,
gaynward the first to go.
So would he that theffectes of minde,
should reason eke gaynsay:
Least minde alone within the corps,
with dulnesse should decay.
For as the Horse by force of spurre,
and Dre, with gode a right:
Are forcde to go, and by the smart,
receiue the greater might.
So sharp with force, theffects the minde
encreased by restraynt:
The which effectes if they were not,
the minde straight ways would faint.
And would no worthy thing perfourme
like as the ship doth slugge:
Except the windes her sayles do puffe,
and Oares by force hir drugge.
Some greatly erre therfore that say,
such tumultes of the minde:
A wiseman neuer ought to feele,
like forme in marble finde.
These men do think a man to be:

and doting preach in vayne:
For then in vayne had nature dealt,
to man such motions playne.
Which is to base for to confesse,
we may them therfore vse:
Most lawfully if reasons rule,
and arte thereto we chuse.
These greate affections of the minde,
with bridle strong he guides:
And as the horseman rules his horse,
so rules he them besides.
Nor once is ouer runne of them,
he, that deserues to bee:
A wise man namde, and not in vayne,
but fewe there be we see.
That vertue knowes for to obtayne,
in measure for to stay:
Some sort therefore this same do loue,
some take it cleane away.
Both sortes therby in error hault,
for, onely gods alone:
By reason liues, and beastes agayne,
with onely sense do grone.
But man with both is full adornde,
commaunded to reioyse:
In both also: in reason most,
this part is worthier choyse.

And

And moze celeſtiall eke it is,
and lifteth men aloſte:
Wher luſt doth throw mē hedlōg down
and makes them dote full ofte.
Wherfoze we ought it leaſt to bey,
although(O nature blinde:
Of men)that euery man it hauntes,
and few can reaſon finde.
A ſort therfoze amyd the wood,
ſaunce number ſawe we play:
To which euen thou with doltiſh guide,
hadſt helde thy fooliſh way.
But that our voyce did thee withdrawe,
and didſt thou nothing feare:
Thoſe mōſters two, with ſtealthy ſteps
that followed after there:
Knoweſt thou their names: the one is (greſs
the other ſlaunder hight:
I not forbid nor graunt ſuch toyes,
of ſenſe proceding right.
But rare I would that they ſhould be,
and eke no vertues foe:
For which it neuer lawfull is,
things honeſt to let goe.
But bridells ſtrong thou nedeſt ſure,
and cloſely them to take:
For elſe they hurt: and toyfull things,

will malice not forsake.
Disordring all and loke how much,
a man doth from them flye:
So much the more he doth approch,
the seate of Ioue on hye.
And he that hauntes them most of all,
is worthy least of prayse:
Abasing eke himself therwyth,
with beastes he leades his dayes.
They hurt besydes when as they be,
to dayly vse retainde:
And daungers dire be got therby,
and minde with lets is painde.
Nor can the minde be allwayes yet,
to serious things addict:
For fraile it is and ioy it must,
when endes the sad afflict.
And downe the highest hilles descende,
to valleyes depe and lowe:
No otherwise than when on earth,
doth Ioue his lightning throwe.
Hating the crimes that here be done,
the Egle bearing fast:
Wyth byll or feete, the three edgde tole,
in Ticii fornace cast.
Ascends the toppes of heauens hie,
and maruayles much to see:

The

The Princely walles wyth precious (stones
that there adourned bee.
Astonished is to see the place,
of glistering gold confect:
That shines wyth starres she doth be-(holde
with Diamond pillers deckt.
The costly rouses she loked vpon,
of Indian teeth compacte:
She meruayles at the ample fielde,
and light that neuer lackt.
The great delightes that gods are in,
that tong cannot expresse:
Nor neuer heart of man could thinke,
the worthy pleasauntnesse.
She flying fast both here and there,
desireth much to play:
By skies so cleare and pleasaunt ayres,
begins hir wings to spray.
The earth, and quite she doth forget,
her nest is out of minde:
In princely rayne of thundring God,
such pleasure doth she finde.
But after that by hungers prick,
with fasting strength decayes:
And heate lackes foode to worke vppon,
that now she gan to prayse.
The heauens hie she doth despise,

and downe her selfe she speedes:
To ground, that late she did contemne,
and there apace she feedes.
Then I which held my peace so long,
(such silence for to breake:)
Addrest my selfe and not affrayd,
her tale to stoppe, gan speake.
Bycause (quod I) the sunne as now,
gan westward first descend:
And night doth hast his course to vse,
before this light do wende.
Away from vs and darknesse cõmes,
a few things shew to me:
O goddesse milde (no matrone thou,
but seemes a ghost to be.)
What name the woman had, of late,
that I saw yonder stand:
Besydes the Quene, & what the boyes
be, that she led in hand.
Then in this sorte shee aunswered me,
doubt not, thou shalt discerne:
By me (if time do nothing let)
all that thou seekes to learne.
Unworthy things thou hast not askt,
I will therfore relight:
Yet now, that on the left hand goes,
and greedy but shee hight.

Yet

Her great delight is for to eate,
and night and day to drinke:
The greatest sorte do worship her,
and for a god her thinke.
With ioyfull hearts the flaming wines,
in gilded holes they mash.
And costly cates on bourdened bourdes,
the gredy guts they grash.
The chiefest good they think to be,
this belly god to serue:
But out of doubt I thee assure,
they from the truth do swerue.
For nothing is more vile than this,
nor harmeth more the state,
Of man: The beastes for onely lyke,
did Ioue aboue create.
But man for life and reason to,
and that he should excell:
And so be like vnto the sainctes,
which in the heauens dwell.
He ordaynde hath to rule the earth,
but they that loue the yoke:
Of gredinesse and belly ioyes,
are dull, and with the smoke.
Of fuming meates their wit is darckt,
(like as the cloudes the sunne:)
Ne may they yet the truth discerne,

and downe her selfe she speedes:
To ground, that late she did contemne,
and there apace she feedes.
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are dull, and with the smoke.
Of fuming meates their wit is darckt,
(like as the cloudes the sunne:)
Ne may they yet the truth discerne,

but chiefly when begunne.
Hath boyling wines within the breft,
to blinde and dull the witte:
And when the paunch is ſtuffed ful,
for bookes they be vnfitte.
Wherby it often cõmes to paſſe,
their witte but ſmall to bee:
The end that nature plaſte them for,
they cleane forſake we ſee.
Nor more they knowe, than doth ỹ herd
of Shepe or Oxen dull:
Yea leſſe ſometyme when as with wine
their beaſtly braynes be full.
When as for one, two lightes they ſee,
with borde and wall to daunce:
O dronkennelle, the death of minde,
the broode of all miſchaunce.
What thing doſt thou not force ỹ mind,
of man to take in hande?
What dare not he attempt thorow thee
both ſtrife wyth brawling, and
Moſt cruell frayes thou moueſt him to,
thou ioyeſt when bloud is ſhead:
By thee are ſecretes eft reuealde,
wyth minde and tong made dead.
Both feare and ſhamefaſtnelle alſo,
full farre they flye from thee:

Shunne

Shunne you this plague (O wretches)
that makes you mad to be. (now
And euen as as mad as once Orestes was with mothers might:
What filthier thing? what beaste more than is the dronken wight? (vile
The meate that he not long before,
hath fast deuoured vp:
He perbrakes out, he trembles eke,
and stinketh of the cup.
Ful oft he falles and breaks his browes
his eyes and legs withall:
His stutting wordes he stammereth out,
no man perceiue him shall.
Much things he sayth, & much he doth,
that when the night is gone:
And sunne is present here agayne,
he sorrowes sore vppon.
The Macedonian King, the sonne,
of Phillip graund le Roy:
In dronken mode, at table once,
his frends did all destroy.
But when the cups their fumes had left
and wit returnde agayne:
He found the fault, w̄ tears he mournd,
and wisht himself as slayne.
Why boast you with your Orgies vain
in

In woodes of Citheron?
Your Thias daũce, why brag you now
your foolyshe drũms vpon?
No God your Bacchus is Iwis,
that comes of Cadmus line:
Nor Ioue him got of Semels wombe,
as Poetes doe define.
But hell hath him engendred, Io
Megera is his dame:
No God he is, but doth despise,
the gods, and hates their name.
For godlinesse they nought esteme,
that haunt the pots of wyne:
Nor well can vse the dronken priest,
the Sacraments deuine.
What neede I here for to reslite,
what sickenesse, and what paines:
Excesse of meate and to much drinke,
doth brede within the vaines:
From hence doe flow: euen as it were,
from euerlasting spring:
The aresse, and the botche, the byle,
wyth scaule and scurfe itching.
The goute oppressing hands and fete,
wyth bleared dropping eyes:
Wyth wine the quiuering toyntes they
frõ iawes the teeth out flies (quake.

With

With sodayne death, & stomacks paine,
and fullsome stinking breath:
A greater sort than sworde hath slayne,
excesse hath done to death.
Besydes the goods be straight cõsumde,
and downe the guttes do sling:
The fielde, the house, the houshold stuffe
and euery other thing.
And now both poore and base he is,
whose riches late were greate:
Eate thou, whereby thy lyfe may lasse,
but liue not thou to eate.
I haue thee here declared now,
the woman what she hight:
And now the boy with nodding noule,
I wyll thee here resight.
The boy is hers, and of her borne,
and labour him begat:
His name is slepe, his nourse is leth.
his fode is poppey fat.
Ye brother germaine is to death,
but not as she doth lasse:
Ye doth refresh the wearied limmes,
wyth dayly labour passe.
Ye doth expell the cares of men,
and calleth strength agayne:
Without the ayde of him, no man,

hys

his life may well sustayne.
Yet hurtes he much and doth the minde
in certayne wise oppresse:
Diseases breedes, and duls the corps,
oft used with excesse.
If foode be small, he small will be,
for when the meate is spent:
The corps doth wake or else doth rest,
wyth little slepe content.
Yore lightly then his rest he takes,
and better sleepes doth breede:
But vnto troubled mindes it is,
a comfort greate in deede.
And much it is to be desired,
when loue the hart doth payne:
When sickenesse greues or when ỹ man
doth heauy chaunce sustayne.
Then is it more to be esteemed:
than golde or precious stone:
As death, so sleepe doth make the wretch
and happy man as one.
But he whome nature hath endewed,
wyth long and happy dayes:
That doth desire expert to be,
in euery kinde of wayes.
By vertue eke a famous name,
in earth for to obtayne:

Yaſt watche: foꝛ famous things, by
none are perfourmed plaine. (ſleepe
And foꝛ to ſleepe in feathers ſoft,
renowne doth eft refuſe:
Shun thou this ſame, with al thy might
thy ſelfe to watching vſe.
Foꝛ, O what times of quiet length
ſhall fates permit to thee:
When laſt of all the night ſhall come
and day ſhall baniſht bee.
And breath hath left ỹ quiuering ioints
lyke ayre that fleting flyes:
With long and euerlaſting ſleepe,
then ſhalt thou ſhut thine eyes.
While as the goddeſſe thus did ſpeake,
diſcended downe from hye:
Thaumantis, lo when ſũne doth ſhine
that gliſters in the ſkye.
With diuers hew that ſhewes her face,
amydde the miſty cloude:
wyth ruddy roſye purple lippes,
thus gan ſhe ſpeake aloude.
God ſpede thee goddeſſe here on earth,
Panomphes gem moſt deare:
Arete chiefe of goddeſſes
(as doth to me appeare.)
Come on thy wayes foꝛ all the gods,

deſire

desyzeth now to see.
Leaue thou the earth, & earthly raignes
where dwellers yll they bee.
Here is no place for ghostly men,
all wycked crimes here raigne:
Religion none, no fayth, nor grace
but vertue in disdaine.
Here foolishe fondenesse holdes ỹ valle,
imperiall Scepter aye:
Fraude and disceyt all men amongste,
is vsed here alwaye.
Go to therefore in hast, as now,
breake of thy tale begunne:
Let lettes be losed, & with lyke course,
let vs to heauen runne.
Arete than, beholding mee,
these wordes began to say:
I cannot now (as faine I woulde)
all things to thee display.
But when the day againe repayres,
and night away shall slyde:
To thee, shall I sende one, be gladde,
to tell thee all besyde.
Farewel therefore: & wyth these words
gainewarde the lkyes they spring:
The westerne wynde did them receiue
and vpwarde fast them bring:

Like

Lyke as when wicked Scilla flyes,
her father following fast:
Aloft by little vp she hyes,
and he gan after hast.
Wyth gredy minde, & thzough the ayze
he sozes both here and there:
Desiring much to wzeke the fault
of cutting of hys haire.
She striues her selfe in cloudes to hyde,
and mounteth out of sight:
And Nisus thether perceth fast,
that both be out of lyght.
Adowne the floudes, doth sunne discend
and fozth the starres they shinde:
And I the way that greyberd led,
full sadly then declinde:
And home I come, my pzomist ioyes
in heauy hope to finde.

O Sūne that with perpetual course
about the worlde doest flye:
The parent chief of euery thing,
and dyamonde of the skye.
The Prince of all the Starres, & spring
of euerlasting light:
Beholding euery thing abroade,
whyle as with colour bright.
Of crimsyn hew, thou leauest aloofe
the brinkes of Persean lande:
With rising face, and passing forth,
doest hyde thy fyerie brand.
Amydde the weskerne fluddes, and lasse
of all, dosse burne the hyll:
Of Calpe great, and eke that course,
frequenteſt alwayes styll.
By thee, doe all things plaine appeare,
whose colour late the night
Bereft, hir darkenesse by no meanes
abyding ones thy lyght.
The syght and eye of all the worlde,
who partes in foure the yeare,
And changest times, & with the time,
all things engendred beare:
while as by croked line thou runnest
in lyuely pictured spheare.

O starre diuine, and of the gods,
o fairest God all hail:
We worship thee, and from the hart,
wher neuer trothe doth quail.
Our prayers here we make to thee,
behold vs now therfore:
With ioyfull face, and ioyful day,
with ioy thy self restore.
Disperse the cloudes from hence, and let
the day be bright and cleare:
Let seas lay downe their roring lokes,
straight, when thou dosse apeare.
Let shipmen safe frequent their course,
vpon the waters plaine:
Defend the corne, the trees, and vines
from pouring shoures of raine.
And frō the boystrous whirlwind mad,
and stormy stones of hail:
Let pleasaunt aires on vs be blown,
from fiery Pyros vail.
And make all thinges by thy returne,
in quiet rest remayn:
O chief defence, and Poets ayde,
all hail to thee agayn.
Thou fillest the minds of Poets all,
with sacred holy spyte:
And mouest the heades of euery one,

with fugred verſe to wryte.
By thee they gain the laurel leake,
and euerlaſting fame:
Al hayle therfore, and help me now,
my ſinging verſe to frame.
And ſuccoure theſe my fyrſt attemptes,
direct my courſe withall:
Til vnto long deſired port,
my bote, and I may crall.
Thus, whyllſt at caſtale ſprynges on knees
my humble ſute declarde:
The muſes all about me plaſte,
the God my prayers hard.
From towers of Delphos hie he heard,
and ſtraight as ſemde to me:
The ſteple bent, and therewythal
a ſhining light I ſee.
From out the Chauncell came, and eke,
a wonderous voyce I heare:
Which wyth theſe wordes, as then me thought,
reſounded in mine eare.
O yong man voyd of blyſſe, and whom,
ſuch deſtnies dire do payne:
That ſpendſt thy lyfe with bitter yeares
pull vp thy hart agayne.
For pacient payne doth ouercome,
and in thafflicted caſe:

The valeant ought for to despise,
the fawning fortunes face.
For fortune then doth most preuayle,
when that she is restraynde:
Doest thou not see, whome fortune ost,
had fully once disdaynde.
The same wyth changed hand she ayds,
and lyfteth vp on hye:
Now this, now that: nothing endures,
beneath the heauens skye.
When glouming weather foule is gone,
then pleasaunt dayes ensewe:
At length the swelling seas be caulme,
that erste the windes so blewe.
When winters season sharp departes,
apears the floured spring:
Fix sure thy minde therefore as nowe,
and faynt not in the thing.
That bytter seemes: prepare thy selfe,
for better destenies:
The tyme shall come (the starres aboue,
altring their course in skies.)
(If death before, thee not destroy)
when this thy present name:
That now doth lye both drowndē & hyd,
shall gayne immortall fame.
For I my selfe wyll present be,

and

and eke my learned route
The Sisters nine, in euery place,
shall stand thee round about.
And take thee from the common sort,
and cause thy name to lyue:
For euermore. This aunsweare here,
to me did Phebus gyue
So praying. But scarce can I the Gods
beleue such things of me:
Under so crabbe aspect of starres,
I know my byrth to be.
So sore the heauens do me vexe,
but yet from thence I go:
with ioyfull heart I wander forth,
alone, and alwayes so.
These wordes in minde I muse,
O Lord that hap might be:
That God or man I might now meete,
as promisd late to me.
Arete for to send to teach,
that I the rest might know:
O that from heauens hye shee would,
descend the earth belowe.
And me with pleasaunt wordes instruct,
as erst I did her heare:
A valley long there lay betwene,
two hils that bounded neare.

A narrow path there was, that shewes
the trauayling wight his way:
This path I toke, and straight I saw,
two shepheardes there that lay.
In grasse full greene agaynst the banke,
who (bagges and bottels downe:
with crab tree staues wherw̃ they walkd)
desirous of renowne.
Began to striue who best could sing,
but iudge they lacked than:
Whose sentence shuld the strife appease,
and prayse the finer man.
As sone as they me present spyde,
they both me calde vnto:
And wild me for to syt them by,
and iudge who best could do.
Then one of them, (when that he had
wyth oten musicke played)
His staring eyes on heauen cast,
and on thys sort he sayd.
O floure fayre of Dardany,
of Ioue beloued (o childe:)
That seruest the gods wyth frothing cup
of pleasaunt Nectar milde.
Come downe from hie now frō ỹ Skies,
a fayrer far than thee:
In earth remayns that vnto Ioue,

cup-

cupbearer now shall be.
Him, Jupiter despising thee,
shall take from hence, and place
Among the starres from envy burst,
(O thou in wretched case.)
Yeld vp for griefe thy wofull gosse,
but rather not departe:
Thou shalt wyth wines the Gods salute,
and I enioy my harte.
Phyletus deare (wythout whose sight,
no kinde of thing is swete:
To me,) no not my life to haue,
wythout hys presence mete.
As oft as him on horsbacke swift,
(the Gote, or Hart to chace:)
The Fayries spie, wyth loue they burne
and wysh that louely face.
Wyth thousand kisses for to mete,
as many giftes wythall:
And floured garlands trim him giue
contending, best who shall.
And apples fayre in baskets bring,
and grapes of pleasaunt tast:
O that neglecting to be pleasd,
in him were not so plast.
O that this liuelie Impe would shewe,
himself alwayes at hand:

To ease the wretched louers grieke,
then happiest should I stand.
No man in all the world my mate,
but he doth cleane despise,
My plaints and faithful louers sutes
and hates my dolefull cries:
And as the shaft from bowe departes
so from me fast he flies.
But flye not from me thus, nor hate,
me so (Philetus deare:)
I am no cruell Canniball,
wherby thou shouldest me feare.
But worthy to be loued I am,
perchaunce if thou me knowe:
For though vpon my body rough,
the hoary haires they growe.
And though from chin with locks vnkept
my grielly beard doth fall:
I am not yet vll fauoured sure,
for beard and bristels all.
We decent eke and mete they be,
for fyghting folkes and strong:
Let maydly men haue tender skinnes,
the sheapheardes all among.
In richesse none doth me excell,
of beast I lacke no store:

A thousand kine my pasture feedes,
of swine full fifty score.
Amongst my droue of Okes they runne
my kine with calues do sway,
My lusty gotes with kid they swell:
ne want I whigge, nor whay:
Fresh cheese, and olde inough I haue
take what thou likest, away.
All mine is thine and I thine owne,
though cruel thou denny:
If thou me louedst and wouldst thy selfe
somtyme come sit me by.
I would thee pleasaunt apples get,
that hangs on braunches hie:
with golden sydes like yellow ware,
and red, as strawberies die.
I would thy lap with fylberts fyll,
and nuts of diuers kinde:
How oft, how oft mine armes should I,
about thy myddle winde?
Two thousand kisses would I giue,
those rosey lippes of thine:
Dout not (sweete boy) but walk with me
by cleared spring so fine.
we both wyll rest, and gratefull sleepe,
with hausing armes wyll take:

Alurde

Alurde wyth shade of hulhing trees,
and noyse that riuers make.
Whyle Gresshops in the heat do chirp,
alas, and dost thou now
Despise both me and all my giftes,
that here to thee I bowe?
Do not my wofull teares thee moue,
nor all that I can say?
Yore fiercer far, than Tiger stout,
(whose whelp is tane away.)
Yore deafe than pictures made,
of Parus Marble stone:
And harder eke than are agayne,
the mountaynes euery chone
Of Alpes hie, and Diamond strong,
what doth thy beauty good:
If all men so thou dost despise,
wyth fierce and cruell moode?
And slayest the soules of wofull wightes,
whose heartes thine owne be tride:
Thus wise her selfe in flowres sayze,
the dreadfull Snake doth hide.
And thus wyth poyson hony myxt,
lay downe disdayne abyde:
A monster vile, and vnto God,
is auncient enmy, pryde.
Yore be not thou wyth grace begilde,

or forme of fading hewe:
For beauty lasts but little time,
like flower fresh and newe.
Full fayre at fyrst, is gone in tyme,
while flouring age doth last:
While tender skinne in face doth shine,
let not in vayne be past
Such happy tymes, but vse the giftes,
now graunted vnto thee:
While tyme doth serue, for euery thing,
by vse commended be.
The tyme shall come when this thy chin
wyth bristled beard beset:
Shall vggly seeme, and eke thy face,
shall riueled wrinkles fret.
And when thy golden lockes shal tourne
to ghastly gresild heares:
To late then shalt thou fonde bewayle,
the losse of youthfull yeares.
And oft thy selfe shalt say, where is
my beauty olde now gone:
Where is my colour fresh become,
both red and white in one:
Vayne hope, alas, of this thy face,
then shalt thou sore lament:
Thy chaunged cheekes, and face so foule
thy selfe, when repesent,

Thou

Thou shalt thy glasse perceyue, but why
thus waste I winde in vayne?
what meane I thus in barren soyle,
to let my seedes remayne?
Unhappy wretch in vayne I toyle,
my destnies will me so:
O cruell destenies, that now,
so sore against me go.
And chiefly now, when wretched loue,
hath pearst my wofull hart:
Of greater force is lucke in loue,
than all the swelling part.
Of richesse great, or noble bloud,
to destnies vertue thrall:
By luck in loue the prince despisde,
and Iohn obtaines the ball.
But though more fiercer thou remainst,
than fearfull raging drake:
Or dosse my loue no more esteme,
than weedes in fenny lake.
Yet thee sweete hart I serue, and thee,
for euer shall I loue:
And nothing shall thee from my minde,
(Philetus deare) remoue.
This sayd, he held his peace, and thus,
this other gan to say:
Pellina, passing floure of wheat,

and

and whiter farre away.
Than frothing fome of raging ſeas,
or Allablaſtar ſtone:
And boyled milke, more red than are,
the Cherries euery one.
when ripe they hang, or Mulbry frute,
while yet no blacke they weare:
More fayre than trees in time of ſpring,
when braunches bloſſomes beare.
More ſweete than are the withred figges
or wines that new be made:
Such lippes, ſuch breſt, or eyes I thinke,
dame Venus neuer had.
what ſhould I here commend her thies,
or places there that lie:
Such partes in practiſe put, than ſpeake,
with better will would I.
Not onely here of mortall men,
her prayſe Mellina gaynes:
But Gods her loue I ſaw my ſelfe,
a Satire take the paynes.
To hunt her once, and when he had,
the game poſſeſt in pawes:
Anenſt a Corke he taught hir tricks,
of wanton louers lawes.
She cald and ſhrike, and I, as wood,
would ſtrayght her ayde haue borne:

But

But sore afrayd I was to meete,
the shagheard horsons horne.
Nor once I durst my enimy try,
his pacience for to proue:
How oft she beckes and byds me come,
wyth eyes that rolling moue.
And of her self she calles me thus,
and fast begins to twine:
Her armes so white about my necke,
like Iuy, or the Wine.
That wonted are their neighbor trees,
wyth winding course to brace:
And fast the wanton bytes my necke,
and softly on the face
Wyth hand in sport she smites me oft,
and by her trouth she sweares:
That none on earth but me shee loues,
nor none good wyll she beares.
But yet am I not such a foole,
that I holde this for trewe:
For women all in lies excell,
and when wyth fawnings newe
The naughty queanes begin to fliere,
the more thou oughtest afrayd
To be, these words in song he spake,
and more he would haue sayd.
But seuen wolues by chaunce therwith,

came

came creping close the way:
From rockes adowne amyd the trees,
desirous of their pray.
And on the flocke they runne, now these,
now those they slea and byte:
And mouthes in bloud they stain, againe
the malty curres they fyte.
Wyth barking boughing noyse, to beat,
their enimies from the ground:
A noyse full greate made in the dale,
wyth roaring cry doth sound.
Then both the shepheardes rise in haste,
the wager quite vndone:
wyth sling, and staues of Oke in hand,
togither both they runne.
And I, behinde alone remaynd,
and forth another way:
with doutfull minde and diuers thought
I went, as farre as may
The brasen canon cast his stone
at thrice, and there a spring
That spouted vp wyth bubling sandes,
where thicke the Plantrees cling
I found, and round about the grasse,
full greene, it doth embrace,
wyth seates of sandy Tophus stone,
I gesse it was the place

where

Where Fayries set in Sommers rage,
when Dogdayes heat doth glowe:
Not farre from hence I saw me thought
a Seruice tree to growe.
Whose fruite did make ỹ brãches bend,
and therto fast I went:
(For ripe I them perceaude,) and some,
with hast in hand I hent.
And eate them vp, desyring then,
with water for to slake:
My burning thirst, and to the well,
my iourney forth I take.
And downe I bowe my self, and there,
my lippes in water fyne:
I dipt, and whilst I drinke, the stones,
in Cristall waters shine.
Whilst these are done, a yong mã down
from heauens to me sent:
That Goddesse good, Arete kayre,
of me not negligent.
Wyth falling flight he cuttes the ayre,
more swifter much he flies:
Than haukes that stryue by force to take
the pray before their eyes.
And straight to me he cõmes that then,
wyth weary limmes did rest:
Amid the grasse he bids god den,

then

then vp my selfe I dreſt
And worſhip there to him I make.
Ye (passing man in fame)
I am did say *Aretes* sonne
Timalphes is my name,
My mother hath me hither sent,
that al that doth remayne
Behinde vntolde, I may disclose
to thee in order playne.
Then both togither downe we syt,
and thus he gan to say.
The woman, and hir boy, that stode
on left syde yonder way,
Thou knowst, my mother told ỹ plaine:
now reckes there for to tell
What highte the woman, and the boy
that on the right hand dwell.
Hir *Venus* men do cal, and say
that of the salt sea sud
She then created was, when that
olde *Saturne* in the flud
Unkinde his fathers stones did cast,
so sayd the Greekish sorte:
A people fansies fyt to fayne
and lies for to reporte.
Uranius hir (of troth) begat
of *Lopades* by rape.

Vranius syze of euery thing,
than whome of larger shape
Was *Atlas* not, noz yet the fierce,
Enceladus so strong,
Noz gozbellied *Typheus* huge,
noz all the Giants long,
That euer earth did yet bzing vp.
Nine heads him nature toke,
Whereof the highest is voyd of eyes,
and Westward styll doth loke.
Gaynward the East the other stand,
aboue a thousand eyes
The second hath, and on a peece
doth al the rest suffise.
His right hand Nozthward out he casts
the left to South he sendes,
With both his hands y wozld he metes,
his feete the flock of fendes
Doth touch, his head the skies doth rech,
a shepheard rich in deede
Aboue al men, of euery flocke
thzough al the earth to feede,
Ye puttes them out, the number would
of them excede, if not
That monster *Pamphagus* his sonne
with greedy rauening thzote
Should them deuoure continually

with

wyth *Attropos* his wife.
This *Venus* now *Vranius* got,
and ioynde in wedlock life
To one *Pedogenes* a God,
and bad they shoulde encrease.
This is that *Venus*, wythout whome
the vse of earth would cease:
And al the world wyth byers thick
vnseemely should be thought.
Hir God hath ordeynd, that she myght
the losse which nature brought
Ful recompence, which God appoynts,
that hurtful can not be.
What then of them shall I reporte
content with chastitie
That fayre encrease do not esteme,
but voyd of issue die,
And leaue no signes of them behinde?
they sinne assuredly.
And if the truth may here be sayd,
vnworthy byrth him giues
Nature, of whome not one is borne
vnworthy eke he liues
By whome another hath no life.
Yet they whome sickenesse let,
Or other meanes do them constrayne
no children for to get,

Oppreſt with curſed pouerty,
do feare that they ſhall ſee:
Their children begge, intend ſaincts life
of whome but fewe there be.
Let them refraine, good leaue they haue
but many wyl no wyfe,
That they may others efte defile,
and lead a lechours life.
And for bycauſe that more they might
the common ſort beguile,
Vnder pretence they giue them ſelues
to ſacred things a whyle,
And churches haunt, and prieſts of God
they counted are to be.
They diuers lawes & garments ſtrange
do vſe, and thinke to ſee
The heauens hie with ſcraped crowne,
cleane things the beaſtes do flye,
And after things vncleane they runne,
whyle as the panche they plye,
And giue themſelues to drowſy reaſt,
whych both do foſter vice.
Stale Virgins are they thought to be
whyle cloſe they caſt the diſe,
The darke night al in vice to ſpend,
their mindes they whole apply.
None truely vſe a Virgins life,

but

but such as come thereby:
When croked olde vnlusty age,
or sickneſſe loze them fret.
Or reſtleſſe payne of carking minde:
or gift of God then let.
Al ouerplus from out the cozps
doth nature cleane expel.
Hereof it cõmes that in night dzeames
sometimes doth *Venus* dwel,
In dzeames that shew the ioyful arte
and pleasaunt spozte in deede.
Let them moze chaste than *Sibels* be,
or Nunnes of Uestal weede.
Of two which wozthier is I aske
eſteemed foz to be,
The barraine bowes that fruteleſſe fade
or else the fertile tree?
The ground that giueth good encreaſe,
or sand where nothing growes?
O thoughts of men of none effect,
O fond and foolish bowes,
Apply your selues not to deſpiſe
the sacred natures heſt
Which wold the bzed shuld bzede agayn
which made such ioyful reſt,
In wedlock bed thee not to feare,
but rather to allure,

Why wilt thou nature thus withstand:
no hurt in *Venus* sure
There is, if hir thou lawful vse
with meane, and not excesse.
But to much vsde she strength abates,
and drownes the valiantnesse:
Destroyes the wit, and shortneth life.
Now must we here display
dame *Venus* sõne whose force doth cause
both man and God obay.
Who brond withal, and quiuered shafts
makes all the world afrayd.
To whome (though yet a boy, and blind)
hath euery thing obayd,
That earth, or sea did euer breede,
or heauens hie contayne.
O Lord what rage of flames, and fyre
in euery place to rayne
This boy hath caused: what force hasse ỹ
O quiuered *Cupide* now:
No strength thy power may once resist,
thy conquest makes to bow
Both beast and Man, and Gods aboue,
with dartes of thine alone.
(His heart through pearced) full oft hath
the thũdring God to grone: (made
And diuers shapes on him to take

his

hys lightning laide a syde.
(And region left of starry skyes)
on wretched soile to slide
Hath not disdainde, sometime the forme
of Egle swift to beare,
Sometime, a bull with frowning face,
sometimes a shepheards cheare
On him to put, sometime to seme
a snake, and now, and than
With flames to come, in *Satirs* shape:
now golde, now like a swan.
Neptunus also once ychanged
to studdes of *Enepey*,
While he poore wretch thy dart did feele
with *Salmonide* he lay.
And oft a Dolphin would he seeme,
a Ram, or Horse to be.
With all the seas he coulde not quenche
the flames that burnte by thee,
In breast so blinde, and heart of him,
a tale to long it were,
Like actes of all the Gods, to shewe
to thee in order here.
Yow *Phebus* did a hauke become
and eke a Lion kende:
Or call to minde the woode attemptes
of raging *Tartare* fende,

But vaine it is so time to spende:
for if I should expounde
The Lordes, and Ladies euerychone,
whom cruell loue did wounde,
My tale woulde runne to much at large,
and downe (before) woulde hide
His glistring beames syr *Titan* bright,
the smoking wheeles should slide,
Amid the washing westerne waues.
But here I thinke it best
Such things to haue, sith many men
haue plainely them expresst.
And now the truth we will declare,
this boy did neuer flow
From *Bacchus* raines, as Greece did faine
no sure: if it were so,
Eche man that hateth wine, should loue
but destny him begot:
Bicause in euery kinde of loue
this destny knittes the knot.
All mortall things, this destony rules:
she doth to all bestow
Conditions eke with fortune to,
and ende of lyfe doth know.
Of greater force than beauty is
this destony assurde.
Though beauty cause of burning flame
hath

hath louers linckes procurde:
Of greater might than golde it is
though once with golde did bye
Olde *Saturnes* sonne, inclosde in towers
with *Danæ* faire to lie.
Familier syght, and licence had
full oft to talke, and liue
Togither both, when none shall see
which sliding way doth giue,
By which to loue we in doe come,
by which is *Venus* got.
All this can nothing sure preuaile:
if destnies fauour not.
By destny ioinde, by destny broke,
the louers knot, and ring.
By this the vile deformed slaue
sometimes obtaines the thing,
Which rich, nor faire can haue: by this
the faire and gentle wyfe
Is of hir husbande eft despisde:
and more contentes his lyfe
A ragged iade, in house to kepe.
By this the wife disdaines
Hir husbande faire, of gentle bloud
and greater ioy sustaines
A lither lousy lout to haue,
or vnaquainted wight.

And

And if so be that loue were not
by Gods aduisement right
To euery man appointed here,
by limittes parted iust:
No doubt of all might one be loued,
and on them all shoulo iust,
And euery man might safe enioy
the Damsel that he likes,
But as the fisher doth not take
the fishes all in dikes:
Nor foulers all the birdes do catch,
nor hunters all doe kill,
But euery one his chance doth take,
obtaines and hath his will,
So, loue to euery one is deir
by Gods arbitrement.
So doth the seruant base full oft
his Lady well content.
So shall the burlten bleared lout,
and crooked father olde
A blissefull girle to wyfe obtaine.
For as the Marchant bolde,
That vnderneth vnhappy starre
with wares his ship doth freight,
And cuts the fearefull fouming seas,
is often spoilde of weight
By losse of ship, or Pirates fierce:

so

so he that flames wyth loue,
The starres, & luck agaynst him both:
doth seke the rockes to moue.
An euil name, and cruel wound,
receyueth he agayne.
And efte his loue to get, doth he
the losse of lyfe sustayne.
But he, whome destnies fauour wel,
and fortune smiles vpon,
His heart, and ioy may sone obtayne
wyth quiet rest anon.
But sure of fewe this grace is had,
so good are Gods to fewe:
Except such one as close doth kepe
his ioyes that none them knowe.
No trust there is at al in man
disceytes are vsed vile,
Now euery man doth practise howe
his fellow to beguile.
If any man vnto his frende
his secretes doth disclose.
Then must he stande in feare of him
least he his frendship lose:
Least he in angry moode reueals
that erst in harte he hydes
If free, therefore thou seekest to be,
and safe to liue beside.

Let no man knowe thy secrete deedes:
thy frend haue alwayes so
While frendshyp lasts, that thou forsee
he once may be thy foe.
Which thing in profe hath eft ben kno-
for fewe such frendes we see (wen,
That alwayes loue: and much herein
ought enuy feard to be.
Which euer striues the happy chaunce
wyth poyson fell to stayne.
Take heede therfore of enuy syrs,
I warne you louers playne.
Let no man know thy minde in loue,
but hide this loue of thine,
(If witte thou hast) and let not thou
thy eyen forth to shine.
A monster vile is enuy sure,
a plague that rageth fel,
A deadly hurt, than which a worse
is hard to finde in Hel.
It hunteth vertue in euery place,
good dedes asunder teares.
Good men she hates, and doth disdayne
the happes of others yeares.
Although no man can well kepe close
his owne vnfayned loue,
If Fates agaynst him let, and nyll

the

the enuious lightes aboue,
Smal force in wit of man there is,
where Goddes do not agree.
In vayne he toyles that seeketh ought,
when Gods against him be.
Yet ought we not for this to leaue
our willes and wittes to straine:
For he that hath the race forth runne,
and palme cannot obtayne,
Is worthy prayse: and enuy all
vpon the Goddes he layes:
Who often good men downe haue put,
and fooles exalting rayse.
A happy man is he to whome,
from tower of heauens, grace
Is graunted, whō God guides himselfe,
whose byrth with lucky face
The happy starres haue shinde vpon,
to him cōmes ioyful loue:
And voyd of woe, long sweetenesse he
with pleasant life may proue
For loue is daynty, swete, and milde,
if destnye cause not payne:
Whose dartes, the man that neuer felt,
doth senselesse styll remayne.
What beast might euer yet be found,
that felt not *Cupides* flame?

All

All creatures vile, and base we see
haue talked of the same:
God willing so. Wherfore who seekes
this loue, a thing deuine
He seekes: for if the king, and Lorde
of all the world, should not
All things created here retaine
in loues assured knot,
The world should straight be at an end,
and the elements decay.
That eche man loues he keepes, and it
defendeth eke alway.
But no man seekes the thing to kepe
that he sets nothing by.
Wherfore the order of all things
shall last continually.
For, euerlasting is the loue
of God, that all doth guide.
Though all things made do fal and fade,
the kindes yet neuer slide.
For those the blessed God doth loue,
but not the bodies so.
Wherof the cruell death hath power,
for no man suffreth tho
The thing he loues to perishe quite,
if he can it defende.
But who denies? God all thing can,

and

and he can them defende.
But he the bodies doth not loue,
wherefore he lettes them die:
But not the kindes he so permits
from their estate to flie.
What doth the potter care if thys,
or that hys pot be burst,
Turning the wheele, and chalke in hand
despiseth now the first:
A newer sort of them he makes
now ouer all this same.
The skye, the grounde, the seas and aire,
and raging fiers flame,
And eke in fine, the worlde it selfe
(by loues enduring knot)
So many yeares doth stande and last,
for if thys loue were not:
The elaments altogither would
with burstен bondes go fyght:
Nor downe to earth, the Heauens would
shewe forth theyr blissefull light,
And beames so warme, no seede shoulde (growe
and eke the fiery flame
This aire his neighbor, would cõsume,
ne would, but out of frame,
His shoures on earth ỹ aire put downe,
full bare would seeme eche soile,

The

The seas should quench the fier quite,
or rather fyre boyle,
And waste away the fyshy seas,
As once, when *Phæton* rulde not wel
the fyry foming beasts,
(I dreading sore the monsters hie,)
his owne good fathers heastes
Beleeuing not, vnhappy wretch
was drownd in his desyre.
Then al the world therewith began
to burne with blasing fyre.
Tyll he by force of lightning smytte
came tumbling headlong downe,
And in the flouds his flames did quench.
Loue Weedes in euery towne
Assured peace, peace worthiest is
of al things here we see.
In time of peace do al things growe,
and al things liuely be.
Then liue men safe, in safety vse
the trauayling wight he stands,
And takes his iourney voyd of harme
and scapes the robbers handes.
Then buzzing Bees in hiues be kept
by good aduise and care,
And beastes in pastures fat are fed,
the ground is tozne wyth share,

And

And yeldeth farre encreaſe in tyme,
then plenty beares the ſway:
In bread, and mylke and noppy drinke,
then euery where they play.
The ſounding ſhaume doth thē prouoke
to daunce, the Thiaſe round:
But idiotes, none do enuy peace,
and couet Partiall ground.
Such times did flow when Saturn ruld
his Empire here alone:
O worthy age more worth than Gold,
but now O griefe to mone.
All things doth diſcorde vile diſturbe,
wyth raged mocion mad:
And filles and feareth euery place,
wyth broyling tumult ſad.
Nowe fierce we forced are to be,
all lawes wyth ſworde to ſtake:
The furies al of hel they ſwarme,
a thouſand brondes they ſhake
A thouſand ſnakes wythal, and moue
the proud hie minded Kings:
And common people mad to be,
what good to you it brings?
(O wretches mad) your death to haſte,
wyth battes, and bylbowe blade:
To late when as ſhe neuer commes,

bac mischefe this hath made
That plaguy pride and hunger mad,
dominion for to haue:
O dust, what makes thee proud to be,
whose stinking guttes in graue
The filthy wormes anone shall teare,
why seekest thou for golde?
Thinkste thou for euer here to lyue?
O wretch, O wretch, behold,
How vaine, how short, how fleeteth fone
our life before thine eyes?
A graue anone shall close containyng,
thy bones, and shall suffice.
And if so be that loue should knitte,
the hearties of men in one:
This would not be, for euery man,
his frend would tend vpon.
And all men for their partes would ayde
the frend that they holde deare:
Assuredly, nothing more good,
nor sweater doth appeare.
Than truly whyle we here do liue,
of many loued to be:
A safe defence are alwayes frends,
agaynst aduersity.
The mind in doubtful things they ease,
and helpers seke to be:

Thy cares and losse they lighten murh,
they wepe and waple wyth thee.
But seldome perisheth the man,
that thus is rich in frendes.
When foztune laughes vpon thy lucke,
and happy chaunce thee sendes:
Wyth thee thy prosyts they embrace,
wyth thee they toyful bee:
Wyth frendship they thy haps increase,
and feast in mirth wyth thee.
Who list therefoze to leade his life,
in safety, and in toy:
Great stoze of frends foz to retayne,
let him his care employ.
By many meanes this thing is got,
which (as I can) I shall
Declare: but now to know,
is nedefull fyzst of all,
Which loue the people call of minde,
a motion foz to be:
Foz wel to wyl it is the same:
that men call loue we see.
The mind alwayes it selfe desyzes,
the good thing foz to pzoue:
And seekes the euill foz to shunne,
these two alone her moue.
These two therfoze the causes be,

and loues assured ground:
But good in three deuided is,
whereof one parte is found
Delighting for to be,
the other honest eke appeares:
The third vtilitie.
So likewise, yll in three we parte,
fyrst hurtfull we esteme:
The second vile deformed is,
the third doth greuous seme.
Who so that loues, refusing these,
or else desiring those:
Ye loues, loue diuers is, like as
the spring from whence it flowes.
Not worthy praysed like to be,
nor worthy like dispraysle:
Nor only differ three foresayd,
in generall kinde alwayes.
But diuers speciall kindes himselfe,
doth eche of these contayne:
Which kindes when as they diuers be,
make diuers loues agayne.
What so euer aydes, that profit is,
but is not yet as one:
Much goods vpon the body waygh,
and much the soule vpon.
Strength, beauty, health, actiuity,

these

these foure the body oweth:
These things whatsoeuer creature giues
from them the profit floweth.
Two goods agayne the soule contaynes
as maners milde, and Arte:
Like as the soule hath vertues two,
the will, to whome the parte
Of maners all, belong, and minde,
to whome the truth to know
It proper is, and from the mind,
like diuers goods do flow.
The learnings nine this minde adourn,
which Poets Muses call:
Equiualent to circles nine,
that roule aboue vs all.
The wyll doth diuers goods possesse,
of which these foure excell:
Wit, iustice eke, and vertue strong,
that conquers troubles fell.
With her that bridleth eke our mindes,
and modesty doth bring:
From these, as from the fountayne first
do al the other spring.
Which whosoeuer seekes to know,
let him go tolle the boke:
Of Stagerite, or (if he liste)
in Platoes workes go loke.

Which two are lightes to all the world,
whatsoeuer then it be:
Such like to vs that giues, that terme
may profitable we.
As to the body medcine is,
and eke the phisick leach:
And to the minde the boke likewyse,
is mayster that doth teach.
But those that profiteth the soule,
more profitable be:
And better eke bycause it is,
of greater dignity.
As is the mayster than the man,
the shipman than the ship:
Than is the cart is he that holdes,
the clashing carters whip.
But by delay, or out of hand,
doth profit vs eche thing:
As to the hungred man the golde,
and he that golde doth bring.
The coke, and eke the foode it selfe,
the like I do declare
Of pleasing goods in diuers partes,
deuided is their share.
Of which the body some do please,
and some the soule delight:
But yet the pleasures of the soule,

be

be alwayes moze of might
And common eke to Gods, and vs,
whereas the bodies ioy:
Is graunted vnto brutish beastes,
to them a proper toy.
Not lawfull vnto them it is,
wyth ioyes of soule to mell:
Noz haue they all the senses fiue,
and only knowe they well.
What tast and sense of feasting meanes
they musicke nought esteme:
No swete perfumes wyth princely smel,
to them doth pleasant seme.
Regard they ought the paynted lines,
of fine Appelles hand:
Dz muse they on the brasen plate,
of comly Cozinthes land:
Dz wonder they the sight to see,
of shooting Circus game:
If ought they smel, if tune oz syght,
them please, it is the same
That taste, oz feeling makes, as when
the Lion fierce doth spye,
In fieldes by chaunce a cowe, he leapes,
and liftes his maine on hye.
And twines and tyrls his twisting tail
desirous of his pray:

Or when the lomey horſe beholdes,
the gadding mare aſtray.
Wyth hauty head vpheld he runnes,
and here and there he kickes:
And leapeth hedge and ditch abrode,
while luſty guts him prickes.
And cauſeth all the ſkies aboue,
wyth hineying noyſe to ſhrike:
When meat therfore, and gendring act,
the beaſtes do chiefeſt like.
And ſyth to them it proper is,
it is therfore moſt vile:
And fit for villaynes to poſſeſſe,
fyne wyt it doth exile.
To often vſde, it body hurtes,
who therfore this obayes:
Is made a foole and for to ſerue,
is apter eke alwayes.
Than ouer others for to rule,
but vſe them moderately:
And if thou minded art to knowe,
the goods of honeſty.
Remember what before I ſayd,
for of the minde they bee:
The maners milde, and learning eke,
as I declard to thee.

But

But giue good eare what I shal say,
those goods that do delight
While as they last, do pleasant seme,
and after of no might.
Example for, beholde the ioyes,
of song and Venus play:
But that that brings the body good,
that profits men do say.
The goods therof be pleasant eke,
as health obtaynde doth please:
So profits it agayne we see,
that healeth eche disease.
And that that causeth goods of minde,
we well may profit name:
But these, as sone as they be got,
then pleasant are the same.
And honest out of hand they be,
for all that vertue brings:
Doth profit much, and delt her selfe,
aboue all other things.
She pleaseth most, and honest is,
her iust rewarde and hire:
Is honour only due to her,
therfore who doth desire.
Such loue, while he here liues to haue,
let eyther him deuise:

To please or profyt them he loues,
or else in any wyse,
Let him haue vertues good in store,
the which the dogged sort
Shal force and eke constrayne to gyue,
a prayse and good report.
Whome though they hate yet shall they (feare
and fyrst of all he must:
Of those whome he doth seke to please,
marke all the manners iust.
For all mens wylles do not agree,
nor all their studies one:
Such seedes vnlike dame nature sowes,
engendring vs vpon.
The one doth hate that thother loues,
that one doth most dispraise:
The other likts aboue the Skies,
wherof appeares alwayes,
That eche loue al things not a like,
nor al men do desyre:
One good that profits, like to haue,
nor honest like requyre.
Wherfore we fyrst of all must learne,
what pleaseth best his brayne:
To whome we seke, lest else perchaunce
we laboure all in vayne.
In doing things of them vnliked,

this

this is not hard to knowe:
The talke assuredly declares,
the deedes from them that flowe
And hidden heart, al men talke most,
of that they most do loue:
And most attentiue are therto,
ful many things that proue.
His loue at home may eft be spied,
the plowman holdes at home
The plow, the goade, the yoke, the rake,
the spade to temper lome.
The Knight his fearful armour hath,
that hangs at home full hie:
So he whose house wyth bokes abounds
a student rightfully,
May demed be: and this I say
of euery other man;
The hand and tong declares the heart,
such things as pleaseth than.
Who seketh frendes let him perfourme,
for fawning lone doth get:
But most men yet do gape for gayne,
and all mens hearts are set
On gold, and giftes and many frendes,
by gyftes obtayned be.
But sure such loue endureth not,
for when that gayne doth flee:

Then

Then fayleth frendſhip, chiefly then
when hope to haue, is gone:
But ſome there be (though few of them)
that ſtyll remayne as one.
And mindfull eke of frendſhip ſhewed,
do neuer ceaſſe to loue:
But graunt the vnthankfuls frendſhyp
it doth not yet behoue. (fayle,
The good and frendly man to leaue,
(who may as rare be found:
As Phenix bird in all the world,
that breedes in Arabs ground)
To profyt many men, and ayde,
wyth all his power the ſame:
This way to heauen only leades,
by this obtayned the game
Great Hercules, and many more,
whoſe worthy fames remayne:
As yet wyth vs, whome neuer age,
can cauſe to die agayne.
The gentle and the liberall man,
is lyke to God aboue:
Great ſortes of men agayne there be,
delighting things that loue.
Wherby ſuch men they moſt eſteme,
that pleaſant things do bring:
And chiefly children, youth, and ſuch

as

as are of greate liuing
Do couet ioyes, and pleasures seke,
but such loue is not true:
For when that pleasure once is gone,
then frendshyps eke adewe.
Yet sometymes sure it profyts much,
and many get therby:
Riches, and many fauour get,
therfore let him apply
His mind, to please who frendshyp sekes
(so he go not astray:
From bondes of right and honesty,
but eche man profyt may)
And pleasure eke two sundry wayes,
by wordes and dede besyde:
But safer eke and easier it is,
such frendshyp to prouide
By wordes, than dedes, but now tis best
for to declare the way:
By which it may be brought to passe,
which thing perfourme you may.
Wholsome counsell thou dost giue,
and warning hurt declare,
And teach how profyt may be got,
of euill to beware:
In praying Gods to send them helth,
and send them well to fare.

In

In askyng gratefull thynges, for them
in whome consistes thy care.
If thou desyrest any man,
with woordes for to delight,
Of him, and eke of all his thinges,
doe prayses thou resight.
And if he euer any acte
performed woorthy prayes,
Commende it much, for wisemen now,
and fooles at all assayes
Would praysed be, somtime agayne,
with sweet, and pleasant stile
Delight thattentiue eares of theirs,
prouokyng them to smile.
Or tellyng of some pleasant tale,
though new, or olde it be
(If it be woorth declaryng) tell
some woorthy history.
If thou perceiuest any thyng
that doth his minde delight
In any case, dispraysе it not,
but say the crow is white.
And if thy conscience be so straight
thou darst not say so much,
Then hold thy tong, saye neuer a woord,
for now the time is such,
That wysdome great it is to fayne,

as

(as true the people say)
He cannot line that knowes not how
with both his handes to play.
Sometime, beleeue me, now it hurtes
the truthe for to defend,
The place, the people, and the time
in minde doo thou perpend,
That nought thee hurte. But some there
that rather loue to prayse (be
A man behinde his backe, and take
the same for better wayes.
They doo but wel suche kynde of prayse
more thanke deserueth sure:
Unfayned eke and unsuspect,
it seemes to be more pure.
For some doo vse to cosin men
when as they present be:
True friendes whereby they might be
whom when they absent se (thought,
With biting words they laugh to scorn,
best is it to reiect
Such clawyng geffes, it is the vse
of Gnatoes fawning sect.
Not few again at least, some one
such marchant shalt thou finde:
That all thynges will abroade declare
that issued from thy mynde.
Such prating mates inow there be

he speakes much good (sayth he:)
And doth commend your mayster ship,
of him dispraysde you be.
In fewe wordes now the truth to say,
nothing doth more delight:
All kinde of men, than manners good,
and life lead all vpright.
Of greater force than riches, this,
or learning eke it semes:
Though euyll men be learnde, or riche,
yet no man them esteemes.
Nothing more odious is, than vice,
but if thou honest be:
And good, al men shal thee embrace,
at least (I think) none thee
Wyll hate. A sentence olde it is,
that maners lyke in all:
And study like is it (they say)
that loue is fedde wythall.
So merry it is when knaues be mette,
so learnd wyth learnd remayne:
So haunt al kinde of beastes their herd,
I speake not this agayne.
For how can they be ioynd in loue,
whose mindes contrary bee:
When one thing for to wyll and hate,
frendes vse it is we see:

Loue

Loue lasses not longe in wicked men,
fooles frendshyp lasses not long.
For pryuate wealth that yll men seke
by right and eke by wrong.
And cruell luste to harme and hurt
that yll men all possesse:
With pryde, and wrath togither both
the frendes of folyshnesse
Makes fuming humors rage abrode,
and ioynes them by the eares.
That onely loue endureth long,
whose roote dame vertue beares,
Which honesty engendred hath,
this onely knittes the hartes:
Of godly eke and faithfull men,
with loue that neuer partes.
And more it is to be esteemde,
Than is the loue of kinde:
By which the father loues the sonne,
and eke with louing minde.
Eche other kinsmen doe imbrace,
for children eftyn hate:
Their parentes deare, and fathers eft
haue grudgd the childes estate.
The brother hath bene sene (er this)
to worke the brothers wyle:
But neuer true Orestes yet,

did Pylades beguile.
Nor Pylades Dreſt to ayde,
did death eſteme there whyle.
But here it comes in queſtion, if
by any meanes we can:
Procure the loue of euerychone,
the good, and euill man.
For lone in many partes diſperſſe
is weaker euery howre:
In fewe of greater force it is,
in two of greateſt powre.
Deuided thus in many partes
it vaniſheth away:
Who byddes ſeeke not to many mates,
doe therefore truely saye.
For harde it is to line among
ſo great a companye:
With them as it doth frendes become,
eke conuerſant to be.
For fyred fayth denyes her ſelfe,
with many for to dwell:
With fewe her ſelfe ſhe doth content,
wherfore beleue thou well.
Thou ſhalt not many faithfull finde,
loue not in any wyſe:
The common ſort: nor ſeeke their loue,

for

for discorde thence doth ryse.
And pleasant peace with fewe remains,
the common preasle forsake:
Of prelling men with troubles, they
their troublous name doe take.
A fewe, and good choose thou thy selfe,
with whom to leade thy lyfe:
By many yeares in safe thou maiste,
and also voide of strife.
Lyke as therefore, thou canst not loue,
so many feruently:
So, canst thou not of such a sort,
be loued faithfully.
For who so loueth not for troth,
is worthy of no loue:
A ciuill common loue there is,
wherewith it doth behoue.
The common sorte to loue, with which
eche good, and euill man:
We ought assuredly to loue,
which is performed than.
When as we no mans hurt procure
by wordes, or else by actes:
When as we leade our lyfe that none
may well controll our factes.

When we to all men curteyse be,
and eke with frendly face:
Doe them salute with honours dewe,
and prayeing them imbrace.
But yet, at fyrst it doth behoue
with fewe to leade thy life:
If thou doste seeke in peace to liue,
and flye from foolishe strife:
Them chiefly shun whom nought thou (knowes:
it can not be perdye.
That we in thornes, and thistles treade,
and scape vnprickt thereby.
Nor care thou not a whyt, if that
the wicked loue not thee:
Thinke it ynough if he not hate,
ne shalt thou hated bee.
If thou from them doe stande alooke,
such hurteth not the snake.
But if, sometime it doth thee please
the company to take.
Of tag, and rag, and neighbor John,
let tongue in silence dwell:
And take good heede what thing ỹ saist,
and alwaies harken well.
And seldome speake, it is the signe
of one, whose head is lyght:
So much to prate, he eft offendes

that

that so doth wordes resight.
But such as rare, and wysely speake,
deserue the chiefest praise:
And in the prudent mouth it is
a goodly gift alwayes.
Speake yll of none behinde their backe,
ne yet before their face:
Let thys the chiefest warning bee,
and rule of chiefest place.
Nor prate not thou to no intent,
nor ydle wordes let fall:
For then shall eche man laugh at thee,
and eke a foole thee call
If thou shalt aunswere any man,
or if thou question finde:
Before thou speakest in any case,
recorde it in thy minde
For when it once is fledde from thee,
thou canst it not retaine:
The worde that once is flowne abrode,
can not come home againe
A goodly thing, also it is
in talke to tell sometime:
The pithy sense of aged lawes,
and auncient poets rime.
And now and then examples founde,
in worthy stories olde:

Do giue the talke a greater grace
if they alude, so tolde.
Alwayes therfore, it nedefull is
on diuers bookes to reede:
And, as the Bees now there now here,
on sondry floures to feede.
Expell thou anger farre from thee
away with pride that elfe:
Such kinde of men cannot be loued,
and alwayes shewe thy selfe.
Of gentyll minde, and lowly eke,
so shalt thou all men please:
If any man thy hurt procure,
proue thou, hym to appease.
Rather with wyt, than furious mode,
to wit doth strength giue place:
She conquereth doth all things tame
the Tigres stout in pace.
And Lyons fierce by art are wonne:
and ships in seas doe swim:
And towers stronge by art doth beare
the Oliphant on him.
By this the Bull doth beare the yoke
and horse with spouting might:
By this constrained is to beare,
the bridle, and the knight.
Wit all things rules with aide of force,

to threaten much with crackes,
Is cowardes guise, & womens strength
to men belongeth factes.
The wyse man doth dissemble hurt,
the valeant prates no whitte,
But when he sees the time then dare
he doe that shall seeme fytte.
First take good heede that none ỹ hurt,
and if by iniury.
Thou harmed art, when thou seest time
reuenge it rightfully.
If thou canst not let griefe a whyle
within thy heart remaine,
Least that by foolishe boasting wordes,
thou maist more harme sustaine:
It is naughty playing with edged toles
the wyse man will refraine:
And spie hys time, and eke giue place
his foe with wordes to traine.
That pleasant seme, and fawnings eke
till he him bring to snare:
So winnes the wilde vnrulye colte
the witty horseman ware.
So on the Drens necke the yokes,
the plowman putteth on:
So Lyons fierce the Charret drawes
that Cibell syttes vpon.

So (tigres wood) you doe obey
to Bachus bridell raines.
Great wit it is to conquer thus,
and hide the inwarde paines.
Tyll time conuenient come, therefore
this must be markt beside.
Whersoeuer thou remainest, let not
thy mouth be stretched to wide,
With laughings loude, but whē nede is
then laugh thou moderately:
It doth declare a simple wit,
to laugh excessiuely.
And on the other side, it is
not fyt for any man:
Alwayes in dumpes to be, therfore
flie thou them both, and than.
The middle kepe, there vertue sits,
no gester would I thee:
And yet, if that thou canst, I would
that pleasant thou shouldst bee.
Enough (me thinkes) I haue now said,
my message here doth ende:
For which, to thee, my mother mee
from heauen hie did sende.
Now time cōmaundes to leaue ȳ earth,
and skies aboue to clime:
From whence I wonted am the earth,

to se full many a time.
Puling that it so little semes,
and rounde as any ball:
Amid the aire to see it hang,
hauing no stay at all.
Sustainde only with his poise,
the sea doth eke appere
About the earth full serpent lyke
to crangle heere and there.
And like a little brooke to runne,
here eke I doe beholde.
The Padus Tanais, Ganges and
that Hystre waters colde.
As oft as showers do cause the dikes
with wet to ouerflowe:
And when thy mouthes aloft I see
(O Nilus then I trowe.)
They be (though great in dede they are)
but seauen gutters small.
And hence I vewe the bloudy broyles
with shining swordes that fall.
And fieldes be sprent with purple bloud,
And foolishe kings therby:
Who (whyle they couet more to haue
and neuer thinke to die.)
With dire debate do battailes bring
the giltlesse soules to kill:

And

And shew the Gods a gasing griefe
repugnant to their will.
And there I se their places change
both riuers, springs, and flouds
Hils fall to dales, and dales to hils,
and place (where once grewe woods)
With coulter tilde, and wheras plowes
before haue runne their race,
Theyr woodes to growe, transformed
and al things changing place. (towns
He blessed is that may the like
prospect to this obtaine:
Where Asia, and Affricke he may see,
and Europe eke againe.
That swels with wealth, & wepons eke,
and diuers nations strong:
That there do dwell, whō Cancer burns
the Ethiops them among.
Cilicians fierce, and Tartars tarkes
and men of Scithians groande.
The shoting Parthes, Arabians eke
where franckinsence is founde.
The Thracians wylde, and Arimaspes
those valiant men in fight:
The french, the Italian, men of Spain
the dreadfull Englishe wight.
As many people more beside,

on whom the sunne doth shine,
While he aboue, or vnder goes,
the horisontall line.
Wouldes thou not hither wyll to come,
if it might lawfull bee,
For any mortall man to doe:
if body let not thee.
But this can hap to none, but vs
whose bodies framed were:
Of finest aire, and not of earth,
a while therefore forbeare.
Till death thy soule shall lose frō bonds,
and tyll that time a dewe,
I go, this said, and aunswering I
away from me he flewe.
In haste he flies wyth swifter course
than windes themselues my thought
And spreading winges abrode the skies
wyth course againe he cought.

¶ *The fifte Booke entitu-*
led Leo.

I Seeke not here Arabians wealth,
nor stones of value hie:
That redde seas breede, ne golden sandes
in Tagus streames that lie.

Nor people proude to gouerne here
with sceptred hande and mace:
Such things my lucke hath me denyed,
nor once I waile the case.
That destenye hath not giuen me such,
so euen the nought as good:
May like obtaine to reape the golde
of wealthy richesse cloud.
Full oft we see thunworthy heds
of witlesse people crownde:
Whose bodies eke are trim bedeckt
with robes of purple rownde.
Those things I woulde the Lorde of all,
on mee would here bestow:
Which neither fooles nor wicked men
may euer hap to know.
That makes a perfect man in deede
and nere to sainctes aboue:
O mighty Ioue what is the cause,
or what should thee thus moue,
Wisedome to none or fewe to geue:
in euery place we see:
Both pleasant, faire, and lustye brutes,
and wealthy men to bee.
But vneth may the place be founde,
in all the worlde so wyde:
That bringeth forth such any one

in whom doth wyt abide.
Dost thou perchãce more worthy think,
a guide of fooles to bee:
More noble is that power, vnder
the which more noble be.
For worthyer it is assertainly
to rule by force of powers:
Both castels strong, and fortresses
wyth large and ample towers.
Than Lorde of folde and flocke to be,
and droues of beastes to guide:
Perhaps thou dost it to that ende
our doings to deride.
And makest man thy laughing flocke,
for nothing else to be:
The life of men on earth doth seme
the staged comedie.
And as the Ape that counterfeits,
to vs doth laughter moue:
So we likewyse doe cause and moue
the sainctes to laugh abone.
As oft as stately steps we treade
with looke of proude disdaine:
As oft as richesse we to much
doe crane or honors graine.
As oft as we like Saunder snuffe,
our selues doe bragge and bosse.

What

What lesse is it, what part is played,
when holding honors most.
With sceptred hande, a crowned owle
an Asse of stature faire:
Of them beholden is to syt
a loft in stately chaire.
Despising euery other man
though he be like in case:
Desiring yet to heare the sounde,
of God preserue your grace.
And to be ducked and kneide vnto
and haue them kisse his feete.
Nor seeth the mad man what he is
how vaine and apt to fleete:
Like water bleb and thistle doune,
that flieth in euery place:
I am no such, nor seeke I doe
to liue in such a case.
But you O Gods aboue that dwell,
and blessed are alone:
That liue in euerlasting ioy,
if case you thinke vppon.
The cries of mortall sinners here
and if you not despise.
The humane prayers that we poure,
and teares of wretched eyes:
I you beseche to graunt me here,

a pure and perfet minde,
By which the truthe I alwayes may
from falshode aptly finde.
And vertue eke from vice discerne
least I as voide of wit,
Should flie the things ẏ I should haunt
and follow things vnfit.
For if so be it may pertaine
to any mortall man:
To line as thus in blessed case,
by this meanes thinke I than.
That I may blessed be. But sure
I am therin deceaued:
And with me also are all these
that haue the same beleued.
For no man euer happy was
nor euer yet shalbe:
Not though the goodes of all the worlde
in hand possessed he.
Nor though he did in wit excell.
but some perchance will doubt:
Except my leaues by reason strong
do boult the matter out.
Marke thou therfore this present booke
that seekest this to know:
According as they best can doe
my verses thee shall show.

Your

Your sacred doores (my muses sweete)
set wide and open heere:
To mee your Prophet and refreshe
my minde with waters cleere.
Of Parnas hilles, which sore I thyrst:
disclose your secrete wayes.
Shewe me the truth, for well you know
what hath bene done in dayes.
Of alder time, and presently,
and what shall eke ensue:
Now fyrst of all I will declare,
with name and not untrue.
Whom we ought happy for to call,
then will I touche the thing:
Whereto the God Appollo hie,
by wisedome shall me bring.
I say therfore that only hee
can haue the name of blesse
Who hath the chiefest good in hande
now presently possesse.
But all men this not truely knowe
when eche one best doth deeme:
The thing ỹ most his minde doth please,
the asse doth more esteeme.
And mule, the barley graine, than birt
that deinty dishe of meate:
Than flesshe of tender thrushes sod,
than

than loynes of Harcs to eate.
So golde the gredy snudge doth wish,
and alwayes prayse for best:
Which honors thinks thambitious man
and milksop, Venus nest.
Howe fewe alas the truth may know,
what mysts of errours blinde:
Our iudgements hide, bycause that few
haue now a perfect minde:
Eche man doth iudge, Eech man speakes
according to his wyll:
Of their own selues som things ar good
which neuer can be yll
And neuer harme, so good there are,
not of themselues that bee:
Which somtyme help and eke besyde,
do somtyme harme we see.
These are the bodies outward giftes,
vse makes them good or nought:
As if a man his countrey saue,
by strength, this strength is thought
Then good to be, but if he harme,
the giltlesse innocent:
And wyth this strength his coũtrey wast
then now incontinent,
This strength shall coũted be for ill,
like sentence I declare:

Of riches, honors, eke of rule
and all thinges els that are.
The owner eft suche goodes destroy,
although he vse them well:
So hurtes the Bees their hony sweets,
so makes the Beuer yell.
His hoysting ware, like riuers streame,
they fade and fleete beside:
And doubtfully in errour passe,
and neuer certayne byde.
Not therfore they be chiefest goods,
nor who so doth abound:
Wyth such may counted be to haue,
a happy life then found.
But rather if the truth be sayd,
those goods vnperfect be:
which vnto vs do profyt bring,
and hurt in like degree.
For else might poyson good be iudgd,
that sometime health vs bringes:
And nothing shoulde be counted yll,
among all worldly things.
When as nothing so hurtfull is,
but sometyme helpes agayne:
But those that of themselues be good,
and alwayes good remayne.
Doth make the happy man in dede,

but

but what these goods now be:
All men knowes not, wyth reason sharp,
therfore them seke must we.
Minerua graunting grace, and some,
these things perchaunce wyll say:
Is nothing hard to know, syth them,
both chaunce and corpes denay.
Then must they nedes be good of minde
that makes vs blest alone:
This bolt of theirs is well bestowed,
but mark they haue touchd none.
First must we common thinges declare,
our purpose shew that may:
Like as the torch amid the darke,
doth shew the gadlings way.
worke, working, or the man that workes
in euery kinde of thing:
The work it selfe an end we graunt,
and him as beginning
That works we take the middle eke
the working for to see:
Now which of these more worthy is,
becommeth vs to see.
Ech thing that moues doth farre excell,
the moued thing therby:
This playne apears, the end doth moue
the workman certaynly.

For what is he takes ought in hand,
but he before perpend:
And in his minde do ful conceaue,
therof the finall end:
The end therfore more noble is,
that working eke beside:
Is much more base than is the end,
by reason like is tryde.
Hereof we must coniecture needes,
the chiefest good to bee:
A certayne end, but euery end,
is not of best degree.
But only that which is the ende,
of euery other ende:
To which the other ends haue all
recourse as floods descend.
Togyther all in roaring seas,
for reason would that so:
Unto the sure and perfect thing,
thunperfect things shuldgo.
And for to come to better state,
bycause it is more base:
No otherwyse could wel be kept,
good order in this case.
That thing therfore that is the last,
and end of all the rest:
That nedes must be the perfectst good,

the

the chiefeſt and the beſt.
Agayne of euery kinde of thing,
contaynde in compaſſe round:
Of all the world ſome hauing lyfe,
ſome voyd of lyfe be found.
But thoſe that life retayne, excell
the bodies lyfe wythout:
Then whatſoeuer is chiefeſt good,
muſt liue enſelues no doute.
Of things that liue, ſome reaſon want,
and haue no ſpeach to vſe:
The reſt haue ſpeach and reaſon both,
and them we beſt do chuſe.
The chiefeſt good therfore hath ſpeach,
and reaſon perfect tride:
Of thoſe that reaſon haue, great part,
their liues in pleaſure ſlide.
And parte agayne their liues conſume,
in labours great and payne:
But of them both their ſtate is beſt,
that pleaſant life retayne.
We muſt needes (*Ergo*) thinke the life,
of chiefeſt good, moſt ſweete:
Of thoſe that liue moſt pleaſantly,
ſome parte away do fleete
In little tyme, and ſome agayne,
remayne for longer dayes:

They that continue longest age,
their state for best we prayse.
The longest time therfore doth liue,
the chiefest good of all:
Whom thundring Ioue & great Iehoue
wont mortal men to cal.
He shakes wyth fearfull noyse & flames,
and flashing lightnings fell:
Black storms he sends wt thuders roars
he makes the skies to yell.
Unbindes the blasts and sets them forth
that makes the seas to roare:
That driues the forming clouds wt force,
vnto the rattling shore.
And shakes enclosde in caues the earth,
wherby comines tombling downe:
The buildings byg of euery bowre,
and strength of enery towne.
But some perchaunce do doubt if God,
whome we chief good do call:
An end may be, syth we haue told
before that end of all
A framed thing must be, and here,
this end to haue we say:
Beginning and a midst thereto,
which all men wyl denay.
He alwayes was and styll shall liue,

ns end to him can be:
All thyngs he made, and of no man,
was euer framed he.
Before him nothing could be seene,
nothing can after bide:
This doubt wyth answer for to loose,
loe thus I do prouide.
The workman fyrst and maker hers
of all the world and all
Thyngs in the same contayned clere,
this same we God do call.
The end of all the world likewyse,
and all thing in the same:
Him God that guides the stars aboue,
him god we alle name.
Yet lawfull therfore is it not,
a worke to thinke this same.
For euery end is not a work,
his minde that worke doth frame,
Selues not the work alone to make,
but farther doth intend:
As he that frames a chest doth not
his paynes and labour spend
The chest alone to make, but for
some other cause it frame,
As something for to kepe therein,
or elle to sell the same.

Moze woꝛthie euer is the ende
the later it doth fall:
And woꝛſer things to better dꝛiue,
ſo God is ende of all.
To whome eche eyther thing contendes,
foꝛ whom the woꝛld doth ſtand:
And all things eke therein that be,
and foꝛ himſelfe his hand
Created al, and not foꝛ vs,
as ſome ſyꝛ Johns do ſay,
That call and bawle in euery church,
and lead poꝛe ſoules aſtray.
Wyth woꝛds they doltes of Dawcockes (make
what cauſe, what wit of ours.
What noblenelle, what goodneſſe is
contaynd wythin our powꝛs.
Foꝛ which the woꝛld ſo vaſt ſhuld frame
ſo great a pꝛince as he:
We all are full of fylthy vice,
and fooles we alſo be.
Scarce one in all the woꝛld there is,
whom poyſon doth not try:
Of greedy ſcraping auarice,
oꝛ fylthy lechery.
Whom ſwelling pꝛyde doth neuer bere,
whome yꝛe oꝛ pleaſure blinde:
Doth not thꝛow hedlõg down, why then
what

what goodneſſe can we finde
In vs, or what deſertes, that might
so great a workman moue:
The ſkies, the ſeas, the fruteful earth,
to frame for our behoue:
Loues not he gentle vndeſerude:
so thou perchaunce wylt ſay:
This is but fond, for who wyll loue,
the vnthankful wretch alway:
But he that wit doth lacke beſyde,
whoſe natures diſagree
So much, what meanes, or how
may loue betwene them be:
For God himſelf all tymes ſurmounts,
in whome no end is ſpyde
Nor neuer he beginning had,
yet end of all beſyde.
And fyrſt begynning eke he is,
moſt chiefe omnipotent,
Aboue all things, than whome more
can no mans head inuent: (good
Or yet a Lord of greater power,
or one more excellent
Who hath no nede of any thing,
yet all things nede his might:
Who eche doth beholde, and yet
not ſubiect to our ſight.

Con-

Containyng all good things in him,
and voyd of ecye ill deede:
We contrary as misers bozne,
of vile and fylthy seede,
To waylyng woes and dolefull teares,
and thousand daungers dyze:
Continually wyth these oz those,
diseases set on fyze.
But little tyme remaynyng here,
and that in griefe and payne:
Alas in what an errozs myst,
our liues we here do traine?
Howe eche one weake of minde we be,
wyth diuers chaunces bolde:
Lamenting this, and waylyng that,
in fraud and vices bolde.
Who after that we waded haue,
throngh cares and carkyng thought:
Are here compeld this life to yeld,
resolued none to nought.
The distance bs betweene and God,
this (*ergo*) doth declare:
Moze great to be, than if we should
the seely flea compare
Unto the mighty Elephant,
what knot of amity?
Can knit these two good gestes in one,
that

that so vnequall be?
Thinkst thou thys flea may haue ẏ loue,
of this lame monster strong:
Wyth like doth loue and concord dwell,
and eke th' vnlike among
Alwayes doth hate and discord raine,
smal fayth at least, with them ther is,
Hereby some sorte appeare,
(whom men prophane, our law do iudge
and they that cowles do weare
Call hereticks) account vs mad,
and doltheads vs do call:
Bicause we hope the Skies to see,
and liue the Gods wythall.
For euermore in happy life,
wyth diuers other toyes:
Which folish minde and prating tong,
do promise vs as toyes.
For speach doth make vs beastes excell,
wher if we lackd the same:
Which God vs giues, & eke our handes,
by which we all things frame.
No beast more vile than we were then,
no beast in worser case:
For these two aboue the rest,
giues nature all her grace.
Hereof doth all our pride arise,

ther-

Contayning all good things in him,
and voyd of eche ill deede:
We contrary as misers borne,
of vile and filthy seede,
To waylyng woes and dolefull teares,
and thousand daungers dyre:
Continually wyth these or those,
diseases set on fyre.
But little tyme remayning here,
and that in griefe and payne:
Alas in what an errors myst,
our lives we here do trayne?
Howeeche one weake of minde we be,
wyth diuers chaunces bolde:
Lamenting this, and waylyng that,
in fraud and vices bolde.
Who after that we waded haue,
through cares and carking thought:
Are here compeld this life to yeld,
resolued lone to nought.
The distance bs betweene and God,
this (*ergo*) doth declare:
More great to be, than if we should
the seely flea compare
Unto the mighty Elephant,
what knot of amity:
Can knit these two good gestes in one.

that

that so vnequall be?
Thinkst thou thys flea may haue ꝥ loue,
of this same monster strong:
Wyth like doth loue and concord dwell,
and eke th' vnlike among
Alwayes doth hate and discord raine,
smal fayth at least, with them ther is,
Hereby some sorte appeare,
(whom men prophane, our law do iudge
and they that cowles do weare
Call hereticks) account vs mad,
and doltheads vs do call:
Bicause we hope the Skies to see,
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Which folish minde and prating tong,
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Which God vs giues, & eke our handes,
by which we all things frame.
No beast more vile than we were then,
no beast in worser case:
For these two aboue the rest,
giues nature all her grace.
Hereof doth all our pride arise,

thers

theres eche Arte begonne,
For boyce doth warne the present, what
to doe or what to shonne.
And letters to the absent speake,
for if a beast might show:
By wordes the secret motions hid,
in heart that he doth know.
If talke among them might be had,
if that their syngers syne:
were apt to write, no doubt we might
beholde an Asse sometime
Of greater wit than we; and beastes
of euery other kinde:
would greater reason haue in them
than man in vs may finde.
And boldely durst themselues preferre,
eche other wight before:
And eke the Asse would proue himselfe,
of estimation more
Than vs, the tongue and hande therfore,
not reason causeth thus:
Eche other kinde of beast to be,
a Subiect vnto vs
This they affirme and more beside,
if men be borne they say:
Of parents dumme, whose handes are
or cut from them away. (maimde

And

And liue in woodes not nere to townes,
and tongue and hand doe faile,
Like other beastes: (I pray thee) what
can humaine wit preuaile?
what reason shall in them aycare,
thinkest thou they will not leade:
Their liues as vils as other beastes?
what wisedome may they pleade.
More than the reast of brutishe sort,
one spirite they al possesse
Though it vnlike doe seme to be,
bicause they doe expresse.
In body diuers forme and haue
of great diuersitie:
Their membres all wherto is ioynde
a diuers faculti.
If diuers Carpenters you bring
like learned in their feat:
If some of them lack instruments,
no doubt the diffrence great
Must needes amongst them be,
for they can nothing do:
That want eche kinde of tole that doth
belong their worke vnto.
Nor after him shall Orpheus draw,
the beastes and rockes so hie:
If he shoulde lacke his musicke sweete,

ne

ne once would Paris flie
(Being armed wel at euery poynt)
vnarmed fierce Achill:
Wyth such a sorte of reasons vile,
these fooles our eares do fyll.
But more of them perchaunce I wyl,
hereafter bring to light:
When I shall of the soule of man,
some sentences resight.
For there I wyl it proue deuine,
immortal eke to be:
Which two of beasts no man will graunt,
now where we stayd wil we
The chiefe and perfect good is God,
and who so him possest:
May called be of euery man,
the happiest man and blest.
But who can him obtayne to haue,
for eche thing had as yet:
Is farre more vile than he that hath
obtayned it to get.
And euery kind of thing possest,
is eke of value lesse:
Than is the owner of the same,
that then doth it possesse.
For euen as sone thou mayst contayne,
the Ocean sea as wel:

with

Wythin the compalle of a dish,
or ak an Oyster shel.
(O candle set before the windes,
O subiect dust to graue)
Than Lord of such a mighty power,
by any meanes to haue.
Alone God al things doth possesse,
and hath himselfe alone:
Ye only hath the happy life,
beside him blest is none.
A certayne chiefest good there is,
beside this same foresayd:
Which euery creature may obtayne,
yet like to them denayd.
For diuers natures all they haue,
some one thing this doth please:
Some other thing doth seeme agayne,
to be the others ease.
Al thing therfore may well obtayne,
a certayne happinesse:
If not so perfectly a God,
himself doth it possesse.
But by some meanes, and for a tyme,
while things that doth agree,
Wyth nature best, he can obtayne,
ne feeles aduersitie.
But (al things past) now time requires,

that

that we should speake of man:
Who hath the chiefest good in hand,
and counted happy than,
When seeming vnto nature good,
he all things doth possesse:
And feeles in all his life no harme
nor kinde of bytternesse.
This may be counted chiefest good,
that all good things contaynes:
That giues all kinde of pleasant things,
that puts away al paynes,
For only pleasure doth not make,
nor bertue yet doth giue:
The happy life, as some do write,
in ground of Greece that liue.
Sith many goods of greater worth,
than fewe, are counted playne:
As is the bushel counted more,
than one pore seely grayne.
One good thing giues not happinesse,
though it be chiefe and best:
But one in all that makes the lyfe,
compact in all the rest.
So can not only one that rules,
a towne procure to stand:
So can not of a thombe be framde,
a full and perfect hand.

And

And syth that of two partes we are,
the body and the minde:
Then happineſſe the happy man,
in both theſe partes muſt finde.
He muſt be whole, and ſound in Corps,
and of a luſty might,
He muſt be fayre, he muſt be freſh,
and of a liuely ſpright,
He muſt be good, wiſe, learnd, diſcrete,
and gifts of both retayne,
Nore life not know, nor hurtful chaũce,
and if he not remayne
In long eſtate of happy yeares,
yet bleſt can he not be
Though al the ſame commodities
forſayd to him agree.
For happy life that doth not laſt
almoſt is worth nothing,
As well haue certayne ſayd before,
not one day makes the ſpring,
Ne bringeth it on Swallowes ſwaps.
But at his lateſt day
With eaſy death and ſmalleſt payne
muſt he depart away,
And paſſe with ioy the *Stygian* lakes
reſolude from mortal dayes,
Nor in his life time glory wantes

nor at his death his prayse.
But may there any one be found
with vs that mortal are,
Which hath al these things in his time:
I think him very rare,
To whome nothing dispyde is lackt,
nor doleful chaunce doth light,
In al his time and yeares, who liues
and dyes in happy plight.
This is the very *Phœnix* byrd
whome dusk the Grecian fayne,
The Grecian of a foolish head,
and of a frantick brayne:
Who thought of one might yssue come,
and bones consumde that be
To ashes colde, a byrd to breede
which neuer men could see.
But so that she may wonders sing
this nation not esteames
The truth to say, a nation whole
addict to toyes and dreames.
At whose example Latines dote,
the happy man therfore
Is rare as *Phœnix* byrd. But we
are al both lesse and more
In wretched case, although yet some
than some more misers be,

Bicause

Bicause that like estate to al
is not, nor like degree.
He that therfore doth most good things
and euil least sustayne,
May counted be a happy man:
but he whome cares do payne,
And fewe good things at al possesse,
may called be ful wel
A wretched man, syth none therfore
is happy, we must tel
How least vnhappy we may be
and how in better case
Our liues to leade in greater ioy,
and with more pleasaunt grace.
And to begin I not beleue
it true that al men prate
How Bishops great and mighty Kings
do liue in best estate.
For as in euery other thing
extremity is thought
But il to be, the meane as good,
so here excesse is nought
In riches, for to much of eche
doth hurt, who hath therfore
Most riches, hath no better life,
than he that most is pore.
With euils like they vered be.

so he that is to fatte,
And hath his paũch wyth guts bumbast
not lighter is for that,
Nor soner moues than doth the wretch
whose skinne doth leannesse fret:
The one doth feblenesse forbid
the other fatnesse let.
And as the Seas with greater floudes,
and foming force doth yell,
And casts himselfe in mountaynes hie
while he discouers Yell,
Amid the deapth the tempest roares
and yet doth least appere.
Is moued most with raging windes,
but now the shoare ful nere
The shallow Seas with louder noyse
doth bounce vpon the sand:
So Kings that haue the power
and rule of realmes in hand,
With greater cares tormented are,
and greater griefes of minde,
Although the common people yet,
these woũds doe neuer finde.
For secretly within their heartes
their torments they do hide,
Adde this thereto, they alwayes haue
a mischeus mate beside

That

That vexeth them, and feare it is
suspecting euery twigge,
Hereof sometime do treasons breede
sometyme a Spanish figge.
They dare not walke alone, nor eate
except it tasted be.
More deare than any kinde of price
O worthy libertie,
The chiefest Gem, and Jewel fayre
which taken once away,
Be swete, and pleasant vnto men,
nothing inuented may:
And death it is alyue to be.
The poore and seely soule,
Where as he list both night and day
in safety may go proule,
Eyther wythin the Cities wall,
their places fayre to see,
And playes beholde, or view the signes
of olde antiquity,
Or if his pleasure rather be
without the wall to walke,
In Orchards fayre, and gardens gay,
amyd the floures to stalke,
Or if desire of countrey sight
remayne within his hart,
Nothing him lets but may alone

when he seeth tyme depart.
He needes no shuffling sorte of men,
nor croude of clientes thicke.
As oft besyde as he doth thirst
or hunger doth him pricke
Apace he falles thereto, nor feare
of poyson doth him let.
For baser foode the byrdes abrode
in woods had rather get:
And greater pleasure farre they take
in pecking seedes wyth payne,
Than if a cage of pearle and gold
their bodies should contayne:
And there be fed with daynty meates.
Full oft a king therefore
May liue in wretched case no doubt,
nor makes him happy more
(Beleue me now) his regal crowne.
But on the outward show
The fooles do gase, and what within
remaynes they little know.
For I him count in best estate
whome Fortune giues a meane
Whose liuing doth not much exceede
nor substance is to leane,
Who hath himselfe a pretty house
to which doth ground belong

That

That giues his maſter malt and wheat
and other grayne among
O what a great and goodly gayne
the ground wel tilde doth breede
The huſbandman that labours wel
of few things ſtands in neede.
For eyther trees of diuers kindes
a long in order ſet,
With little coſt on them beſtowde
do greateſt profyt get,
Or ſundry ſortes of fruteful grayne
and Corne in furrowes caſt
With great encreaſe cõmes vp agayne,
Or if to labour faſt
It pleaſeth him in Orchards kayre,
of whoſe increaſe doth ſpring
Such pleaſant frutes that may cõpare
wyth diſh of any king:
Except one liſt rather erede
than reaſonably to lyue.
The meane eſtate therefore is beſt
which eyther chaunce doth giue,
Or dead mens wil, or dowry of wife,
or trauayle of the hand,
Or caſt of minde by marchandiſe
to fetch from land to land,
In breding beaſtes, with cattels heird,

thy ſtables ful to driue,
In keping doues on houſes hie,
or horied Bees in hiue.
Or winter milles blacke oyles to grinde,
or milles that meale do make,
With theſe and diuers other meanes
ſufficient gayne to take
Doth wiſdome teach ſuch as giue not
their mindes to ſlouthfulneſſe,
Nor ſuffer ill and poyſon ſwete
of drouſy lazineſſe.
But chiefly yet this is the gift
of lady Fortunes grace,
She ſetteth whome ſhe wil aloft
in rich and welthy caſe.
She lady is of euery thing
and riches all doth gyue.
It is not to be ſought beſyde
in ſeruice for to lyue,
For nothing more an honeſt man
becommes than liberty
But he of nature is a ſlaue
and of no dignity,
Unhappy rather, and a wretch,
who can the yoke ſuſtayne
Of maſters heſtes, and them obey
for hope of fooliſh gayne.

The

The meddowes fat, nor all the Golde
nor price of *Indian* sandes,
Is so much worth that thou shouldst haue
thy meate in others hands,
And rest at others wil, and when
thy master byds thee go,
Then like a ball from him thou must
be tossed to and fro:
And serue a man perhaps more worse
than thou thy selfe sometime,
An Asse, vnlearnde, a surfetter
that vowes his yeares to wine.
A fond and filthy thing it is,
when thou mayst leade thy life
With little liuing safe and free
and voyd of al such strife
To beare the yoke of bondage vile
for hope of greater gayne
And freedome sel, the chiefe of all
and stately checke sustayne.
O mindes of men degenerate
why seeke ye great mens halls
To be an honour vnto them
and make your selues as thralls?
Wo worth you all that shepherdes nede
like beastes of brutish sorte,
That of your selues not able be

to

to kepe an honest porte.
For who so serues by any meanes
can no wayes happy be,
It is an Asses parte to beare
the saddle styl we see.
Therefore who cõmes of parents free,
or of a noble kinde,
And doth possesse as much as may
suffise himself to finde
Ye nedelesse then his chaunce bewayles
But some perchaunce wyl doubt
The maried or the single life
which best of them, for stout
And proud the wiues are often seene,
and oft to chide and brall,
And catch their husbands by the pates,
and often naught wythall:
Besides the cares of childzen vere
whome grieues the sickenesse rage
Or else vntimely death doth take,
the daughter come to age
With monied bagges a mate requires,
or else Dame *Lais* schole
Doth practise there, and stayns ꝯ houle,
the sonne proues oft a foole
Limkingred oft, and harlots kepes,
a brawling merchant stout,

A swearing Gose, a Ruffian wilde,
a vile vnshamefast lout.
He seemes not to be free beside
who so euer hath a wife,
Must alter needes condicions al,
and leaue his youthful life,
Forsaking frayes must byde at home,
not ryde from towne to towne,
Nor in the night time walke the stretes
in beating dores adowne,
And keping Ione. Its nedeful then
to liue aduisedly,
And see thy goods they not decrease
but may augmented be,
Least in thy age the wallet come.
Although these things be so,
Yet think I sure with maried bed
and nature for to go
More better farre, as she to vs
of birdes and beastes vntame
Example shewes, how both the kindes
themselues togither frame,
And ioyne in one of duty must,
and alwayes so remayne
Encrease to get and nourish vp
their yong wyth equal payne.
Whereby the kinde may styll endure

and

and neuer moze decay,
For we as euery kinde of beaſt
are moued to *Venus* play
By natures wyll, a woꝛſer thing
ſhall hap to thee be ſure
If thou thy ſelfe wilt neuer ſeeke
this thing foꝛ to pꝛocure.
And voyd of iſſue ſhalt thou dye
and yeld thy coꝛps agayne,
A ſtraunger then ſhall haue thy goodes
foꝛ which thou tokeſt payne.
And when that aged hayꝛes ſhall hap
and ſickneſſe ſhall thee hent,
Who ſhall thy wearied age relieue?
who ſhal thy hurtes lament?
Thy bꝛother oꝛ thy kinſman nere,
oꝛ wil do this thy frende?
No ſure, foꝛ to be heire to thee
they rather wiſh thine ende.
On thee aliue they wayt and fawne
thy goods at graue to take,
And eche man loues and feares thy good
of thee no foꝛce they make.
O miſchief great, O beaſtlineſſe,
and vile deſire to get,
O piteous plague eche where diſperſt
on pꝛoſit all be ſet

The vertue left. Who seketh now
the righteous thing to vse?
What man is he that wil not now
al goodnesse cleane refuse
If any hope of gayne he haue?
Golde guydes the lawes we see,
And might of Gold than strēgth of blud
of greater force to be.
For Gold both shamefastnesse and faith
are set abrode to sell,
For Gold the Gods aboue be serude
and we set free from Hell.
But now the wife hir father leaues
and mother deare besyde,
With al hir house and houshold frends,
with thee alone to byde
For euermore both night and day,
and of thy seede she beares
A sweete and goodly golpowlde Boy
of small and tender yeares:
And kindred now to thee she brings
and doth thy house enlarge
And helpes thee eke in euery thing
and takes wyth the thy charge.
Betwene you al things common are
both good and euil things,
Whatsoeuer harmeth one hurts both,

and

and that which profit brings
Unto the one, that profits both.
If sickneſſe make thee weake
Or greater age, then doth she straight
erhorte thee wel and speake.
She comfortes thee, she helps thee then,
she neuer leaues thee there,
She watches thee and watching serues.
Likewyſe thy children dere
With al the meanes they can they kepe
for both your blouds are one,
And Image like: And when the day
wherein thou muſt be gone
Is come, thou art not cleane extinct
but shalt aliue remayne
In them who then shal represent
their fathers face agayne.
But some there be that rather had
in common harlots bed
Uncertayne children get, therfore
they liſt not wiues to wed.
Such kinde of men I can not prayſe
nor wiſe I haue them thought,
For wife wyth dowry helpes thee well
where harlots bring thee nought.
A wife doth bring thee ſtore of frendes,
where harlots bring thee foes,

A wife thou shalt in safety haue,
a hore wyth griefe and woes.
The one wil trusty styll remayne,
the other false alway,
And fearing to be cast at large
she stealeth al she may.
And for hir selfe she heapes vp all
hir state for to repaire
When thou hast pluckt hir belles away
and cast hir vp to aire.
Wore, if thou kepest a hore, thy goods
are but in queasy case,
Of wiues are childzen lawful got,
of harlots bastards base.
To wed therfore it needeful is
but fyttest fyrst to see
The maydes estate, the parents eke
their manners what they be.
For oftentimes the childzen do
their parents after take,
For trees according as they are
like frutes are wont to make.
Aske counsel of hir neighbours, close
(so that she faythfull be)
And if thou hast a woman send
hir whole estate to see:
If she be fayre, if she be fowle,

if she be sore to knowe
If she lacke wyt, if she can spinne,
if she can knit or sowe.
These are the workes for them to vse
and vertuous womens deedes,
For to eschewe all idlenesse,
which chiefly vices breedes.
For idlenesse the minde corrupts
and leades it vnto euil,
To wanton lust and filthy vice,
and fansies of the Deuil.
This idlenesse doth ouerthrowe
and Cities downe doth pul.
For if that *Lucresse* had not giuen
hir self to workes of wul,
And if the chaste *Penelopey*
which webs had neuer wrought,
But both amyd their halles had syt
with idle wanton thought:
This might haue pleasd perchãce amõg
a thousand woers one,
And of the others Virgin death
should neuer fame haue gone:
But best it is for thee to viewe
these things thy selfe alone.
For other men among (for troth)
firme fayth remayneth none.

For

For al men now wyl faine and lye,
and truth is quite exilde:
Few faythful shalt thou find, but if
thou wilt not be beguilde.
If thou wouldst al things better proue,
then make thy selfe a spye:
And seeke al things thou gorst about,
to see wyth present eye.
Wherfore I warne thee earnestly,
take hede that thou her see:
(If that thou canst) what one she is,
to whom thou thinkst to be
In mariage ioynde, least afterward,
in vayne thou dost lament:
And least it doe when tyme is past,
thee of thy dede repent.
But if perchaunce (as eft it happes)
thou liuest in wretched case:
Wyth wicked wyfe deceyude by fate,
and frowning Iunoes grace.
Fyrst mildly doe such one exhort,
swete words wyth her frequent:
And giue her gyfts, and all that may,
her wayward minde content:
Wyth swete deceyts her ouercome,
now fast thy armes embrace
About her neck, and though shee shun,

caſt kyſſes on hir face.
Which all ſweete meanes apeaſe hir yre.
if this doe not preuayle,
Vſe bytter wordes, be angry then
and chyde hir faſt, and rayle,
Put on thy braſen face, and fume
and feare hir then with threttes.
If this doe nought procure, and by
thy wordes ſhe nothing ſettes,
Trye thou the matter then with ſtripes
and ſoftly on the backe
With bouncing blowes beback hir well
that all hir bones may cracke.
If thou ſuſpect thy wife of play,
then kepe no luſty men,
Nor fellowes fayre, with whom ſhe may
be prating now and then.
Thou art deceaued, if thou doſt thinke
that any kinde of man
Wyll faythfull be, in Venus caſe
no men are faithfull than.
For ſhe reioyſeth to beguile.
by fraude is loue poſſeſt
And vnto Venus alwayes fraude
a thing is counted beſt.
But as a chiefeſt thing take heede
there entre not thy doze

No fryer fatte, ne lusty Monke,
nor preest of any lore.
Eschewe the knaues, a greater plague
than these can none erpresse,
These are the dregges of euery sort
and sprinnges of solishenesse,
The common synke of mischieses all,
and Wolues in felles of sheepe,
For pence and no deuocion sure
to God these wretches creepe.
And with a colour false of truth
they symple soules beguile.
And vnderneath religious cloke
a thousande mischieses vile.
A thousande haynous deedes they doe
deflouring mayde and wyfe,
Whore hunters vile, and Sodomites
the seruaunts all their lyfe.
Of beastlinesse, and belly ioye,
the things diuine they sell,
What wonders great inuent they not?
what dreames doe they not tell?
The common people to deceiue
and to procure againe.
Hereof doth superstition ryse
and thousande fansyes vaine.
Which if the gods be wyse they scorne,

and do refuſe to bewe:
The Godly man doth worſhip God,
wyth earneſt loue and trewe.
And not for gold, away wyth gayne,
thou ſhalt ſee them denie:
All ſacred ſeruice here on earth,
and God himſelf on hie.
Thẽſelues therfore this flock doth ſerue,
and not the ſaincts aboue:
And profit cauſeth Gods to be,
which if thou once remoue,
Both temples and their altare ſtones,
ſhall flat lie on the ground:
Nor any more amongſt them al,
ſhall any God be found.
Theſe iuggling mates and fores falſe,
expell from thee therfore:
And take good hede that none of them,
do enter at thy dore.
Leaſt thou do cry the Cuckoes note,
thrꝛough fayned vertue ſuch:
Nor if thou any goſſyps haſt,
beleue them not to much.
For vnder colour of this name,
the knaues do many play:
Take heede beſyde that from thy houſe,
ſhe often do not ſtray.

Nor

Nor let her haunt thy neyghbors house,
it hath bene sene ful oft:
That whoremasters haue hid thē selues,
amyd thy neighbours loft.
Appoynt her mates for company,
of chast and honest fame:
Let mother Bee, be put from thence,
and euery bawdy dame.
And seeke thou not wyth other whores,
thy selfe for to relieue:
Nothing doth cause her more to frowne
nor nothing more her grieue.
For nothing more reuengement seekes,
than when she is begilde:
And sees that wyth vnstedfast lone,
her bed is thus defilde.
Then all wyth ire the flames and hates,
then doth she eke begin:
To worke her husband like despite,
then choller boyles wythin.
Then rageth shee like Bacchus priest,
whom to much wine doth prick:
Beleue me well she is but rare,
that doth not vse the trick,
That harlots vse, when that she is,
deceyude of lawfull part:
At least if she can not in dede,

yet synnes she in hir heart.
For will with vice prouoked thus
in vice will farther slide.
But if thou takst hir with the deede
let lawes on hir be tride.
Be not ashamed but let the lawes
be reuerencde of thee,
For they are as a certaine rule
by which we guided bee.
Least thou shouldst giue a greater paine
amid thy raging yre
(Offending God, in folowing men)
than doth the fault require.
For common people neuer vse
the rule of reason sage,
But are seducde with furies fell
like beastes of brainles rage.
Ne hast thou lost thy liberty
by marrying of a wyfe
Bicause thou maist not walke ye streetes
and leade a ruffians lyfe.
This can be ealde no liberty
but rather licence nought
Who so is free doth seeme to serue
such is not to be sought.
It bringes the owner to much harme,
and not to can doe ill,

Is better farre than haue such vice
adherent to thy will.
How many men haue bene destroide
by to much liberty:
How many men in safety liue
with bridles dost thou se:
And if thy children sickneſſe bere
why shouldſt thou weepe or waile
Go seeke in haſt to make them whole
if that will not preuaile
And if that death will haue them needes
then vſe a patient minde
Thou art not in this case alone
but fellowes shalt thou finde.
The griefe that we with many beare
we better may sustaine.
We all are borne to this intent
to render lyke againe.
For of our fyrſt beginning doth
the fatall ende depende
And certaine is the time decreed
for all away to wende.
And either sone or latter doth
eche man his graue descende
To death which is of euils all
the laſt and finall ende.
Not of the valiaunt to be feared.

what doth it ought auaile:
The deathes of them with teares, ỳ here
haue lost their lyfe to wayle.
Is it a thing so wretched here,
to leaue this foolishe life:
To ryd thereby our mortall corps
from all vnquiet strife.
And for the hurly burly here,
eternall lyfe to win:
Perpetuall reast by death we gaine,
or eke the comming in.
To lyfe againe, but weepe thy fill,
in time thy teares shall staye:
And all thy cares and griefe besyde,
from thee shall time conuaye.
But if thou wanton children keepe,
or of a greater shame:
O father fonde deseruing stripes,
then thou art most to blame.
And causer chiefe of all their hurt,
who taughtest not them to know:
Both maners good and vertuousnesse,
while tender yeares did grow.
Not yet with vices foule defaced,
neglecting thou the minde:
Didst only bring their bodies vp,
like beastes of brutishe kinde.

Hereof so many foolish geese,
and noughty men remaine:
With whom eche citie pestred is,
for all in age retaine.
The maners that they did receiue
when yonger yeares were rife:
And eche man as he liued in youth,
so leadeth he his life.
The tender twigge at first may bowe
according to thy minde:
But when the bowes get elder strength
no more thou shalt them winde.
For from the place that yong it helde,
thou shalt it cause to flye:
So doth a childe in tender yeares,
eche way himselfe applye.
But when that elder age is come,
looke which way first he went:
That kepes he still, and will not change
his first conceiude intent.
Of custome long is nature bred
and yeldes hir forces alway:
To vse that long time hath bene kept,
yet ought we for to pray.
To God, within the mothers wombe
that he may giue good seede:
For so we shew our selues in lyke,

as

as wee therin doe breede
Whosoeuer doth come nought frō thēce
will seldome vertuous proue
Though manners good, the scholemym (teach
and thousande maisters moue.
Well maist thou nature rule sometime,
but neuer hir expell
For she is still of greater force
than all thy guiding well.
Yet somthing will she altred be
with vse and daily toyle:
So with continuall hul banding
doth beare the barren soyle.
So Lions fierce of mighty force
obey to man as king.
So by continuall exercise
eche Arte in time doth spring.
Wherefore instruct thy children well
while tender yeares doe grow
And teach them honest wayes to walke
and vertuous lyfe to know.
Permit them not to rampe abrode
according to their will,
Than liberty no kinde of thing
for children is more ill.
If thou be wyse holde fast thy raynes
and warely well them guide

For

For mortall things by natures force
are moude in vice to slide.
And willingly thereto they run
if helpe no labour bring
For without Arte is nature wone
to giue no perfect thing.
For God himselfe will not permit
that we with slouthfulnesse
Should heauy ware, but stirres vs vp
with cares and busynesse:
And as with spurres the slothfull pricks
a pleasaunt place ther lies
That ryseth vp with craggey rocke
amid the steamy skies,
Full of delight than which more blest
a place can not be founde
To whom the swete Elysius fields
and Temp, of Thessale grounde
Doth place reigne, here nigh the pole
and night the starres that shine,
Dame vertue dwels, and there enioyes
a thousande pleasures syne.
But vengeance crabbed is the pathes
both narrow and vnplaine
And so be grown wyth thickes of thorne
that neuer can attaine.
The vile and slouthfull minde to passe

of earthly cares poſſeſt:
And few pure minde a loft doth bring,
whom God hath chole as bleſt.
Aboue to dwell amid the ſkyes,
full crabbed is the way:
To vertue ſure, but plaine to vice,
by which we ſone doe ſtray.
To which we all runne eaſely,
who therefore doth intende:
To trade a childe in vertuouſneſſe,
muſt labour him to mende,
For without labour nothing good,
can well perfourmed bee:
The force of daily labour doth,
all things diſpatch we ſee.
Firſt ought you fathers to take heede,
aboue all other things:
Your children haunt no ill reſort,
for cuſtome alwayes brings.
Eche kinde of manners vnto men,
yea though they ſainctes ſhould be:
Ill company will them corrupt,
but chiefely let them flie.
From haunt of luſtye youthfull brutes,
for youth is alwayes bent:
To vices all, and filthy be,
all filthy talke inuent.

For wholly is this age addicte,
to naughty ryots deede:
That they vse not the haunt therefore,
of yong men take good heede.
Thou that intendeſt for to kepe.
a childe in vertuouſneſſe:
Now vſe to chide, and now the rod,
and plaine the way expreſſe.
By which they may their feete direct,
in no wyſe fauour ſhowe:
And euer angry, let them not,
the loue of Fathers know.
For nothing can more hurtful be,
than ſpeake them faire vnto:
Then greater heart in vice they take
then all things dare they doe.
When thou for truthe ſhalte take theyr
and makſt of them to much: (woordes
Bewitched ſore with doting loue,
to childzen fauour ſuch
Is hurtefull ſure, for feare alone,
doth make them vice to fly:
Not reaſon then, and ſone they ſynne,
if they be not put by.
With bzydels harde, and as they doe
full oft in vices fall:
None cauſyng them, ſo ſeldome they
returne

returne if none doe call.
According as they bring them vp
so all men children haue.
Beside all this we must inuent
our bodyes health to saue.
For health is far more worth than golde
the healthy deluing loute
In better state accounted is
than crased kyng no doute
First ought the cause be knowē wherof
such sickenesse vile are sowne,
In corps of men, tormenting them
for once the causes knowne.
More easely mayst thou shun theffects
and causes pulde away,
The effectes of them that did ensue
incontinent decay.
The causer first of each disease
is chiefest nature sure,
As oft as vnder naughty starres
the byrth she doth procure:
While as the childe doth inwarde take
the motions of the skye
Or else begot of naughty seede.
the cause doth often lye.
Amyd the parentes of the childe,
when they perfourme the acte

Dis-

Dispoſed ill, with naughty bloud,
or ſore diſeaſes racte
More cauſes are there yet beſide
as labour toyle and reſt,
Both colde, & heat, with ſlepe, and meat,
and ioyes of Venus neſt.
Eache one of theſe, doth ſtrength abate
and hurt the liuely ſpryte,
As oft as we vſe them to much
or vſe them elſe to lyght.
Exceſſe of both doth ſickneſſe bring
of meaſure health proceedes
The perturbations of the minde
diſeaſes often breedes.
And to much ſadneſſe, feare and griefe
and to much myrth as well
Doth kyll if we will credit ſuch
as hyſtorics doe tell.
The ayre doth hurt, the water harmes
when they be both infected.
Hereof doth come the plaguie ſore
whereby the guttes are bered.
The common rot doth many kyll,
and diuers ſickneſſe ſore
Doth brawling, fight, and fawle procure
with thouſande perryls more.
Theſe ſpryngs & grouñds of miſchiefes all

if

(if thou thy health ſet by:)
By all the meanes thou canſt inuent,
ſeeke thou from them to flye.
If thou be ſyck as nedes thou muſt
ſometyme, what wilt thou doe?
Delyze not then the medcine long,
but loke thou ſone thereto.
While as thy ſoze is yet but grene,
noz yet thy moztall ſo:
Poſſeſſed hath his fired place,
amyd thy cozps to goe.
A little water doth ſuffice,
to quench the breeding fyze:
But when that it is fully growne,
and flames begin to ſpyze.
Wyth vaunting courſe agayn ẏ ſtarres
ſcarce riuer, ſpzing, oz lake
Will then ſuffice to quench it out,
ſhift therefoze timely make.
To know the cauſe of thy diſeaſe,
and ſone to put them out
Vſe contrarȳes, contrary things,
eche one erpell no doubt.
If cold haue thus procurde thy harme,
vſe things to heate agayne:
If trauayle, toyle, oz meate thee hurt,
from them likewyſe refrayne.

If

If nede require then seeke the aide
of some Phisitians hand:
Or Surgians helpe in Surgians Arte,
more knowledge sure doth stand.
For playne and sure appeares the worke,
that in his hand he takes:
But Leache, whom we Phisitian name
while he the water shakes.
Wherby he doth his iudgement giue,
and feeles the beating payne:
And rakes the dung, he is deceaude,
and doth deceaue agayne.
But wyth vnlike estate of harme,
the simple soule doth die:
And giues the balde religious men,
a cause to sing and crie.
The other hauing gotten golde,
accuseth God on hie:
And sayth that he was onely cause,
wherby the man did die.
And fast wyth siluer stuffes his purse,
wyth sweete reioicing hart:
All men (alas) are healed now,
by chaunce and not by Arte.
For he that any Arte knowes well,
in practising of it:
But seldome he doth chaunce to erre,

or doth offend no whitte.
But these among whereof we talke,
amongst a hundred yll:
There scarce is one whom they can saue
or whome they do not kyll.
How chaunceth this? But for bycause,
that fewe of them doth knowe:
What thing they do, what Phisicke is,
but while they seeke to sowe.
Wyth wytty words, and Logiks Arte,
the vnlearned sort to binde:
Of Phisiks cure the principles,
they scarcely seke to finde.
Instructed thus wyth nedelesse Artes,
themselues they homewards tie:
And fast wyth Ergo there they prate,
and bygge they looke therby.
Hereby they stipendes do require,
and thinke inough the same:
(Nor are they here deceyude) for this,
that wyth an honest name
They may be murderers of men,
O lawes of wretched kinde:
That can permit such mischiefs great,
O kings and rulers blinde.
That spye not thys deformed thing,
O you that guide and rayne:

Per-

Permit not such a wickednesse,
chase hence this plague agayne.
And succour bring to mortall kinde,
by these same murdring knaues:
How many men both night and day,
haue found their fatall graues?
Let them haue perfectly their Arte,
or let them not professe:
For other artes if they do erre,
the harme of them is lesse.
But this except it perfect be,
is full of perilles greate:
And priuily doth rage as doth
at home the plaguy heate.
It is not good therfore to truste,
such men, whose learning stands:
In precious habite to be seene,
and to adourne their hands
With rings and hoopes, and precious stones,
but this that I shall tell:
Wherby thou mayst thy selfe retayne,
in minde reserue thou well.
See that thy diet holsome be,
and eate not thou to much:
For mischiefe great hath come to men,
by ouer feeding such.
Hereof do most diseases breede,

beware especially:
As of a poyson strong that doth,
enforce the corps to dye.
That thou no meate agayne do take.
till that receiued last:
Be well consumed and perfectly,
his full digestion past.
And euery day vse exercise,
by pace or other feate:
Whereby thy ioynts thus moued may,
procure a warming heate.
For mouing is the cause of warmth,
and aydes the stomack well:
Encreaseth strength, & humors nought,
from out the flesh expell.
Breake not beside thy quiet rest,
for sleepe the body feedes:
And helps the mind wher harme to both,
excessiue watching breedes.
Expell thou sorrow farre from thee,
and heauinesse exile:
For it drics vp the sinowes all,
and makes the body vile.
And gresled haires vntimely plants,
the ioyfull heart agayne:
Doth make thy limmes & mẽbers strõg,
and youthfull yeares retayne.

The

The other thyngs beholde thy selfe,
that erst I tolde to thee:
A thing more precious farre there is,
by which we happy bee.
And like to Gods, and heauens haunt,
in earth remaynyng here:
Although his grace to fewe is giuen,
fewe worthy do appere.
Such honour hie for to possesse,
and if to know the same:
Thy minde desyres, I wyll thee tell,
dame wisdome is her name.
This is the greatest good of all.
than this of greater grace:
The Gods can giue nothing to man,
to this resigneth place
All that that breedes in red sea sandes,
or all the golden goodes:
That Tagus keepes, that Hermus hath
or in Pactolus flouds.
Whatsoeuer growes if truth be sayd,
to her no Princely raygne:
May be comparde, she is the Mo-
ther of all Godly trayne,
And greatest vertue is. O blest,
yea blest, and blest agayne,
As much as mortall man can be,

is he that doth obtayne
Of God, this goodly gyft to get,
but some perchaunce wyll seeke:
What wysdome is to knowe, and sure
the troth hereof to speake.
Nought else but knowledge cheefe shee is
by which the pured minde:
Whom neither mortal waight doth pres
nor earthly thought can blinde.
Doth scale and clime the skies aboue,
and there in ayry place:
Wyth God doth dwel, despising here,
all things in mortall case
As vayne, ascending alwayes vp,
much like the flames of fyre:
Regarding light these earthly things
doth things aboue desire.
And doth discerne the good from yll,
and truth from falsehode nought:
And things of blind and mortall men,
that chiefest here are thought.
As pleasures, realmes, and riches great
wyth hie triumphing geare:
For which both night and day they toyle
esteming not a heare.
Bewayls the vayn and fading thoughts
declaring here the way:

Of

Of liuing well in order iuſt,
and eke the dying day.
The reſt among the wiſeman ſhines,
as doth the ſunne full bright:
Amid the ſtarres, and doth deſpiſe,
the force of fortunes might.
And vnderneath his fete doth treade,
eche harme wyth conſtant minde:
Nor moued is beſyde wyth feare,
or dread of death vnkinde.
Nor feareth once the paynes of Hell,
but takes wyth myrth his graue:
And laughes to ſcorne the fanſies fond,
that common people haue.
Not douting here this lyfe to leaue,
replcate wyth wretchednelle:
And ful of toyles hereby to get,
eternall quietnelle.
In fine he equall is to Ioue,
to him adherent be
Four things: For wel he counſel giues,
and clearly iudgeth he.
All error quite from him remoudes,
he guideth alſo right:
Both humaine things and eke deuine,
are ſubiect to his ſight.
This laſt that I haue here rehearſt,

is chiefest of all the rest:
Than which there is no greater thing,
that here may be possest.
But no man can this wisedome haue,
tyll cleane he purged bee:
From euery haynous vice and crime,
and all iniquitie.
For wisedome doth deny to dwell,
amyd the sinfull hart:
And hateth eke the mindes vnpure,
sith she is purest parte.
And no man can this wisedome haue,
except he be discreate:
And learned be in many Artes,
know these to be the feate,
Wyth which is wisedome free obtaynd,
wherof I would say more:
But time commaundes me here to shut,
and end this booke before.
My Lions tale hath long enough,
continued here hir stile:
Wherfore my muse now hold thy peace,
and rest thy self a while.

Virgo

SOme I beleue of cancred minde,
and of malicious face:
Who thinke they only know the (troth
and only haue the grace
Al doutful things wyth iudgemēt right,
and knowledge full to trie:
Whil say I neuer tasted yet,
the blessed spzings that lie
In Aone fieldes, noz sacred flouds,
that Phocidos doth frame:
Noz that the Laurell leafe I doe
deserue, noz Poets name.
Bycause I wzite not fansies fond,
and monsters maruellous:
And fayning not deceyue the eares,
of such as credit vs.
Foz they suppose the Poets parte,
is only lies to tell:
As if it were a thing to vile,
foz them wyth troth to mell
And lawfull not. their iudgements I,
accompt both naught and vayne:
And sweeter semeth farre to me,
the truth foz to retayne.
To aged wiues and witlesse boyes,

such

such trifles I betake:
Some barke abrode the battels big,
that Giauntes great did make.
With Gorgons grim, and Harpies vile,
and mighty Ciclops wilde:
And shipmen lore enflaunde with song,
of plesaunt mermaides milde.
with Circes old that monstrous hag,
and beastes that thre heds beares:
Chymera vile, and Atlas strong,
whose mighty shoulders beates.
The starry skies, changd to rocke,
that cloudes hath forrowed eft:
with Perseа vile, and Tantalus,
Promotheus wretched theft.
And Titius stout, and Belides,
and what so euer more:
The doting grece hath Latins taught,
in long time here tofore.
I wish not I, so much to drincke,
of Aganippes streames:
Nor seke I so the Laurel leafe,
of glistring Phebus beames.
with Iuey leaues the hears to decke,
wherby I so might fain:
A poet thus to be I blush,
and am ashamed plain.

If

If nedes we muſt ſuche trifles wzighe,
and vſe ſuche pleaſaunt lies
Troth thus deſpiſde: of many toung
is had, but few are wiſe.
Beleue me well: and many wzight,
with hauty verſes hie:
And many haue the Grecians toung,
and latin perfectly.
And while ſo many thinges they know
their wiſdome is but thin:
With regal wozdes theyz ſtile is dekt,
but ſmall effect within.
The outward Image only ſhewes,
and picture light we ſpy:
But what good thing remains therin:
what frute is had therby:
What learneth he that readeth them:
what knowledge hath he got:
But dzeames and foliſh fanſies fond,
that liſe here pzofit not.
which foz to know, and not to know,
is all of one effect:
Though they me Poet call oz not,
I wil not yet neglect.
The troth to ſay, and lies to ſhunne,
truthe makes the perfect minde:
which who ſo euer moſt doth know,

ap-

approcheth nisse the kinde
Of saintes aboue. and happiest is,
although the folishnesse:
Of people rude him not commend,
nor prayse his worthinesse.
Nor fauour him as he deserues,
nor titles of him tel:
wherfore my muses now approch,
and Sicophants farewel.
Behold, I enter now the way,
which with a lothsome shade:
The Cipresse and the Yeutree hides,
with leaues that neuer fade.
The doleful fieldes and darksome raign
of Proserpine I see:
wherin the Letheus riuer runs,
with streames that darkned be.
Amid the poyson fieldes abrode,
doth slepy Popey spring:
On silent shores, Calliopey
wherto dost thou me bring?
what monsters for to se dost thou,
commaund? what noyse to harke?
with doleful noyse of irksome Owles,
soundes al the wodes so darke.
The Howlats cry with wofal tunes
and loud lamenting noyse,

VIRGO.

O muſe, wherto doſt thou me bring?
behold, with wailing voyce.
The hilles and valleis all do roar,
and Eccho back doth beat:
The mourning times, an anſwer giues,
what griefe is this ſo great?
what is the cauſe of miſchiefe ſuch,
what kinde of people thoſe:
That all be cladde in mourning blacks
and wailing veſture goes?
what men are they that thus in blacke,
with weping fil the ſkies?
Alas, what ſight of bodies ſlain,
lie here before mine eies?
what hath here cauſde this bloudy broyl?
who made this ſlaughter fel?
How many kinges and biſhops bones
lye here? I know them wel.
Is yen ſame death alooſe that comes
with bloudy ſithe in hand?
with dredful face, and ghaſtley looke
before whoſe face doth ſtand.
A thouſand heapes of ſickneſſes,
a thouſand daungers cake:
O armed with to fierce a gard,
my thinckes I hear him ſpeake.
with clamoure great as he doth come,

to

to him I wil geue eare:
And what I hard wyth all my hart,
I wil declare them heare.
That death I am that with my sythe,
right downe do cut like hay:
All thinges that liue vpon the earth,
the rule and eke the sway.
Of all the world, hath Ioue me delt,
and biddes me none to spare:
But hie and low, to slea and kil,
them downe with equal share.
wherby may none escape my handes,
not one can flie from me:
The hauty heds of mighty kings,
by me suppressed be.
The pride and pompe of prelates flour,
I cause a downe to fall:
No kinde of creature here doth liue,
but vnto vs is thrall.
Although he (flying) pearse the partes,
of northern Boreas ground:
And passe the ragged Riphean rockes,
yet shall mine ire be found.
And he my power and stroke shal fele,
or though he do descend:
The southern parts, wher shineth bright
the starres to vs vnkend.

Yet

Yet there he shall me surely finde,
and finding me shall die:
My sithe, both Cast, and well doth kill,
I set not richesse by.
How many men hath this my hand,
downe cast from state on hie:
And hedlong shoued with mortal might,
in darksome graue to lie:
I wel remember Priam once,
when slaine at altare stone:
Ye sacrificed was to me,
the guid of Macedone.
The prond, with fighting hand that put,
so many realmes to flight:
To whom no like could then be found,
by force and deadly might.
Of this my dart, in Babilon,
sore wounded downe did fall:
what should I here the Latine Lordes,
and Mars his neuewis call
To minde, the Lordes of all the earth,
whose valeant vertue plaine:
Did ioyne their rule to Ocean seas,
and fame with starres to raine:
Could I not when me list all these,
slaine to hel theow downe:
Depriude their hands of scepters stout
their

theyr heades of regall crowne.
Of wordes their mouthes, of light theyr (eyes,
of mouing members all:
And eke their bodies thus destroyde,
in filthy graue let fall.
Ye feares the Ind, the Arabian,
the more, the Scithian fel:
All they whom Asy and Europe kepes,
in Affricke all that dwel.
Both kinde and place are one to me,
nor times obserue I than,
Nor maners way, nor yeares esteame,
the good and euil man.
The wise the foolish dole shall die,
the little sucking Will:
The yong and old, the fayre and foule,
with reason like I kil.
And be that yonder I do se,
approching to my land:
when as his destenies permit,
shall feale my deadly hand.
These fearful wordes with hellish mouth,
this churlish thief out brayed:
wherwith my senses all did fayl,
and I remaind affrayd.
My bloud therwith forsoke the vaines,
and left the outward part:

and

And shrouded close within my brest
to succour there my heart:
But chiefely when this fearefull fiende
had sent the plagues of Hell
To them that ranged on the earth
amid the croude to dwell,
Which knew not of that mischief great,
then forth abrode they fly
And here and there they catche and take
eche one they can come by.
Then bodies sicke on grounde are laide
and deepe for paine they grone,
And many there with Sythe in hande
doth death dispatch alone:
And passing forth she did reserue
till slaughter next begunne,
The liues of all whom *Lachesis*
not yet had fully spunne.
Thus trembling all my ioints therwith
and all amased then
My selfe vnto gan saye these wordes:
O cares, O bowes of men
O labours vaine, deceiuing hope,
O fleeting ioyes of minde,
O time that euermore dost chaunge,
O fading humaine kinde,

How vayne and how vncertayne is
thys transitory life:
How subiect vnto euery harme
of thousand euils rife:
Which outward shewes a pleasant face
both swete and framed wel,
But inward, O what gall, what griefe,
what poyson there doth dwel:
What are we wretches here but dusk,
with winde and rayne vpcast:
And like the brittle breaking glasse
and shaddowes fading fast:
Much like to Roses that doe shewe
a gorgeous gaudy face
When sunne doth rise, & when the night
apears do lose their grace.
To day wyth myrth alliue, and foode
to wormes wythin a while,
This day in fayre and lusty plight,
and straight a Carrian vile.
Alas what doth it vs auayle
to hourd vp heapes of Gold
And plate to haue, and clothing riche
and Gems of price to holde,
Great realmes & cities strong to guide,
in houses fayre to lye

Aloft to loke, and think himselfe
ful like to Gods on hye:
If death do al things take from hence
if we like smoke or dust
As wretches fade, if that so sone
our pride, our pompe and lust
Do passe, and end for euermore:
as I these wordes had sayd
With whispring voyce my selfe vnto
beholding al afrayd
With quaking pace this Ghastly fiend:
syr *Orpheus* mother deare,
Why art thou thus she sayth afeard:
be bolde and of good cheare,
For feare is signe of beastly minde,
vnfyt for men is such,
What is the cause that shuld thee moue
to feare this death so much:
Then aunswered I: Good Lady mine
nature doth force me so,
What liuing beast hir not abhors
and seekes from hir to go:
Shee takes from vs both life and goods
delightes and al at ones
The corps to nought resolues, for what
remaines but dust and bones,

Which bones in tyme returne to dust:
in fine all goodly things
Shee here from vs doth take away
and chiefest mischiefe brings.
Whom would not therfore such a beast
and vgley Monster feare
Except his heart were made of steele:
Then *Ioue* hys daughter deare
With smiling lippes began to say
thou runst beyonde the white,
And art deceiude with forme of truth
and shadow of that light.
It is not easy for eche one
the truth it selfe to know,
Thys is the selfe same bowe that doth
amid the great woode grow
With trees of order thick embraces,
that misty errors hide,
Nor euer might thys golden twig
of many men be spide,
But onely vnto them to whom
the milke white Doues it show,
But I of seede celestiall borne
the truth doe fully knowe:
And can it well to thee declare
if thou to here require.

I aunſwerde then: Good lady ſure
I nothing moze deſyze:
We muſt depart from hence quoth ſhee
come after me a while.
And forth ſhe leades, not far from thence
where *Phebus* hye did ſmyle,
With beating beames vpon the hill,
whoſe pleaſant ſhining light
Did put the miſty cloudes abrode
and darkneſſe all to flight.
Beſyde a ſpring we both ſate downe
and vnder Laurell ſhade
Begins my guide with pleaſaunt voice,
and thus hir wordes ſhe made:
An Ape (quoth ſhe) and ieſting ſtock
is man to God in ſkye,
As oft as he doth truſt his wit
to much, preſuming hie,
Dare ſearche the things of nature hid
his ſecretes for to ſpeake,
when as in very deede his minde
is dull and all to weake.
If he be ignorant of things
that lye before his feete
How thinkſt thou thoſe things ſhal he ſe
which God and nature ſweete

Within their bosomes close haue hyd:
yet al at fingers endes
This hasty blinde vnhappy foole
persuade himselfe he kendes,
So much himself he beares in hand
of al your foolishnesse
The spring and chiefe this selfeloue is,
A darknesse great that causeth you,
to knowe the truth the lesse.
Away with this, and better things
thine eyes shal quickly spy,
And those that erst for good ỹ thoughtst
thou shalt for good deny,
And those that euil now thou thinkest
thou wilt not euill trowe,
This darknesse from thy minde expeld.
I wil therefore thou know,
That mortall state is nothing else
but blathers full of winde,
which here and there on rolling hal
enforceth fortune blinde,
To whome if any wytte they had
should death more welcome be
Than life, syth liuing here all men
wyth harmes oppressed be:

And

And fewe good things they here do vse
not full of bytternesse
which true I thinke thou wilt beleue
when I shall here expresse
The goods and yles of mortall life
as briefly as I may.
These two conferd the humaine life
we playnly shall display.
What thing it is, and whither death
ought so much feard to be.
But fyrst of riches wyll we speake
which euery land we see
Doth prayse, doth seeke, doth wonder at
and couet instantly:
I wil endeuour them to blase.
Good Lady then quoth I
If it you please, this labour spare
for once and long agoe
This lesson learnde I perfectly,
Minerua taught me thoe,
Now forward shew some other case,
not things foreknowen retel.
The whole estate of pleasure to
Arete tolde me well,
How dyd hir sonne *Timalphes* eke
let this thoe passed be

Therfore, and then declare at large
what elſe it pleaſeth thee.
Then aunſwered ſhe, of nobleneſſe
I ſomthing here wyll ſay,
For that is one of chiefeſt goodes,
and at this preſent day
Al men do ſeke this ſame to haue
and think they it obtayne
Although as farre from it they be
as is the Spaniard playne
Remoued from the man of *Inde*.
But what is nobleneſſe?
Of value what? the truth I do
intend for to expreſſe.
But what auayleth it as nowe
the truth of ought to ſay
Syth no man wil it nowe beleue
ſyth al men it denay?
Some kinde of beaſtes doe flye and hate
continually the light,
And rouing ſtyll amyd the darke
do wander eke by night.
So, many neyther can, nor loue
the light of truth to finde.
For God with nature ſo deuides
the ſtate of mortall kinde,

That

That vnto him that sees aright,
the state of man alone
Doth seme to blase the nature full
of other beasts eche one.
So diuers are the thoughtes of man,
and so vnlike they be,
For many still pursue the darke
and truth can neuer see,
And on the Sunne do alwayes loke-
wyth watrish winking eyes,
A few with open sight it bewe
whose minde is of the Skies.
Nobillity therefore as doth
the common people say,
In heapes of riches doth consist,
or in the Golden sway,
Or else in blond, as oft as he
bred vp of gentle line,
Of Belsiers, and of Grandfathers
can brag and armes define,
And can his valeant parents prayse:
this iudgement I refuse,
For still the common people lye
as they were wont to vse.
A like opinion many haue,
but fewe haue reason playne.

If he should be a Gentleman
that riches doth obtayne,
Why then good Gentlemen may be
the Sowters and their feares,
The Butchar, Barber, Fishmongers,
and he that horses reares,
The shepheard, and Jack Baker, and
the Tanner with his hide,
The Baud, the Theefe, the Grafter
and other all beside
Of filthy sorte, for them among
ful many riches haue
And many may, for fortune ofte
extolles the wretched slaue,
And often she doth throwe a downe
with hir vnequal hand
Such as of late she did permitte
aloft on whele to stand.
At that tyme only *Marius* was
therfore, in noble state
When as a victorer he came
within the *Romaines* gate
(The Counsel and the Commons al
reioycing much thereat,)
With crowne of Bayes, & horses whyte
ydrawne on Chariot sat,

But

But after that from thence erpelde,
by wicked *Syllæs* might,
A banisht man to *Minturne* fled
lay hid, and wanted light
In dungeon vile, or when he was
constrayned to beg his bread
In *Africke* land, (O lawes of Gods
O powers to little dread,)
And bread most apt for ditchers tough:
was not this noble man
A wretch as now? from him aloofe
fled nobleneſſe as than
And strayghtwayes she did eke returne
when *Marius* came agayne
By lot of chaunged starre to Rome:
their sentence sure is vayne,
If noble state consist in golde,
of earth doth Golde procede
Of fraud, of stealth, of Ulery,
we *ergo* then do spede
Of nobleneſſe by fraude and stealth,
and eke by Ulery,
O iudgement blinde of common sort
of reason cleane wythout,
No Golde can make your noble men
no riches thus can cloute,

For

For worthier is nobillity
than any precious good,
With golde it is not bought nor solde.
But some now bragge of bloud,
And prayses of their kindred prate
while they most wicked be,
And of their parents actes they tell
and olde antiquity,
Of Grandsirs dedes, and bloudy spoyle
of Unckles winning ground,
And though ỹ slouthful beasts thẽselues
wyth thousand crimes abound,
And vertue lacke, yet are they thought
good Gentlemen to be,
Bycause they come of auncient bloud,
and nobls auncestrie.
Why bragst thou thus with others acts
and talkst thy Parents prayse,
When as thou art a shame to them
that liude in alder dayes?
The Crowe a Swan would seeme to be
and eke the prating Rooke,
Wyth Peacockes feathers false ystolne
would like a Peacocke loke,
But nature doth forbyd, which is
the spring of noblenesse.

Here

Hereof comes beastly mindes & mindes
addict to Godlinesse,
Of hir procedeth euery kinde.
The body causeth not
Thee for to be a Gentleman
but minde procureth that.
For many Clownes haue bodies bigge
of fayre and lusty state,
An ornament is noblenesse
to minde appropriate,
And certaine force of nature bredde
which mighty things and hie,
Despyzeth still, and things of base
estate settes nothing by,
By which the minde doth striue aloft
lyke fiery flame to ryse,
And lyke the Herne, to pearce the clouds
and baser things despise.
whosoeuer can this strength obtaine
by gift and force deuine
Ye shall be good and painefull eke,
of powre in counsell fine,
And toyle sustaine something to doe
that shall seeme worthy prayse,
That he himselfe may praise deserue
in long and after dayes.

But

But not to al doth nature giue
a thing of value such,
Yea vnto fewe she doth it deale,
whose worthy fame so much
For euer liues in peoples mouthes
long after deathes distresse.
But O condicions yll to tel,
O wondrous fraunesse:
Who would not now be calde & thought
a Gentleman by name:
O Knauishe sorte, O creatures vile
beyond all kinde of shame:
Triumphing names do thee delight,
and fame abrode to yel,
Thee glory likes, then why not payne,
and vertuousnesse as wel,
Contents thy minde that worthyly
thou mayst be named than
A Gentleman, lykes it thee more
a wise and sobre man,
Deseruing not, than of desert
accompted for to be:
Why is not chalke for cheese as wel
delighting vnto thee
As lying name of Nobleneße:
O vile disguised spright,

O Monkey, learne to bridle wyl,
to guide thy minde aright,
Reason to vse, to flye the things
that shameful are and vayne,
Haunt righteousnesse & know thy selfe,
and labour hard sustayne.
Fly slouthfulnesse, wherby thou mayste
attayne to vertue hie
Then mayst thou wel a Gentleman
be calde, and worthylie,
This, this, is true Nobillity,
these gifts the Gods bestowne,
And these rewardes to men, vnto
the vnlearned sorte vnknowne.
This way the auncient *Romaines* went,
by this their Empire flew
Aboue the Starres, and when it ceasse
then bad their state adew.
For when as their vnthrifty seede
(their Empire thus encreast)
Did spring amid more prosprous yeres,
they following inward preast
Great riot, playes, and wantonnesse
did cleane forsake the state
Their fathers helde before, whereby
did nobleneste them hate:

And

And went againe the Heauens to
till ryot forewarde wrought
And vice, whereby was Rome at length
cleane sackt, and spoilde to nought.
It is not kinred thoe nor bloud
nor spechelesse Imagrie,
Nor heapes of Golde that can thee make
a Gentleman to be.
Vertue, vertue, by hir was made
both *Hector* and *Alcide*
Of noble state, by this againe
right Gentleman was tryde
That wight to whom the *Iliades* got
an euerlasting name.
With diuers other worthy states
of still abiding fame.
Why bragst thou that thou dosse descende
of noble stocke and bloud?
Great syres thee got, what then, if thou
thy selfe be nothing good?
If thou a villaine doe defyle
and staine thy familye
Then is thy bloud no honour sure
but meere reproche to thee.
Thou art a Monster, shame to them
from whom thy bloud doth passe

As

As when the stately Lion stouts
begettes a sely Asse
Or Ape of Eliphant is borne:
for nobleneste not so
Is left you here by Testament
nor vertue giuen so,
As house and land and housholde stuffe.
this nature cleare hath delt
Unto thine Auncetours before,
which yet they all not felt.
For if thou shalt the lyne well searche
from whence thou fyrst wert twinde,
Thou shalt perchãce of thine own bloud
full many a cobler finde,
And many a Carter cleane, and one
of them thou shalt well see
was first that causde in time thy stocke
such Gentlemen to bee.
which as it did in time encrease
so time shall it decay
For time doth here bring euery thing
and time takes all away.
Amongst vs all what man to come
of *Pompeis* bloud is founde?
Of *Cesars* line, or of that man
to whom did *Affricke* grounde

A surname giue by vertue great:
what man would once haue thought
That such a stately stocke as these
should euer come to nought:
The highest houses often fall
and come to meere decay:
Oft comes the little house aloft,
of man the state alway
Can not endure. The skyes aboue
doe alter mortall things.
But thou wilt saye, what kinde of seede
is sowne, such fruite it brings,
If I of noble stocke doe come
then shall I noble bee.
Not so, for oft a squall is borne
of goodly men we see
And fayre and eke welfauourde men
yll fauourde knaues haue got,
Of witty men haue Asses come.
The mind engendreth not
As doth the corps of fathers seede,
nor in the fathers sure
It lyes, to giue the children minde.
This, nature doth procure.
What fruite can noble seede vp bring
if skyes doe not agree:

Yoll

Most true it is that people say
the yeare, not husbandrie
Doth giue the corne a good encrease,
if seede amyd the grounde
Though best be cast, and thereto starres
agreing not be founde,
Thereof will eyther Darnell spring
or lost it els will be,
Thus noble children for to get
the father not (we see,)
Sufficient is except the grace
of Heauens him permit.
That many base, proue noble men
of this here chanceth it:
Who by their vertue and desertes
obtayning fame thereby
Did after noble make themselues.
What was the *Vergill* hie?
What was the famous *Cicero*
what *Cato* wyse, deuine?
Or what else was *Horatius*?
all borne of franklynes lyne.
Of whom did learned *Homer* come
whose syre nor countrey we
As yet doe knowe? *Demosthenes*
hys father tell thou me,

And mother of *Euripides?*
declare the worthy line
Of *Socrates*, of him I say,
from whom the sawes deuine
Did *Plato* learne, who counted was
as then *Apollo* thought
The wysest man, hym Mason got
that in the Marble wrought,
And eke a Midwyfe was hys dame.
We also well doe knowe
That many haue bene crowned Kings
whose parents were but lowe.
Not seldome Emperours haue come
from base and small estate
To honours hye, what sayst thou then
syth all degenerate,
Both horse & dogges and other beastes
from their long wonted kinde?
For nothing can long time endure
but all things worse we fynde
In time to be by natures rule
and law that still endures
Of destenies, till that againe
an other byrth procures
Restored state, this altering
the worldes chiefe grace I take

This

This is the hiest workmans prayse
of little things to make
Great matters, and the ample things
reduce to smal estate,
To chaunge the face of euery thing
and styl to renouate
Most prudently al things in tyme.
I do not here deny
But that it is a goodly thing
to come of parents hye,
And to be borne of auncient blood:
for it is worthy sure.
With ayde and good examples eke
such fathers do procure
Their children like themselues to be
if Fates do not say nay,
Or nature strong of force to much:
which who so seekes to stay,
As wel may clime wyth heaped hylls
in heauens hie to dwel
Depriuing *Ioue* of regal seate
as fame to vs doth tel
When *Phlegurs* fieldes the tumult felt
of ghastly Giants stout,
How then the great *Enceladus*,
by force did bring about

The great and huge *Olimpus* hill
with *Ossa* for to lie
While *Ossa* then was ouer preſſde
with mighty *Pelion* hie.
But yet we count not this ynough
though all therefore thee call
A Gentleman, and thou art fayre
and framed well withall
Of pleaſaunt face, and fareſt well
and goeſt in proude aray,
And thereby ſheweſt thy noble ſtocke,
for this no man can ſay
Thou art a Gentleman, but that
dame Fortunes grace is thine,
And thou full like a golden puffe
and like a marble ſigne.
But who regardes, for now ynough
it is, to haue the name
Of vertuous, and of gentlemen,
eche man to ſeeme the ſame
Deſyreth more than it to be.
O Gods, aboue that guide,
Now names of great magnificence
and titles hie beſyde
All men deſyre and arrogate,
they hunt and it poſſeſſe,

The

The Asse a Lybarde calles himselfe
the Ant a Lioneſſe.
Who will not gentle, tuſk, and wyſe,
well learnde and honeſt now
Be counted here: contented well
with barke alone of bowe
And outwarde ſhadowes of the thing
that vnder ſuch a cloke
His wicked maners he may hide.
Now name beares all the ſtroke
And not the thing; well take therfore
this noble name to thee
As *Paſquill* is at *Rome* and as
both Theeues and Harlots bee,
Be noble thou like marble ſigne.
I put the caſe a Gentleman
by name and eke in deede
Thou art, what good ſhall it thee doe,
hereof what ſhall proceede:
Thou aunſwere wilt, I ſhal haue praiſe
and honours ſhall obtaine.
Are theſe rewardes not to be ſought:
or ſeme they to be vaine.
Of nobleneſſe doth vertue breede,
of vertue prayſe doth ſpring

And honor eke. I wil not (for
it seemes no lawful thing)
With vertue finde a fault: but if
with cleare and perfect eye
Thou shalt beholde the truth in deede,
then shalt thou playne espye
What greefe & payns this vertue brings
and bytter lyfe doth make,
Though they that are of Stoik sect
this for to graunt forsake.
And fyrst we wil the mortal parte
beholde so difficil
That who so seekes it for to kepe
must needes employ his wil
Great cares and labours for to take,
wyth nature warres proclayme,
And fight he must: for nature so
doth minde of man constrayne
Both weake and prone in vice to be
and vertues enimy.
O God, ful soone in vice eche one
doth fal ful readily,
What is the cause that nature is
of man so naught and vile?
Was this thy fault *Promotheus*?
or doth the fiende beguile,

And

And plant such illes in mortall brest
as fame doth playnly tell,
And causèth loue of wickednesse:
The way that leades to well
Ful hard and sharp and paynful is.
who can we good now fynde:
Of his owne selfe not one, who not
of yll and wicked minde:
Such one as feare of King or lawes
prohibites to offend,
Or such as cannot wel perfourme
the crime he doth entend.
It is not easy sure to winne
and nature put to flight,
Nor for to stay the furies fell
within the heart that fight,
Wherfore it needeful is to striue
from yeres of youthful trayne,
With dayly fight and labours great,
the vices to restrayne.
For custome wonted is to break
the force of nature sure
If that by many yeares it hath
bene vsed to endure.
Mannes life a warrefare (*ergo*) is
eche fielde the enimy

Possel-

Possesseth ful, al ful of theeues,
such gynnes who then can fly?
So many nets who can escape?
for when that fortune smyles
Then creepes in fond lasciuiousnesse,
and stings with thousand wiles,
Fast by encampeth swelling pryde
with slouth and gluttony,
And folish boldnesse strayght doth ryse
wyth griefe and feare thereby,
And poyson fel of enuy and yre
doth then possesse his minde.
When as he liues in great vnhap
then seekes he for to finde
Al meanes he can away to driue
his wretched powerty,
Then false he playes, he robs & steales,
his lack for to supply.
Oh Lord thus wise are mortal men
betwene the cruel rockes
Of *Charibdis* and *Scilla* tost,
of both receyue they knockes.
And while they seke these yls to shunne
to other straight they fall.
If valeant they do seeke to be
then daungers dire they shall

And

And yrkesome labours also fele
if vertue they do heede
That guides the actes of mortal men,
then them commaundeth neede
All ioyes away to driue and put,
and eke wyth saged sawe
A life vnpleasant for to leade.
If iust and righteous lawe
Seeke any man for to obserue,
then profyt must away
This iustice is of many prayse
and fewe retayne it aye.
If prudence any man do please
he must in any case
Beware he put his trust in none,
for now in euery place
Are great deceytes, and perils rise,
and wyth simplicity
In fine who that is good receaues
most often harme we see,
Ye least in safety liues and feeles
more hurt than al the rest
For this same world a storehouse is
where mischiefes al be prest,
All goodnesse here exiled is
the simple Hares thereby

The

The fearfull Hart, the harmeleſſe gotes
their bane come ſoneſt by,
But rare the hunter hunts the Beare,
amyd the woods ſo hie
The Lion reaſts, go now thy wayes,
and leade thou ſimply
A gentle life wyth innocents,
that ſoner ſo thou may
Unto the greedy gaping wolues
become a grateful pray.
The worlo (alas) doth now abound
with tirants ouer al,
The ſtrong tread vnder fote the weake,
the mighty hurt the ſmal.
The Egles chaſe the fearful Swannes,
the Haukes doe Throſtles kil,
And fary ſimple ſeely doues
deſtroyes with croked byl.
The ſpeckled Serpent kylls the Frogs
and Lizartes vp doth eate
And in the woods the greateſt beaſtes
of leſſer make their meate.
Thou monſters alſo doeſt poſſeſſe
O ſeas of mighty powre
That wyth a gaping greedy throte
the little fyſh deuoure.

Not

Not sea, not earth, not aire is safe,
the enmy euery where
Is now at hand, it profits smal
to liue vnhurtful here.
Beholde how good is vertues parte
that goodnesse here doth trayne,
For when ye haue it gotten once
with labour and great payne
Amid your enmies al she doth
you thus vnarmed send.
But thou wilt say, such vertuousnesse
do lawes and Kings defend.
O would to God that this were so,
but now in euery place
With money lawes corrupted ars
and eke the Princes grace
Is pleasde with precious gifts and sute,
the lawes set them on rack.
That eyther haue no pens to pay
or frendship else do lack.
The other scape as innocents
howsoeuer iudgement trye:
Lyke as the fly that smallest is
in weaued Cobweb hye
That Spyder makes remayneth wrapt
where if a greater stray

She breakes the nettes, & flyes abrode.
The lawes (as wel doth say
That Barbarous sage of *Scythia*)
the seely soule doth tye
Whereas the rich and mighty men
burst through ful easily.
The other parte of vertue, that
doth search wyth studious payne
And for to knowe the causes hyd
of nature, doth obtayne,
And troth to learne, that scarce you can
at any time come by:
How hard and ful of payne it is
they knowe that it do try.
First vnder maisters rule wyth strypes
they are constrayned to liue,
And there accoumpt of lessons hard
with feare and teares to giue:
Shut vp as it in prison were
whereby they may not goe
Abrode, wythout the tyrants leaue
although them forceth thoe
The office of the *Campo* Clubbe,
restrayne of Blathers might,
Though hunger pricke, and lust to play
wherein they most delight.

But

But when the yeares of youthful state
appzoching pzesent stand,
Then nede requires moze diligence
some one then sekes the land
Wherein *Anthenor* last arriued
with raging flouds to striue
Of *Venice* gulfe, to *Naples* else
thzough *Tuscan* seas doth dziue:
An other fast to *Percuse* sayles
oz gaynewaid *Rome* do fleete,
There from his countrey farre exilde
wyth many woes to meete,
With lack of meate and quiet sleepes
and want of *Venus* play,
On bookes wyth study foz to loke,
applying day by day.
Foz otherwyse can none be learnd
except wyth vntrue fame,
Foz fewe are learned now in deede
but many are in name.
Joyes hurt them much & pleasures eke
that seke foz to attayne
To top of learnings palace hie:
foz this beates back agayne
Their mindes from treading crabbed pathes
by which the iourney bends

To layre *Mineruaes* holy house.
For he that thus intendes
A name throughout the world to get,
must suffer dayly payne.
Great griefs hereby some men wyth yll
digestion eft sustayne,
Of many whilste to much they reade
both syght and eyes decay,
By study great their stomack rawe
their colour falles away.
Then leannesse cõmes w̃ wayward age
nor maruel is it thoe,
Sith for to knowe the truth doth styll
beyond mannes nature goe,
And proper is to God alone.
Like as the Owle of night
Can not beholde the shining Sunne,
with clere and perfect sight:
So fares the minde of man as oft
as it intends to flye
Aloft, to search the secret things
falles headlong straycht from hye.
Now mortal men dare reache at things
to Gods appropriate,
And foolisher they prone themselues
the more they seke the state

Of

Of things whereof the knowledge doth
pertaine to them no whit:
Except that God graũt them from hye
both reason grace and wit.
But happy are the Aungels all
for they the worlde doe know
What thing it is, how much, how great
whereof it fyrst did grow,
The Lorde and maker of the same,
all things that may be thought,
The Causes hid, the priuie strengthes
whereby all things are wrought.
This is the lyfe that they doe leade
and this their pleasure all:
On meate or sleepe they neuer thinke
to griefes they are not thrall,
No hope of gaine, no feare of losse
doth cause them for to fret,
But alwayes are of perfect power
this knowledge true to get.
Sapience to Aungels doth belong
and Gods aboue you see
Where onely prudence doth pertaine
to men that mortall bee
Whereby they may take good aduise
from harmes and hurts to flie

And gather things that may giue ayde
and liue here quietly.
What thing to doe and what to leaue
to man doth prudence showe
Therefore who wysheth well to liue
and eke where thornes doe growe
With feete vnpricked for to go,
let him seeke hir to knowe.
Who will not hym acount a foole
that things of greatest gaine
Forsaking quite, doth seeke to get
things strange and also vaine,
Who sekes aboue his reache to roue
and while he climes to hie
Comes tumbling downe lyke *Icarus*
in waters deepe to lye?
The Tode that late did seeke to matche
the Ore in drinking vaine
His panche asunder bursten thoe
doth neuer drinke againe:
while as syr *Phæton* sought to rule
the brideled iades on hye
with earthly hande, was he not forced
in *Padus* streams to lye
His life and chariot both resygnde
with this vnhappy fall:

The

The prudent man containes himselfe
within dame natures wall
Nor more he dare than hym becomes
except that God him moues:
Let mortall men such things regarde
as mortall men behoues.
Let them not search beyond their powre
least if they clyme to hye
They hedlong fal and proue themselues
a laughing stocke thereby.
As if an Oxe woulde vpwarde clims
abrode his slight to take,
Or if an Asse a Lute would sounde
melodious noise to make.
But let it bee that one obtaine
all artes in memory,
By which he many bookes can make,
what good gettes he thereby:
what iust reward shall conteruaile
the paines that he endures:
Fame, prayse, and glory, thou wilt say
reward to him procures,
Hys name thereby shall euer lyue,
and alwayes eke remayne.
But I would haue the wel perpende
and also viewe more playne

What prayse, what fame, and glory is.
For many things we see,
In other shapes than in their owne
transformed for to bee
Which w̄ a cloke and shadowing mist
deceiue the minde and eyes.
Hereof good things are counted nought
and euill good likewise:
All foolishnesse hereof doth spring.
Ful oft is Copper tride
In Siluer rounde enclosde to lye,
oft Golde doth Iron hyde,
And purest shelles within containe
the nuts that rotten bee,
In skinnes of sheepe full oft to lurke
the wylie Wolfe you see.
Doe not the gorgeous hangings hyde
the dusky mouldred wall,
Where gaping riftes vnsemely syt
and wormes consuming crall:
There is a sharper syght that sees
what hyd in secrete lyes,
Who vseth thys shall iudge aright
and wonders see with eyes.
I here demaunde what fame doth help,
what prayse: or what renowne:

To them that sleepe: or vnto them
whom death hath stricken downe:
No more for trouth than doth the harp,
the deafe vnhearing wyght,
No more thã gorgeous playes doth please
the man that lackes hys syght.
Thou answerst here, that they that liue
and they that here awake
Reioyce therin, and for the same
no perils they forsake,
But breath and blood doe both resigne
thys thing for to obtaine.
Ambition many doth enforce
and driue to glories gaine
Much like a spurre, and many brings
to toppes of vertue hye
With prickes, prouoking sluggishe folk
by force of swords to try
Some worthy thing, and if they nill
by force perfourme the same,
That then by wyt they take in hande
some thing of worthy fame.
Yet is ambition sure a vice
and no man will we see
Be called so, and they that are
ambitious, counted bee

Both vain and proude of naughty mind
as once the *Romains* warre,
Requested of the common sort
(reiecting shame afarre)
As oft as they their voices sought
with humble sute did pray
Good will of Rascalles for to get
that they might beare the sway
In cõmon welth, their owne things left
whereby they might go iet
Amid the stretes with traine of men
and stately countenaunce set.
For hir owne selfe is vertue sought,
and not for honors sake,
Though she of right deserueth sure
chiefe honors for to take.
No vertue moues the common sort
they rather hir despise
wherfore must Fortune fauour needes
and richesse eke suffise.
Then prayse renowne and worthinesse
will also present be.
In euery place if liuing lacke
doth vertue begge we see.
But yet it forceth not if that
the dunghill cocke doe gesse

A precious stone as nothing worth,
this makes not it the lesse
Of value: so the vertuous man
content with eche degre
Despising praise of common sort
regardes not vanitie.
The face that well proportioned is
requires no paynted hewe,
And of it selfe may bare be shewde
the golde that tryed is true.
But he that vertue is without
doth counterfait the same
And vnderneth disguised cloke
procures a vertuous name.
wherfore if thou dost well discerne
thou shalt beholde and see
This mortall lyfe that here you leade
a Pageant for to bee.
The diuers partes therein declared
the chaunging world doth shows
The maskers are eche one of them
with liuely breath that blow.
For almost euery man now is
desguised from his kinde
And vnderneth a false pretence
they sely soules doe blinde.

So moue they Goddes aboue to laugh
wyth toyes and trifles vayne,
Which here in Pageãts fond they passe
while they do life retayne.
Fame, glory, prayse, and eke renowne
are dreames and profitlesse
Bicause with chaunce they are obtaynd
and not by vertuousnesse.
But let it be they graunted are
to such as worthy be
Tel me do they the body good?
no whit I promise thee.
Help they the mind? as much for truth,
they blowe them vp before
Depriuing them of sobrenesse
they make them careful more.
For he that after honour seekes
must cap and crouch ful low
Wyth bribing gifts beseching men
his simple state to know.
This is therefore a wretched life
and ful of businesse,
With enuy oft it compassde is
and oft in great distresse.
But he that vertue true can get
he liues most quietly

And

And happy enough, let him commit
the reſt to Gods on hye.
Sufficient honour vnto man
is to deſerue the ſame,
For to the vnworthy honour deale
you can not honour name,
To ſuch it is a burden great
and more a ſcorneful thing
As when vpon the ſtage a fools
comes dreſſde vp like a King.
Now wil I here declare and tel
of man the miſchieues al
Aſſone as he from mothers wombe
with bloud embrued doth cral,
Ye ſtrayghtway cries, and weping luck
him brings to wretched life,
For ſeing wel by nature ſhewde
the cares and bytter ſtrife
Wherwith this mortall life abounds.
So depe with groning winde
The marchant ſighes, and feares as oft
as he doth cal to minde
The perils great that ſhips are in,
the force of Pirats hand,
The boyſtrous windes, & raging Seas,
with rockes and drenching ſand.

Then

Then by and by but scarce yet borne
him binding bonds do holde,
And straight his tender ioynts and lims
the swadling clothes do folde:
As tokens yll of bondage great
that he in time must weare,
For who is free? lawes, kings & crimes
haue al-thing subiect here,
And eche man serues for hope of gayne
or else wyth force constraynd.
Al beastes as sone as they are bred
with lymmes are straight sustaynd.
And walke abrode immediatly,
where man is nothing so,
But long his mouth and minde he lacks
and strength of limmes to go.
Much like a sounding picture made
with crying neuer styll
Disturbing al men night and day
with voyce and waylings shrill.
And when on limmes he stiffer stands,
and words can wel pronounce
Then bound he is, and suffers threates,
then maisters on him bounce,
With lashing strypes, and ofte his syre,
oft mother on him layes,

Some-

Sometime his brothers buffets flye,
sometime his stepdames frayes,
with blowes not few that stepdame giues
and when this age is past
Then lusty youth approching cõmes,
and strength increaseth fast.
Now from his mouth he shakes the bit,
now councel none he heares,
He rageth now with furious mode,
and burnes in youthful yeares,
With rage and riot runnes he mad,
and rash without aduise,
No counsell will he take therein,
but wytty sawes despise.
No daungers now he doth esteme
so he the thing obtayne
Whereto lasciuious lust him moues
and force of wilful brayne.
Neglecting lawes he brawles & fyghtes
and braynsicke runnes astray,
The greatest parte of youth are now
with surfets led away.
A fewe whome feare, or shamefastnesse
or wysdome doth restrayne,
Their youthfull dayes vprightly leade
and voyd of vicious stayne.

Now

Now grauer age and wiser cõmes,
and cares with hir she brings,
And labours hard, then toyles the man
about a hundred things,
And al the meanes he can he sekes
his liuing to prouide,
At home he neuer ydle stands,
but here or there must ride,
In towne, or else at fielde he works
with labour great and payne,
His wife, his children and his men
wherby he may sustayne.
Alone for al he careth then,
he taskes no dayntv meate,
Nor quiet sleepes, but forward nows
him driues ambition great
And giues him rule in common wealth,
where while for honours hie
The foole doth gape, he malice doth
and mischienes great come by.
Then wrinkled age wyth hoary hayres
encrocheth in apace
The body fades, the strength abates,
the beauty of his face
And colour goes, his senses fayle,
his eares and eyes decay,

His

His talke is gone, some sickneſſe ſore
frequenteth him alway,
Scarce chawes his meate his toothleſſe chaps
ſcarce walks wō ſtaffe in hand
His croked olde vnweldy limmes,
whereon he ſcarce may ſtand.
The minde likewiſe doth feele decay,
now dotes he like a childe,
And through his weake and aged yeres
is wiſdome quite exilde.
Eche age therefore his miſchiefe hath,
but miſchiefes more there be,
That doth belong to euery age
to al of eche degree.
Sometime doth colde to much them vex
and Snowes that flakey flye,
And Northern *Boreas* winde ſo byym
when Iſe doth hang full hie
On houſe, and when the waters depe
congealed ſtyll do ſtay
Now raging heate of Sommer burnes
while Sunne doth kepe his way
Through blaſing breath of Lion fierce,
the fields depriude of greene,
The groūd by drythe doth gape for rain
and moyſture none is ſeene,

The

The hearbs & grasse their lines resigne,
the Pooles and Fennes be dry
Nowe hunger pricks, nowe thirste doth
and dearth doth make thē cry: (greue
Who can in verse declare to men
the sicknesses that raynes
In mortal life? the Agues hote,
the griefe and raging paynes
That ouer al the body runnes?
eche member poyson feeles,
The hand, the syde, the syght, is vext
and al from head to heeles
Doth griefe and sickneste sore sustayne,
Why do I them resight?
Why seke I here the Cranes to tell
in *Strimon* flouds that light?
Or number great of Swans that swim
in streames of *Troian* land?
Oft times the minde doth lose his state
by hearbs or Witches hand:
Or when at sacred *Ceres* feast
some fiende in brest doth lye,
Or when possest wyth *Bacchus* force
abrode with rage they fyre,
Though griefe wt yre and couetousneste
ambition and delight

As

As much the ſenſes do confound
as doth of wine the might
Procuring darkneſſe to the minde.
If truth we therfore ſay,
Al dronke with beaſtly affects of minde
are moſt men at this day,
But fewe (alas) there can be found
that reele not here and there,
That can diſcerne what they ſhould do
wyth beames of eyeſight clere:
And guide them ſelues by reaſons rule.
Hereof aduiſedly
One ſayd the number endleſſe was
of fooles abrode that flye.
For who needes not *Helleborus*
that giues the purging ſtooles?
But ſeuen wiſe the Grekes could finde,
among ten thouſand fooles.
The nurſe and dam of mortal kinde
dame Folly ſure is thought
Wythout whoſe grace all thing would fade
and men wold here do nought,
The Captayne chief are wars begunne
and al that thereto long,
As armour bright, and Targets fayre
with Ancents eke among,

Where

Where colours faire abrode doe blase
wyth sundry sort of beastes,
Of hir comes playes and daunces fyne
and dronken *Bacchus* feastes,
All nice delightes and wanton gestes
wyth sutes of fonde aray
From hir doth come, w̄ heapes of bokes
compyled day by daye.
The floudes of trifles fonde doe flowe
by hir, and euery thing
Most part at least that man here doth,
proceede from such a spring.
But now the wofull hurts and harmes
and dolefull destenye
That man sustaines, can none declare
though eloquent he be,
Now drownde in fluds here sinks ther-
and vnto fyshes great (on
The symple wretche of soule deprude
becomes a dainty meate.
An other downe from house doth fall
and shewes a tumbling point,
And through hys hast receiues a clap
that crackes hys chiefest ioint:
Or batters sore his tender limmes
and some the lightnings smite

Or

Or tempest kils, on some againe
the falling house doth light,
And doth vnlode him of his braines,
some fier fries to death,
Wyth hurtfull herbs or Wushroms vile
some yelde their vitall breath.
And some when as to fast he eates,
while gredy guts doe gripe,
Doth ouercharge his peece with lumps
that stops hys drinking pipe.
How many teares the raging beast
with teeth something to keene,
With Iron shoes of Horses slaine
how many hath bene seene
And many goarde w̄ wilde Bulls horne
that roring mad doth fling:
What shuld I shew the daungers great
that man to man doth bring:
No beast he needeth more to feare
than fellowes of his owne:
So many knaues and theeues hereby
and persons vile are knowne,
So many witnesse false that beare,
so many vicious slaues,
So many liuing on the spoyle,
and cut throte swearing knaues,

Disturbing reast of mortall men
and in none other plight,
Than doth the merry beastes disturbe
the Lioneſſe in syght.
He with hys tongue procureth harme,
he with hys swoorde doth fray,
The greatest sort with craft doth hurt,
one robbes in open way,
An other filcheth priuily:
some sort there also be,
That vnder cloke of frendshyp strong
or of Hypocrisye,
Such men deceiue as they doe knowe
to be of credite light.
All men almost (O wicked kinde)
in others harme delight,
The brother scarce may brother trust,
eche man hys friende must feare
The father of hys sonne in doubt
doth liue, sure Hell is here,
The furies and the stinking flouds
that lye in *Lumbo* lake
The gaping grenning Helhound wood
and all that Hell doth take.
Sleepe only peace to man doth bring
amid his fleeting life,

Nothing

Nothing than this (if dreames fray not)
more sweete or voide of strife:
For cares and labour it exiles,
and with his pleasant wings,
The wretched body resting brodes,
and sweete estate him brings.
Yet nature seemes thys rest to hate
and ordainde hath hereby
The stinging Gnat and byting Flea,
to vexe continually
With twinging prick this pleasant ioy,
whereby both night and day
Night mischieles euer present be.
More better farre away
Therefore is death, than picture hys,
For who so once the seas of lyfe
in ioyfull bote hath past,
And in the quiet hauen fayre
his Anker safe hath cast,
With mery heart doth laugh to scorne
the blastes of raging wyndes
With tempests black, and *Leucoths* hed
which flourye Garlandes byndes,
Doth honor much, and *Melicert*
with giftes he doth salute,

And safe amid the shore he ioyes
with playes of sundry sute.
Death endes al pain, al bonds doth lose,
death causes feare to flie,
And daungers all by death are forcde
to rest eternally.
And as no griefe nor paine thee vext
before thy Syre thee got,
So shalt thou feele no griefe nor paine
when death hir dart hath shot.
Who can conceiue the times as yll
he felt hys byrth before?
Or iudge of dayes he neuer saw
or shall see neuer more?
Or who will once dispraise the night
as wretched, nought or yll
Wherein posseſt of deadly sleepe
he senseleſſe lay ful still?
For what is death continuall sleepe,
what sleepe? for small time death.
But many thinke soules neuer die
but after losse of breath
The dead they say doe liue againe,
and flesh forsaking quite
As cockels from the shell outdrawne
to *Pluto* take their flight:

And

And downwarde hedlong fast they run
in kingdome blacke to sayle.
There faine they woods of Mirtel trees
where wofull louers wayle.
There riuers run wyth flaming flouds
and dreadfull Monsters bee
That poysō some, with gaping throtes,
theyr places may you see
Of diuers forme, where Infants crye,
and where the gilty Ghostes
The furies fierce of Hell doe burne,
and whip fast lynckd to postes,
And where the pleasant fieldes doe lye
with goodly greene arayed,
As due to blessed men that here
their pagents wel haue playde.
But other now say otherwise
and soules they graunt remayne
But those that wel in earth haue liude
with starres aboue shall rayne,
And they againe that lyke to beastes
haue serude licentious minde,
And God neglect, in forme of beastes
to liue are all assinde:
In brutishe shape to wander long
by iudgement iust are made,

T.iij. Til

Til time that purged from their crime
they come to hygheſt grade.
Which things in deede if they wer true
death fearefull might be thought,
Or at the leaſt a better lyfe
and voide of ſinne be ſought:
For to the iuſt hereby is got
the ioyes and pleaſures true,
Whyeras the wicked ſhall receiue
their paines and merits due.
But whether that the deade doe liue
or that they nothing bee
And ſoule with body hath hys ende,
pertaineth not to mee.
For I mee thinks haue ſayd ynough:
enquire of Siſter mine,
Whom Grecians, wyſedome euer call,
theſe thoughtes ſhe doth defyne,
And alwayes ſearcheth ſecrete things
and verity doth ſhowe,
Hir teaching, well thou maiſt attaine
the ſtate of ſoules to knowe.
Except it ſerue to tell thee that
death is not to be dred,
At leaſt vnto the iuſt that here
a righteous life haue led:

For

For eyther quiet reſt they haue
in ſleepe that ſtill doth laſt,
Or happy elſe they ſhall receiue
rewardes for vertue paſt.
wherfore go to liue Godly now,
put vice from minde away,
So death ſhall ſeme but light to thee
and graue thee not ſhall fray.
But now in minde theſe words reuolue
both ſpeake and think this thing:
What hurt ſhall death to mee procure
what loſſe ſhall graue mee bring:
No whit for trouth. what will it haue:
of richeſſe mee depriue.
But richeſſe then I ſhall not neede,
for nothing then I ſtriue.
But richeſt then I may be calde,
for welthyeſt is the wight
Not that doth moſt poſſeſſe, but he
that lacketh leaſt in ſyght.
Gold, ſiluer, precious ſtones, and lands,
with ſumptuous fyne aray
With other lyke, I will deſpiſe,
as things that I not way:
Nor pleaſure paſt ſhall greue me then
no more than greueth beaſtes

Swete pleſant ſparkling wines to lack
or Cuſtards fyne in feaſtes
The thinges that no man doth deſyre
what if they not be had?
But friends & children ſweete to leaue
wil make (thou ſayeſt) men ſad.
Why ſhuld this thing me greue ſo much,
were it not hurtful more
If in my life my frends ſhould dye
and I lament therfore
Continually: as ſome do write
how for *Antilochus*
Syr *Neſtor* wept, as for his ſonne
(whome ſlewe the King *Turnus*
While he the *Troians* armies helpt)
Euandre liude in woe.
I go before, and what for this
they all ſhall after goe,
When God appoynted hath their time,
and me agayne ſhall ſee:
If ſoules be ought as we beleue,
as Chriſt declares they be.
Well whatſoeuer that it is
death yll I may not call
Bycauſe it riches takes away
and pleaſaunt ioyes wythall.

For

For vnto vs these are but lent,
the vse doth nature giue,
And not the thing it selfe she deales
to mortal men that liue.
Sith nothing then to me belongs
to death I wyl resigne
Al other things that here I haue
as nothing sure of mine.
What if I others goods do leaue:
wherfore should I lament
If nature nowe do aske agayne
the things that she me lent:
I naked came into this world
and naked wil I out.
For this world is an Inne where hostes
of men a wondrous route:
Who for a time do vse the foode
that layes before their face,
Their host and therewithal doth say,
syrs take and eate apace,
Not for deserues of you we giue
these things, but of good wyll
These pleasant dishes here we set
therewith your selues to fyll
Untill such time as I thinke good
to byd you hence departe

And

And say from vp my table rise,
now eate with ioyfull harte,
But when the houre last shal come
wherein I byd you go,
With willing minde obey me then,
and place resigne you thoe
To other gests that here shal syt,
let them reioyce a while
wyth dishes these: who wyll repine
(except he be to vile,
Lack wyt, or else vnthanckfull be)
hearing these wordes to go
From others dores, or else wyll syt
while he commaundeth so:
But he shal cry come forth you Knaue
and thrust him out by the eares
And yll apayd he forwardes goes,
wyth wofull weping teares.
Wherfore should I if he do call
that all things here doth guide
Repine to go from hence, or seeke
in wretched life to byde
As many do: nor syt it is,
nay willing hence I go
And leaue this fylthy world I wyll,
where thousand mischieues flowe,

where

Where fayth is none, where godlinesse,
where iustice none doth dwell,
Where peace and quietnesse is fled,
where vices beare the bell,
Where brother sekes the brothers blud,
where sonne the father hates,
Where discorde euermore doth raigne,
and guile in maried mates.
No man there is, at least but rare,
who (if he can) not steales,
Who robbeth not, who doth not sayne,
and who not falsly deales.
That well this world may now be calde
of theeues a gaping den.
Loe, Kings and Bishops proude beside,
by name of Godly men
The commons poore do powle and pyl,
and Citizens do shere
And simple innocents destroy.
what should I recken here
The horedomes great committed now:
all flowes with vice we see,
The naughty act do yong men vse,
and close misused be,
Who plants not hornes in neighbours
the balde religious frye (heads:
who

Who should be chast, abrode with horses
or close wyth boyes do lye:
To widdowes graue or tender maydes,
the holy prieſtes do crepe.
And some within their kinſfolkes bed
haue great delight to ſlepe.
Some ſlaues wᵗ beſts themſelues defile:
the fieldes and groue of tree
And euery towne is now a ſtewes.
And harmes that inſtant be
And daungers great that haps to men,
and labours great and ſore,
And al the ſuperſticious ſorte
of falſe religious lore.
What nede we ſubiectes now to be?
ſyth (O the ſhameful ſtate)
Unwytty and groſſeheaded fooles
and they that learning hate
(To whome the dice, and Dogs to kepe
with byrdes of rauening kinde
And horſes ryde, with other toyes
is all their childiſh minde)
Do Scepters holde, and peoples guide,
and gouerne Cities ſtrong?
Hereof ſuch errors vp do ſpring
with folilhneſſe among.

Here-

Yercof ſo many vices breede
if this thou calleſt to minde
Thou ſhalt not feare this fooliſh worlde
and nought, to leaue behinde:
Yea thou wilt count it wel that once
Calanus and his fearcs
Did bring to paſſe, who ſhewe thẽſelues
to ſcape theſe wretched yeares
And ſtaying death with hand did haſte,
nor longer would preſerue
The dying Corps, nor wretched fleſh
with labour long to ſerue.
And if religion ſayd not nay
and lawes of *Plato* bie
And *GOD* himſelfe, I would perſuade
thee forthwith for to die,
And wicked chaunce and wretched earth
to leaue as vayne and nought,
Not wine as wine deſyred is
but wine and good is ſought.
So life as life is nothing worth
if goodneſſe lack we ſee,
If it be naught, as wine corrupt
let it deſpiſed be.
For life it ſelfe we nede not wyſh,
nor fled it ought to be.

The

The wozme, the flye, and euery ſtone
and barke of euery tree,
And euery vile and little thing
doth life in it poſſeſſe,
No kinde of thing deſyzed is
where wanteth pleaſauntneſſe.
If it be not both like and good
I ſee no cauſe whereby,
It ſhould be wiſht oz may be loued.
Therefoze who feares to dye
Is but a foole ſince he deſires
ſuch hurt and harme to byde
Both of the body and the minde
with labours long beſyde
Befoze he would al kinde of grieues
with fleſh from him expel,
And euer in tranquillity
and perfect reſt to dwell,
Oz leauing members here behinde
to liue foz euermoze,
Where he ſhal want no kinde of thing
noz ſozrow feele noz ſoze,
And with the ſaincts togither there
about the wozld to flye,
Moze ſwift than al the windes that be
beholding things on hye.

Except

Except the dregs of vice him stay
and force him still to dwell
Beneath in Corners deepe of earth
amyd the raygne of Hell.
When thus this Lady fayre had sayd
she rose and stods by me
And on my head (refusing I)
she put the Laurell tree,
And thence departing forth she flewe
where shining starres we see.

¶ *Explicit media Pars.*

Libra;

The seauenth Booke.

My muse a loft, raise vp thy sell
and vse a better flite:
Mount vp a hie, & think it scorn
of base affayres to write.
Woze great renoune, and glozy moze,
in hautye matters lyes.
Mew thou ẏ Gods, and take thy course
thozowout the starrye Skyes.
Where spzingtime lasses foz euermoze,
where peace doth neuer quayle,
Where Sunne doth shine continuallye,
where Light doth neuer fayle.
Clowde causer Southwinde none there
noz boystrous Bozeas blowes, (is
But mylder bzeaths ẏ Western windes
where swoete *Ambrozia* growes.
Take thou thys way, and yet somtimes
downe falling fast from hye,
Now vp, now downe, wyth sundzy sozt
of Gates aloft go slye.
And as some hawty place he seekes
that couets farre to see,

So vp to Ioue, past starres to clyme,
is needfull nowe for thee.
There shalt thou from the towry top
of Crystall coloured skye,
The plot of all the world beholde,
with viewe of perfit eye.
Beginning first both chiefe and hye
from whom all things doe floe.
As from a spring, there is but one
They erre that think them moe.
For if moze heds than one ther were,
then eyther not at all
They differ should, and so be one,
or much, and then we shall
Accompt, some one among the rest
moze noble, great, and hye,
From whom the other seme to spring
and reast are ruled by.
For, if there many mouers be,
if power and rule to all
Be lyke, yet if their mindes
and wils contrary fall,
Then open warres among them dwels,
and cruell malice springs.
Then discorde straygbt disturbance in
throughout all the motion brings.

As

As if a shyp with equall blast
a sort of wyndes should drive,
Tossed here, & there, with doubtful mind
the vessell sore doth strive:
And doth not knowe nor vnderstande
to runne the redyest way,
All ignorant which Lorde to serue
is forced still to stay.
But if lyke minde to all, and wyll
beginnings haue but one,
In vaine of more acount is made
for one shall serue alone.
For if that one can not suffise
but ayde of others call:
If not but totally mone they can
they are vnperfect all.
Nor truely can we terme them chiefe
from whence all other springs,
For perfect needes must be preferde
before thunperfect things.
The symple than the compounde is
of value farre more hye,
And more than numbers one, A pure thā
no wyse man wyll denye. (myrt,
But yet I thinke it here as well
by reason thys to proue.

The cause is fyrst before the effect
the workman woorke aboue.
The perfect thing, bicause it doth
eche parte in it containe,
And nothing lacks, is stronger farre
of greater force againe.
Therfore it makes, cõmaunds, & moues,
and so by chalenge due
The cause and Auctor eke of all
it may be tearmed true.
But otherwyse thunperfect thing
that maymde can not consist,
Is ouercome, and moue it must
euen as the perfyte list.
It doth obey and not commaunde,
and therfore must be named
The effect, and eke the framed woorke,
and not the thing that framed.
So farre behinde it euer ought
the perfect thing to goe.
For if vnperfite were the spring
from whence all thing doe floe.
It were but vile and nothing wrought
therof should perfect be,
As alwayes of thunperfect Arte
vnperfect woorke we se.

Wher-

Wherfore beginnings more than one
no reason forth can finde,
Bicause there is not to be knowne
but one of perfect kinde.
From which, the neuer fayling course
and order of all things
Doth come, as from the Union fyrst
eche other number springs.
Besydes it pure and syngle is,
that mixtures all hath made:
For nothing can compounded be
but symples fyrst is had.
For fyrst it nedefull is alone
the symples to be tryde,
And then in mixture all in one
compounded to abyde.
Therfore no principall there is
but one, as I haue taught:
Which symple in degree we iudge,
and purest must be thought.
Whom if we think not for to liue,
in erroz great wee fall:
If he liue not, how lines the reast,
synce by him lyue we all?
Doubtlesse he lines, and wisedome hath,
oz elle in order dewe,

How could he frame such goodly sightes
except he all things knew?
No doubt we must, but needes cõfesse,
with mouth and eke with heart,
Him to be good: Can he be ill
of whom eche good is part?
Can bitter streames at any time
from sweetest fountaine runne?
Or can the riuers pleasant be
of bytter spring begunne?
For eyther nothing must be good,
or good must he be thought,
That is the spring of all the rest,
by whom the worlde was wrought.
Hym men doe call by diuers names,
but we that Latine wight
Doe call him God, and more we saye
that Iupiter he hight.
Who, synce he is the first that was,
and maker of eche one,
Liues of himself both good and wyse,
receiuing state of none.
But all by him their states enioy,
who may lose that they haue,
Whensoeuer he lyst for to restraine
the thing that fyrst he gaue.

As Ryuers muſt leaue of theyr courſe
when ſpryngs their ſtremes deny,
And yet it followes not therfore
the ſpryng it ſelfe be drye:
(For of it ſelfe it yeldes the ſtreame
and hanges at no mans tayle:)
So God doth of himſelfe conſyſt,
and therfore cannot fayle.
If altogither periſhe ſhould,
yet fayles not he therfore,
For what conſyſteth of it ſelfe
muſt laſt for euermore.
When onely of himſelfe he ſtayes,
and nedes no helper by,
When as by force he cannot quayle
and wyll not willingly.
He is all and whole, the reſt but part,
yet in no ſuch degree,
That of thoſe partes he purſt ſhoulde
himſelfe compounded bee.
But by his vertue he is all,
becauſe he fyrſt did frame
The worlde ſo wide, and all things elſe
conteyned in the ſame.
All things that liue, and boide of lyfe,
all things that doe appere,

And hidden syghts he only made,
and doth preserue them here.
In this wyse therfore is he all
as seede is all the tree,
Wherof springs vp the mighty boole
whose braunches shadowers bee.
Some doubt if God a body haue,
and thus doe they beleue,
That nothing voide of body is
that sense cannot perceue.
And therefore now we will attempt
the trouth therof to see,
Of quantitie and qualitie
all bodies needes must bee.
For by these two state sensible
the body doth receiue:
Take these away what doth remaine
that senses may perceiue?
All quantities and qualities
compounded euer bee,
And God of nature syngle is
as late I tolde to thee.
Adde more to thys that bodyes all
of forme and matter bee.
Nor God can be of such a power
as boundes may comprehende,

Wher

When he abides for euermore,
least so the worlde should ende.
Nor body none is voide of boundes,
but all are measurable.
The compast forme hath his precincts,
whose fashyon is most laudable.
So hath the Square and Triangle,
and all the shapes that bee.
This reason proues no body is
but it may measurde bee.
And thus I proue, this body here
in equall partes deuide
Whereof the halfe let *A* possesse
and *B* the other syde.
I here demaunde if *A* as much as *B*
can doe: or if these twaine
Be infinite: so one shall serue,
and thother shalbe vaine.
If both haue power determinate
the whole must haue the same.
But who so seekes the vnbounded thing
of bounded partes to frame,
Shall proue vnwyse and thus enselwes
the maker chiefe of all
No body hath. But some there be
perchaunce that answere shall

God

God is a body infinite.
but this doe I deny:
For so should he eche place fill vp,
and leaue none voide: wher by
The rest should neuer be containde.
so worlde there should be none,
Nor we remaine, nor any thing
saue he himselfe alone.
Besydes, syncе body here in life
is of more noble state
Than senseles Corse, we must not doubte
but lyke of hygher rate,
Than Carcasse is. But here I aske
if life a substance be:
If not, then substance were more vile
and of more base degree,
Than that which substance is without:
and if you bring in this,
In suffring such absurditie
the scholemen all will hisse.
But if that lyke a substance be,
then body is but braine,
Since of it selfe is can consyst
and seuered bee remaine.
And why should God a body take
syncе he art libertie

Doth best enioy his state and hath
no such necessitie:
It is a thing superfluous eke,
by which the lyfe enclosed
As prisoners like is harde the place
wherto it is best disposed.
Therefore that chiefe Almighty Prince
eternall good and wyse
No body hath. Now will I shewe
why many doe despyse
Thys reason, and doe thinke it vaine.
the cause hereof doth spring,
That drounde in bodies grosse, & blinded
they know no other thing (sense,
But bodyes here. as through a glasse
wyth any colour stainde
Whosoeuer lookes, ech thing shal iudge
of colour that is stained.
Yet must we know, and doutlesse think,
that diuers things there be,
That eyther voyde of bodyes lyue,
or of such pure degre
Their bodyes are, that neyther eyes
of ours can them beholde,
Nor sense discerne, and so more worthy
than ours a thousand folde.

Which

Which thus perchaunce may proued be.
all grosse and wayghty things,
How much the more of earthly drosse
annexde to them forth brings,
So much more base and byler be
than that which seemes to flowe
Of fyne and purer matter wrought,
all mettals this doth showe.
For looke when as by feruent heate
of Fyrie flames they frye,
They straightwaies melt, & baseſt parts
wherein most earth doth lye,
As nothing worth, falles out to drosse.
the pureſt and most fine,
With better sounde and better shape
before the eye doth shine.
So Bread is beſt of pureſt meale
wherof the Bakers eate,
Of grosser is the seruants foode,
the worſt is Bakynes meate.
So Water, Wyne, and Oyle wyth like
the worthyeſt of them bee,
Such as most cleare and subtill seeme
and lyghteſt in degree.
So meate the baser and groſeſt part
by syege away doth fade

The

The finest part remaines, wherof
Fleshe, Bloud, and strength is made.
What is the cause that common stones
so rude and rusty lye?
Where marble, & the precious gemmes
doe glyster in the eye.
Nought else, but that in one of them
lesse drosse of earth is founde,
In thother, grosse and heauy moulde
hath syght and value drounde.
Therfore more foule, and baser farre
such things are iudgde to be,
Wherein most earth remaines, wherby
they are calde of lesse degree.
As drosse we take lesse golde to be,
or golde of baser myne
We can not call so iustly Golde
as that already fyne.
For of all Elaments the earth
the vylest hath bene thought.
And as the rubbish of the resse,
cast by, when they were wrought
Therfore the wyselt workman fyrst
dyd cause it lowe to lye,
That distant farre it should remaine
remoued from the skye.

And

And thicke in ball he cast it rounde,
more lesse and small to bee,
That saints might haue more plain pro-
that lisse the world to see. (spect
For when God had dect the world
wyth Starres in tryn araye,
What drosse remaynde he bade ỳ winds
to cleanse and swepe awaye.
Then in with hasty course they rushe
their Lordes awarde to do,
The Northwinde blowes ỳ Southwind
the West, and East set to. (huffes,
With striuing blasts they swepe ỳ fieldes
and rounde in heape they cast
Whatsoeuer they finde, constraining it:
the earth is framed and leste.
Which, banished from the heauens hye,
straight downe to center fell,
No place more farre nor base appeares
where nygher shee might dwell.
Beside, of weaker force it is,
and eke of smaller power,
Than all the reast of Elaments are,
and feblest of the flower.
For if by feruent heate of Sunne
it be constrained to gape,

Or

Or pearced with blow, it cannot ioyne,
nor take his former shape.
The waters if they parted be
doe straight returne in one,
And voide of all diuision semes
as if there had bene none.
So doth the ayre, and fier eke,
if these deuided be,
At fyrst they ioyne againe, so that
no signe of hurt you se.
And why: bicause they are more pure,
and perfect in degree,
And of their proper force alone
they alwayes moued bee.
But now the earth vnweldy thing
of nature euer stayes,
And more, is cause that sundry things
can moue no kinde of wayes.
For where most earth habounds, moste
is found, such things apere (waight
Lesse apt to moue, the light more quick,
and vnto life more nere.
For lyfe in euery thing is cause
whereby they moue alone.
It needes no proke the senseleste Corse
doth stirre as doth a stone

Since

Since things in lyfe haue chief eſtate
(for life excelleth all)
Doubtleſſe the light and moning things
the chiefeſt we may call.
They erre therfore, that doe beleue
no other things to be.
But ſuch as ſenſes groſſe perceiue,
and eyes apparant ſee.
For what more ſubtyle is than ayre,
what leſſe is felt or ſeene?
By which haue many thought it boide
as no thing to haue beene.
It is but light: what tho? yet hath
it here a ſubſtance ſure
And body is, of foure chiefe, one,
than earth or ſtreame more pure,
And therfore placed in hyer ſeate.
for things approching nere
To ſkyes, and bleſſed ſtarres aboue,
of chiefeſt ſtate appere.
Beſydes, are not the wyndes ſo pure
that no man can them ſee?
Yet nothwithſtanding none there is
but knowes that windes there bee.
Which when they haue a ſunder burſt
the barres of *Eolus* ſtrong,

The

The monſtrous Hills by force do ſhake,
downe tome the trees along
Doe lye, the Seas from chanell deepe
are tolſed aboue the ſhoares,
The cloudes are cauſed, the lightnings
the dreadfull thunder roares. (flaſhe,
Synce thus their force doth rage thinkſt
that ſubſtance they doe lacke? (thou
Bicauſe thou canſt not them beholde,
or in thy handes them take.
To iudge as ſenſes leade is fonde:
for oftentimes the eyes
In taking one thing for an other,
thys error plainely tryes.
As if into the cleareſt ſpring
a ſtaffe moſt ſtraight be thruſt,
The eye ſhall iudge it to be Croked
though it be neuer ſo iuſt.
As if a boate rowe nere the ſhore
the ſhore ſhall ſeeme to flye
And ſtyll the boate is thought to ſtay,
the ſenſes therfore lye:
Which many times deceiued be,
and changed ſundry wayes
By age ſometime or ſyckneſſe greate
the force of them decayes:

For euery man hath them alike,
some thinkes it fayre and meete,
The thing another sayth is fowle,
and some do count it sweete,
That others iudge of bitter taste:
the ayre is colde sayth he,
Another sayth the wether is hote,
thus senses diuers be
In diuers bodies, diuers seemes,
deceaued sometyme by chaunce,
As when the drunckard sees two lights
for one, and stooles to daunce,
The wine in troubling of his eyes
doth much disease his sight,
The ayre besydes deludes the sense,
sometymes it semeth bright,
Now darke, now thick, now moyst, now dry,
wherby we often gesse
The Sunne as, red as bloud to be,
the Mone now bygge, now lesse.
Hereof doth also come to passe
when one aloud doth cry
Deceauing folish eares a doyer
doth seeme to aunswere nye.
By this and other meanes they erre,
but reason is more sure,

Wlys

Who findes amongſt a thouſand toyes,
the certayne truth and pure.
This reaſon is moſt deare to him
that wiſdome doth retayne,
Whoſe minde is of a liuely force,
and ſpirite of heauenly vayne.
The blunt and doltiſh common ſorte,
wyth blinde and bleared eyes,
Doth not hir ſee, hereof doth fault,
vayne hope, and fanſy riſe.
This reaſon guides the wyſeſt men,
Opinion leades the lowte,
Let vs the ſteppes of reaſon tread,
and toyle hir wayes about,
This reaſon may be calde the Sunne
that mones in order iuſt,
By which alone from brutiſh kinde
of beaſtes we differ muſt.
The darke and dim vncertayne Moone,
Opinion may be named,
But what doth reaſon byd me wryte?
that many creatures framed,
Aliue there are that we can not
by ſenſes vnderſtand:
For if that God ſhould not haue made,
wyth hye and glorious hand,

More noble creatures than the state
of fading mortall kinde
He had not then deserued such prayse
as is to hym assinde,
Unperfect eke had bene hys raine
for vnderneth the kinde
Of man the wilde and saluage beastes
consyst of brutishe minde,
To sleepe and feede, addicted all:
and if he had not framed
No better things than here we see
the worlde might well be named
A folde of filthy feeding flocks
with thornes and donge set out
What should we then this God account
a mighty heardman stoute
But he created man besydes:
now sure a goodly thing:
Was this hys best? is thys the power
of that Almighty king?
But let vs trye if thys be true
if we may credite giue:
It is not good nor reason wyll
that we shall thys belene.
For what is man? a foolishe beast
a creature full of spight

And

And wretched farre aboue the reaſt
if we ſhall iudge vpright.
Who is not of hys nature nought:
the way to vice is wyde,
Wherin the feete of mortall men
continually doth ſlyde:
No warning, lawe, no payne, nor feare
can cauſe them for to ſtaye.
Againe the path of vertue is
a ſtraight and painefull way,
Wherin but fewe doe vſe to walke
and them you muſt conſtraine.
Who is wyſe: the woman: or the childe:
or all the Coblers traine?
The moſt (alas) are fooliſh doltes
in darkenes blinde we tread,
And fonde affection beares the ſway
by which we all are lead.
For none at all or fewe there be
(whom he that guides the ſkye
Hath choſen to himſelfe alone)
thys reaſon ruled by.
For who can now beholde or how
may leyſure we obtaine,
Wherby we might ſearche out ỹ trouth
that ſecrete doth remaine:

Cares pulles vs back: the greateſt part
of lyfe in ſlepe doth waſt.
The reſt doth payne or ſyckneſſe let,
or powertie doth taſte,
And ſtouthfulneſſe ſometims doth hurt
and pleaſure oft annoy,
Hereof ſpringes fooles & wyſedome eke
by this we not enioy
For ſhe with great continuall toyle
and ſtudy long is got,
And doth require a quiet minde
that troubles hinder not
The troubles of the ſtate of man
(if I remember well)
Among my bookes the fyrſt I think
before doth plainely tell:
Of miſchiefe, griefe, and foolihenelle
alas this is the place,
And darkſome denne of Hell wherein
all liue in wretched caſe
But yet the groſſe and common ſorte
doe neuer waye this thing,
But in the middeſt of all their toyle
the foolyſhe knaues doe ſing
And gaping laſſe doe not perceiue
their owne calamitie,

But are when paine doth plague them
as ioconde as a Pye, (sore
And sodainely doth all forget
so that some sweetenesse fall
Hereby doth come forgetfulnesse
that ryds them cleane from all.
For nature wyse and prouident
our state did well fore see
In giuing vs so slender wyt
for our commoditie.
For if that wysedome were in vs
what man coulde beare the stryfe,
The cares, and tedious troubling toiles
of thys our wretched lyfe.
For sadnesse ioyned with carke & care
thys wysedome in doth bring,
And nature seemes to Foster man
with hope of hopelesse thing:
Without the which eche man himselfe
would couet to destroy.
So hope and folly medicines be
that nature doth employ
For our behoue by sage aduise,
least we by chaunce should faint,
When many mischiefs swarming thick
our wytlesse sense doth taint.

And if no creature elſe excell
thys man in hye degre,
The chiefe Creator of the worlde
what ſhall we thinke to be:
Of Rulers, Fooles, and eke of them
by whom doth miſchiefe ſpring:
He ſhalbe calde a Lorde, a Prince
a Father, guide, and King.
O noble powre, O princely raigne,
companions fine and braue,
What wants ther now O God to thee:
what ſekeſt thou more to haue:
Alone thou doſte not now remaine,
it well became thy Grace
To frame ſo fayre a worlde as thys
to make ſuch creatures place.
Let Heauen ſerue theyr only vſe,
the Starres, the Moone, the Sunne,
The Ayre, the Earth, the ſurging Seas
what elſe: it ſhalbe done.
But ſtraight they ſhall conſumed be,
and vaniſhe cleane away:
As Snowe doth fade in ſommers heate,
or ſlowre in frotty day.
What ſtate haue they that doe conſyſt
of bodye weake and frayle:

What

What state haue they that in the space
of so small tyme doe fayle:
May we beleue the seas and earth
alone replenished bee
Which are compared to the skyes
as nothing in degree,
And if the mighty compast speare
in minde thou well dost way
thou shalt perceiue the smallest Starre
more great as wysemen say
Shall then so small and vile a place
so many sithe containe
Such store of men, of beasts and foules
and thother voide remaine:
Shal skies and ayre their dwellers lack:
he dotes that thinke th so
And seemes to haue a slender wit
for there are thousandes mo.
That better state and better lyfe enioye
and farre more blessed be.
Moreouer if we will confesse
the vnfayned veritie,
This earth is place for man and beast:
beyonde the clowdes, the ayre,
And sacred skye, where peace doth raine
and daye is alwayes fayre.

The

The Angels haue their dwellings there
whom though we cannot see
(For pure and fyne theyr substance is)
yet numberlesse they be.
As thick as are the sandes in place
where waters ebbe and flowe,
As thick as stand the flowers and grasse
that in the meddowes growe.
For who so thinks the Heauens hye
of dwellers voide to be,
And may vpon thys earth so vyle
so many creatures se:
Ye dotes deceiued by ignorance,
and foolishnesse of minde,
And semes all drounde in earthly drosse,
as beastes of basest kinde.
Nor wonder I at thys a whit
that happye Ilandes founde
In Ocean seas they say there be
where all things good abounde,
Whereas no griefe the lyfe doth vexe,
where no misfortunes raygne.
The shyes perchaunce the Ocean sea
to name doth here retaine,
Bicause in colour lyke it seemes
and eke in mouing rounde,

Eche

Eche Starre an Ilande shall be thought
why not: haue we not founde
That diuers houses are so calde
bicause that farre away
They seuered from their fellowes lye
who otherwyse doth say
He sayth not true, for if there were
such Ilandes in our seas
The Princes would not suffer them
to passe their lyfe in ease: (make
But weapon strayght should conquest
to enlarge theyr kingdomes hye
If any passage were to them
themselues therin to lye.
What doubteth Grece to fayne or lye
the mother olde of toyes:
For doubtlesse Heauen, Starres, & ayre
inhabitaunts enioyes.
Who thys deuyes doth malice much
the blessed saintes on hye,
And eke the eternall state of God
doe blaspheme foolishlye
Is it not wicked blasphemie
presumptcously to saye:
That Heauen lackes inhabitants
and God doth beare no sway,

But

But here with vs and sauage beastes
so fonde so full of shame,
Nay certainely God coulde and woulde
moze noble creatures frame,
That leade theyz lyfe in better place
whereby hys prayse esteemde
Should be the moze and larger power
and world moze perfect deemde.
Foz making sundry sozts & nobler things
the beautie moze doth shine
Of this same world and moze appeares
his Maiesty diuine.
But if these shapes be pure and voide
of body coms the dout,
Oz whether they consist of partes
as we doe rounde about.
Yes truely reason doth declare
all creatures that doe dwell
In fyze, and ayze, they bodyes haue.
if they had not, aswell
The ayze and fyze should desert be,
and places voyde should growe
Foz none but bodyes place possesse
as wyse mens wordes doe showe.
But whyther shall these bodyes dye?
we must confesse it so

A long and ioyfull lyfe they leade
at length with death they go,
For if that ayre and fyre in tyme
corruption shall deface,
Why should not all such creatures dye
as liue in such a place?
For placed things doe followe still
the places nature playne.
But some perchaunce desyres to knowe
what fashion they retayne,
We may be sure theyr beauty is such
that they doe farre excell
All creatures fleeting in the seas
or all on earth that dwell:
Which neyther God permittes nor we
coulde viewe with carnall eye,
But they that passe theyr life in starres,
and in the purest skye,
Doeneuer dye for age nor yeares
cannot the strength abate,
Of those so gorgeous glistring starres
or harme the heauens state.
And eke we must beleue that those
which liue in skyes so bryght
Theyr bodies are more fayre, more fine,
of greater force, and might,

Then

Then all the reast that liue betweene
the earth, and Starres aboue:
Or in the elements dwell where time
and age can them remoue:
But what doe they? they doe reioyce
with sense and reason right,
Now vsing one, and now the other
and liue in such delight,
As wit of man cannot deuise,
nor mortall tongue can tell.
True worlde, and true estate is there,
true ioyes, and treasures dwell:
We only haue the shadowes here
and counterfaytes retayne,
Which lasting but a little space
lyke ware doe melt againe.
Our worlde is but a figure plaine
of those so princely powres;
And as our worlde the painted Pappe,
so it surmounteth outes.
Aboue these Heauens that we name
and creatures all beyonde,
A better worlde vncorporate
that senses doth transcende
And wyth the minde alone is seene
there are that think to be,

And

And with thassured trouth it seemes
not much to disagre.
If minde excelleth farre the sense
why should the sense beholde
A worlde alone wyth perfect things
and creatures many folde.
And minde without his proper worlde,
a Cypher should remayne
And none but dreames and fansyes fond
with shapes and shadowes vayne.
Thus eyther nothing is the minde,
or else hath nature wrought
A worlde agreing to the same
wherein containde are thought
Unfained, chiefe, and purest things
which better farre away
May of themselues consyst thã things
that senses compasse may.
This same first framed world doth passe
the worlde that senses see,
As much as minde excels the sense
in perfecter degree:
In which the chiefest lyght is God
where saints as Starres appere,
And therfore more & fräger things are
then are perceiued here, (there
Syth

Syth it is perfecter by much
for nothing there doth dye,
No tyme, nor motion, there hath rule
all fixed continually,
As voide of place and safe from harme
they all doe seeme to be,
There are the causes of eache thing,
and springes of all we see.
The worlde that senses may perceiue
from thys same worlde doth spring,
And semeth here a figure sure,
and shaddowe of that thing:
All things more perfect there
and all things whole appere,
We haue but portions of the same
which are encreased here
By natures fault and great defect.
so heartes a number be,
For vertue one aboue creates
the hearts that here we see
By hir the subtill Fore is framde
by hir the Lyons liue,
And so of all the other beastes,
that thys our worlde doth giue,
Which seeme in number diuers sortes
but all are one in kinde

That

That from these powers at first to come
are euery one assinde.
None otherwyse than Carpenters
in Cities great of name,
Eche one applying well hys worke
doe diuers matters frame.
Wherfore this world doth stād of parts
the other doth consyst
Of al, and liuing by themselues
of distance as they list.
But some haue thought ẏ euery Starre
a worlde we well may cal,
The earth they count a darkned starre
wheras the least of all
The God doth raine that vnderneath
the clowdes hath placed his chaire
That fosters all the creatures here
in seas, in earth and ayre
A Lorde of shadowes and the guids
of shapes that lively bee
To whom is delt the charge of things
and rule of all to see.
Which for bicause they doe not last
but passe with tyme away
Doe scarse deserue the name of ought
but shadowes that decay.

The same is *Pluto* as I iudge,
of whome the Poets olde,
Do often syng, and say that he,
the Kingdome blacke doth holde.
For vnderneath the cloudes is night,
aboue are al things cleare,
Where light doth last for euermore,
and brightnesse styll appeare.
To him as to the worst of all,
thalmighty Lord dyd giue
The vilest raigne, the rest more good,
in better starres to liue.
But yet is no man sure of this,
for who doth know so wel,
Gods mysteries? who hath bene there,
and turnde agayne to tell.
No state of man is such, our minde
doth faynt in things so hie:
The Owle cannot beholde the Sunne,
wyth pure and perfect eye.
Eche one presuming of his wyt,
inuenteth matters newe,
But Poets specially, to whome
most confidence is dewe:
For they may by autority
of any matters write:

With yth

Wyth *Bacchus* rage they moued be,
and wyth *Apolloes* spyte.
Though nothing is that doth forbyd
the mad man truth to say,
Sibylla vsed to tell the trouth,
in madnesse as she lay.
Let this suffise (my promisse kept)
to proue that numbers be
Of creatures farre excelling vs,
which no mans eyes can see:
Yet do they liue and reason vse,
and as some wyse men say,
Such are our soules departed once,
that neuer shal decay.
So *Plato*, so *Pythagoras*,
and so *Plotinus* thought,
And so haue many Poets erst,
in pleasaunt verses wrought.
Therefore it semeth labour worth
(a thing most mete to tel)
Of this for to entreat at large,
for what doth more excel:
Than throughly man to know himselfe:
for children vnderstand
Whereof the Body doth consyst,
euen earth, of slyme, and sand.

But harde it is so plaine to knowe
the nature of the minde,
Wherfore presuming on my Muse
with all the force I finde
Bestowing all my wits thereon
I will attempt to knowe
The perfect nature of the same,
and plaine in verses shewe.
That done forsaking *Libra* soone
Scorpius, thy crooked sygne
I entre wyll, and dessenie
thy fatall force define
If destiny doe not depriue
our Port of hys wyll.
And for bycause in doubtfull things
to bring the greater styll
The methode and the order best
is plainely to begin,
With such as are assured most
so wyll I doe herein,
For if the fyrst beginnings here
shall seeme obscure in syght,
The sequele shall vncertaine seeme
and in the worser plight
If slender the foundation be
in small tyme and space,

We

We shall beholde the buildings fayle
that we thereon doe place.
The effects moze plaine and manifest
than causes seeme to be
At them therfoze we wyll begin
and all things open see.
With mouing nowe (foz euery thing
that lyfe remayneth in
Doth moue alone, first sygne of lyfe)
therfoze we will begin.
Foz of it selfe the bodyes restes
and members rottes away
The cause (perhaps) that moues is heate
oz bloud that beares the sway.
But things aliue are often styll
when as they hst to rest
Though heate & bloud in them abound,
therfoze appereth best
That wyll is cause of mouing here
yet sometimes they desyze
To moue and cannot stirre therefoze
doth mouing both require
The one commaunds, the other wozks,
foz wyll can nothing doe
If power doe lack. But how commes it
that men moue to and froe?

Bicause (minde teaching) wil seeth good
and moning straight doth turne
To that it sees, as Fyre is drawn
by that which makes it burne.
Lyke as the yron from his place
the Lodestone vpwarde drawes,
And as the *Aumber* lysteth vp
the lyttle slender strawes:
The worlde in such a wondrous sorte
the Almighty Lorde did frame,
That many things doe well agree
as ioyned in the same,
And many things doe disagree
and kepe continuall fight,
Wherby some men haue surely thought
that strife, and frendeship might
Be iustly calde beginnings chiefe,
by which are all things wrought,
Thus good first moued by which ỹ mind
to motion quickly brought,
Doth moue the partes & pricketh forth
the body here and there:
But yet we think suffiseth not
one good to all things here
Nor one desyre to all alyke:
so thys some that esteemes

And

And euery one retaines hys ioy
as best to nature seemes.
The Childe we see desyres the thyngs
that aged men forsake,
For as the bodyes seeme to be
so minde and wyll doe take:
Wherfore we sometime couet thys,
and sometime long for that,
And that which late we did esteme
we now doe seeme to hate.
Bicause our chaunging body is
disposed diuerslye,
And drawes the nature of the minde
the way that it doth wrye,
Hereof comes thyrst, and hunger sharp,
and lust to Ladyes lappes.
The body many things doe change
as age, or tyme, or happes,
As also meate, and drinke, sometymes
and ayre doth chaunge it quite,
And Starres doth alteration make
as learned men doe write.
Wherfore nothing in syght alone
but state of body here
Doth cause vs diuers thyngs to wyll
and moues, it doth appere.

But some by reason rather ledde,
doe walke as she doth shew,
And onely are by vertue drawne:
but such are very fewe.
For fleshly fonde affections here
the minds doe ouerrunne,
None otherwyse than mistes doe darke
the cleare and shining Sunne.
Lo this the cause why body moues.
the mouing force of minde,
Whom moued wil doth stil commaund
obayes as is assinde.
And in the partes that quyet are
if nothing them doe let
Is poured out and causeth them
now here now there to iet.
But why should labour weary them
whereof should this arise?
As faynting feete in trauaile, and
the akyng arme oft tryes.
The cause hereof, is bloud resolued
by force of feruent heate,
(For to much mouing it inflames)
decayes in fuming sweate.
None otherwyse than Feuers fierce
the creature pale consumes.

When

When bloud or other humor hote
thorowout all the members fumes
Doth lyfe suppozt and body feedes,
which whylest it quickning makes,
The mouing force possessing all
the body quiuering shakes
The heate and heated bloud besyde
doth brede a liuely spzight:
As waters warmde w̄ beames of Sūne
doe yelde a vapour light.
Thys spirite enclosed within the bowels
Thorowe all the vaines doth ronne,
And nere to hir doth serue the lyfe
in what she will haue donne.
But those in heauy sleepes that lye
how should they mouing make?
As some doe in theyr sleepes aryse
and weapon vp doe take,
Some in the stable takes hys horse,
some wzytes as many say,
And some hath earst bene seene a sleape
vpon the Lute to play.
It must be knowne that of the thing
the Image doth remaine
In vs, of all that we doe see,
or senses can retaine.

This

Thys makes vs think we see the face
that late we gased on,
And that we seeme to heare the wordes
were vtred long agone.
These formes within the secrete celles
inclosed in the brayne,
A vapour moues, which to ascende
the stomack doth constraine
And minde deluded so doth moue,
the body styres thereby,
If the resemblance be of force
that in the head doth lye.
But tayle of Lyzart, or of Snake
that cut in two doth sprawle,
Doth will it moue? Or force of minde:
that Greekes doe fansye call,
As they whom rage of madnesse moues,
or to much drinke arayes,
Or dreadfull dreames do cause to shake:
or happens other wayes.
Perchaunce amongst the knotty partes
of thys deuided tayle,
The liuely spirite enclosde doth searche
all meanes for to preuayle,
In breaking out and wynding partes
doth myze as best it may,

And

And striuing long through passage smal
doth get at length away.
Or that same part of minde that feeles
deuided doth remaine
In tayle cut of, and causeth it
to turne and turne againe.
Yet I suppose that euery thing
wherin no iudgement lyes
Can feele no griefe, nor nothing else
that we can here deuise.
For chiefest force by which we feele
from knowledge euer flowes.
who knowes & iudgeth most feeles most
and most reioysing knowes.
But fooles and doltes care lesse for all,
lesse harmde, lesse fearing styll,
They feele not colde, nor heate so much
scarce know they good from ill.
Not for bicause it smartes, therfore
the tayle deuided shakes,
For nought it feeles, bicause the strẽgth
from which it knowledge takes
Is not in it, but in the head
in better place did lye.
Wherfore the former cause I iudge
the trouth to go more nye.

Lo,

Lo, thus therfore is mouing made
by which all creatures go.
Yet in the reasons past before
we put thys one thing to,
That sundry times the present good
when it might be atchieued
Doth nothing mone, nor is desyred
bicause tis not perceiued
Thus knowlege semes of mouing cause
or chiefest as we see:
For who desyres, or sekes the thing
he knowes not what to bee?
For will hir selfe of proper force,
is altogither blinde,
And cannot any thing desyre
without the light of minde:
By whom if she be not enformde
she takes the vntowarde way,
And with the shewe of good beguilde
hir vertue doth decay.
Of mouing this shall here suffise,
nowe let vs seeke to knowe
How liuing things doe ware so great,
what causeth them to growe,
And why at certayne tyme they ceale.
a fiery spirite doth raine

Thou

Thou giuest lyfe to euery thing,
that carcasse doth contayne.
This heate doth liuely moisture feede,
as flame of Candell bright
(When soone withdraw himself frō vs)
the Oyle preserues in light.
Thys in the stomack boyles the meate
wherof the finest spread
Abrode, the synowes, bones, and flesshe,
wyth pyth, and bloud are bread.
And all the body doth encrease
as plantes wyth showers of rayne,
And warmth of Sūne them comforting
doth ryse and spring amaine.
If that this fyre be much of force
and moysture equall here
As much as heate shall seeme to nede
the encrease shall great appere.
At length it makes an ende and stayes
when spent is all the heate,
Which fading body fades, as shee wos
in them whose yeares are great,
For wasted they lyke pyned Ghostes
their aged lymmes doe crooke
And stouping low wyth hollowed eye
vpon the earth doe looke.

For fyre is gone, and liuely heate,
and moysture doth decay,
Without the which no lyfe remaines:
as Lampes no longer may
Giue out their light than oyle doth serue
but leaues, and darkenesse brings.
Then let vs now the mouing shewe
of minde and whence it springs,
A thing both darke, and harde to fynde,
but yet we will assay
With all our force to touch the trouth
as nere as well we may.
And fyrst of rage, that boldneth men,
and daungers doth despyse,
Encreaseth strength and giueth force,
as much as shall suffise,
Which mouing all as desperate
vpon our foes we flye,
And bloudy battaile to beginne
with swoorde in hast we hye.
The cause therof is bloud enflamde,
and heart that sendes out fyre,
And bitter galle abroode dispersde
for Galle is house to yre,
And choller matter ministers
to rage and fury blinde,

Hence

Hence comes that creatures lacking gal
are not of wrathfull minde,
Embracing peace, refuse to fight,
but they whose bloud doth burne,
And greater rage of heate retaine,
to anger soneſt turne.
So youth, and so ſuch dronken mates
whose heads hath drink diſeaſed,
Upon a ſmalleſt cauſe doe ſnuffe,
the minde therfore diſpleaſed
Doth bloud and choller myngle ſtraight
then hande for weapon calles,
And ſkirmiſhe comes, thus cuts are car-
and wounde wyde open falles. (ued,
For fyrſt the minde offended is,
and vered by iniury,
Which troubled, moues ỹ body ſtraight
by theſe it ſemes they lye
That ſay the minde can neuer ſtyre,
for if it neuer moue,
The body ſtyll to ſtande and ſtaye
it alwayes doth behoue:
For diuers mouings doe declare
a diuers mouer playne
The Sunne doth oftẽ change in courſe
and ſhaddowes change againe.

What

What is the cause that Organs giue
now one now other voice?
But hande ỹ shyftes from diuers kayes
doth cause a diuers noyse.
The minde affection inwarde fyrst
doth take and close concele,
And makes some part or other serue
when she wyll it reuele:
Disclosing straight to it whatsoeuer
within in secrete lyes,
To thende that plaine it may appere
and open to the eyes.
None otherwyse than when the king
vnto his faithfull frende
Declares the secretes of hys minde
and after doth it sende
To be proclaimed in euery place
that it may plaine appere.
Hence springeth loue for whē the minde
doth fansye pleasant gere.
She makes the heart a minister
and so doth loue declare,
In heart, loue, wrath, feare, lust, & hope,
wyth ioye, and also care
As in a tower with minde doe dwell
and these as there begonne

By

By meanes of other partes through al
the body forth do runne.
But of this same in other place,
more playnly shal we write,
If God therein do fauour vs,
and Muses graunt vs spite.
Suffiseth now affections fyrst
of al things else to be
Wythin the minde, the causes sprong,
of things wythout we see,
And after they by member, bloud,
or other humours might,
Are spread abrode in euery parte,
and so thrust out to light.
For seing minde and body are ioynde,
the mouing nedes must be
Common to both, the harmes al one,
and chaunge in like degree:
Whatsoeuer thing the one perceyues,
the other feeleth it,
They both in nature doe agree,
so strongly are they knitte.
But now bycause we seeme to touch,
the typ of *Scorpions* toe,
Let vs, my Muse, of senses speake,
here briefly as we goe:

Fyue senses nature gaue to such
as perfect creatures be,
But vnto some he delt not all,
which may be worthely
Unperfect namde, as Moles, & wormes
and Scallops of the baye,
And Wilks, & Irchin eke whom prickes
incompast rounde araye.
Among these senses al, the syght
is thought the best to bee,
Bicause it is the chiefest meanes
wherwith the minde doth see,
Declaring plaine the wondrous workes
that nature here doth frame (beasts,
such floures, such fruits, such herbs, such
such plantes, such stones of name,
Such sundry sortes of mettalles fayre,
and shewing also plaine,
What Fyshes *Proteus* feedes in seas,
what Monsters there remaine,
And more than thys the stately roomes
wherein the Gods doe lye
The glistering globes of starres aboue
and *Phœbus* shining hye:
Besydes the things that men doe heare
that tongue can not displaye,

Thys

Thys sense therfore doth all excell
and sayzest farre away:
In which the seate and chiefest place
wherin the minde doth dwell
Is thought to be, for when we meete
or talke in presence tell,
Upon the others eyes we gase
as man, and minde, and all
Did there consyst, who so the eyes
the glasse of minde doth call
Shall say the truth, for pleasaunt loue
in them doth fyrst gyue lyght:
There hate and fiercenesse doth appere
with mylde and gentle spryte:
There sadnesse, ioy and mischief shewes
with zeale and wysedome great,
And follye, pryde, and feare and rage,
with fault and wrathfull heat.
But wherof doth the syght proceede?
the mindes let other see
Of learned men, I briefely shewe
as I think best to be.
One lyfe there must be knowne to be
of substance eke so fine,
As syght can neuer comprehende
of force and power diuine.

Which nature deales & God doth giue:
thys feedes and makes to growe,
Doth breed, doth mone, doth heare, & taſt
doth ſmell, ſee, feele, and knowe:
Which is the chiefe and greateſt power
moſt nere to ſaints on hye.
Theſe powres she through ẏ body ſpreds
in certaine partes to lye,
And by the eyes doth lyght let in,
and ſundry coulers ſee,
And iudgeth playne of euery ſhape,
and all things elſe that be:
Receaueth alſo by the noſe
the ſmelles of ſundry ſort,
And by the eares doth vnderſtande
ſounde noyſe and great report.
By tongue deſcernes eche kinde of taſt,
by feling knowledge brings
Of hote from colde, of harde from ſoft,
of rough from ſmotheſt things.
Companions fyue theſe are to lyfe,
and faithfull ſeruants ſure,
That ſhewes hir all, without the which
ſhe nothing coulde procure.
The eyes therfore as glaſſye made
and as the Chriſtall clere,

Lyke

Lyke as a glaſſe receyue the ſhapes
that we doe looke on here,
By power wherof are things deſernde
if that the eye be ſounde.
Theſe ſorts of things vnto the minde
(for as in hyghest grounde
Hir ſtately ſeate in head ſhe holdes)
the eye doth plainely ſhowe,
Whoſe ymage truely ſhadowed there
ſhe wyſe doth ſtraightwayes knowe,
So wondrously ſhe doth perceiue
a ſundry ſort of ſoundes,
When in the helthy vnharmed eares
the ayre therof reboundes.
For ayre of ſlendreſt ſubſtance is
and moueth by and by,
Which beaten with the noiſe doth ſhũne
and from the ſtroke doth flye,
And peareyng breakes into the eares,
though cloſe be kept the glaſſe,
And cloſe the doore, ſo fine it is
that inwarde it will paſſe.
For euen the fyſhe when fyſhers harde
with poales the ſtoudes doe plaſhe,
For feare of noyſe flye faſt from thence
and thick in nettes doe maſhe.

For ayre to depth of seas doth pearce
vp mountes the waues thereby,
And tempests roares w̄ dreadfull noyse,
the shipman out doth crye,
And vowes to offer sacred giftes:
As oft therfore as wee
Doe finde two things togither knockte,
as oft as ayre we see
Moued vehemently, but chiefly then,
when through these hollowed things
By narrowe straightes it passeth out,
thence diuers voices springs:
As diuers are the sortes of them,
as place doth fashion take:
In which the ayre doth sundry soundes
and sundry voices make.
So soundes the Trumpet otherwyse
by farre than shalme doth blowe,
And well we may the Tymbrels tune
from sounde of sawtrey knowe.
For as by stroke of stone in streame
doe many cyrcles ryse
So moued, the ayre, w̄ whirling wheele
doth spread in largest guise.
And therfore into many eares
one voice doth easely passe

As

As where a number be, one syght
is seene in euery glasse.
But how the nose receiueth smell
let vs say something here.
A slender fume from euery thing
arisyng doth appere,
Which broade in ayre doth spred it selfe
as Frankencense we see,
Or Myrrhe, if that vpon the coales
the powder poured bee.
By meanes of tongue is taste perceiude
and roufe of mouthe beside,
For by these twaine the taste & smatche,
of euery thing is tryde,
Which pearcing straight doth touch the sense
therof is taste begonne.
But feeling, bloud and spirite procures
which through the bodye runne.
Thys sense doe creatures all possesse
and taste they all receiue:
But man doth better them enioye
and them more right perceiue.
Hereof to man more wysedome doth
than to the rest aryse:
Some thys denye and saye the things
foresayde are otherwyse,

Alowing not that formes receyued
in eyes, cause syght to be,
Or that the ayre we neede, as meane
to heare, or for to see.
For the almighty King doth giue
so many powers to minde
As in the world he framed things,
that varie in their kinde.
That she might al things comprehend,
she knowes wel what to be,
Hir proper kinde, and more perceyues.
Minde al things plaine doth see,
And al things ponders prudently
that senses to hir brings,
And wyth celestial erial wayes
the true and vertuous things.
To Lyke therefore is minde the Sunne,
the senses Starres doe seeme:
So some affirme, but we make haste
and leaue these things to deeme,
To other men, for nye we come
to ende of *Libra* here,
Bycause the feete of *Scorpion* signe
do playnly now appere.
My sayings yet do plainly teach,
the soule Celestiall

To be, which voyd of body liues,
and giueth lyke to all,
Discerning also euery thing
as farre as God giues leaue,
For al things here, of him their force
determinde do receyue.
To him eternal power belongs,
al things doth he create,
And makes al things that here ar made
through his almighty ffate.
For if the soule perceaues and knowes,
and vnderstandeth al,
We may not thinke it substance such,
as we may body cal.
Syth bodies moue, not earth nor ayre,
not cloud nor fyry flame,
For any thing that these haue made,
hath power as hath this same.
We neede not doubt but soule proceedes,
and doth from Ioue discend,
And neuer dyes whome he permits,
the world to comprehend.
What if so be the *Atomyes*
that sundry wise men fayne,
The soule is rather thought to be,
than body to maintayne,

All

All Bodies be of quantity,
and may deuided be,
But soule is vndiuidable
and of no grosse degree,
And as a Center doth she seeme,
where many lynes do mete,
Which senses do conuey to hir,
as floudes to seas do flete.
Wherefore I maruel much at such,
as thinke a like decay,
And iudge the soule no more to be
when body fades away.
For if so be it might be proued,
yet should it not be sayd,
For published to the common sort,
nor euery where displayed.
For many wicked men and yll
there are, which if they thought
Their soules as nothing shall remayne,
when corse to graue is brought,
For that it feeles, or suffers ought,
when it goeth hence away,
And that no punishment remaynes
for prancks that here they play,
A thousand mischiefs would they doe,
take feare from them among,

And

And fall to euery villany
confounding right wyth wrong.
Beſydes a number now that thinke
in bleſſed ſtate to be,
When death hath them deſtroied, & hope
the face of God to ſee,
And euermoze wyth him to ioy,
and therfoze vertuouſly
Do ſeke to paſſe their preſent lyfe,
wyth Godly modeſty:
If they ſhall ſee that after death,
do no rewardes remaine,
Amaſed al, their vertuous woꝛkes,
ſhall ceaſſe and periſhe playne.
So many ſtately temples trimmed,
ſo many altares hie,
Wyth golde and marble garniſhed
and decked ſumptuouſly,
Beſyde Religion, Godly zeale,
honour, and woꝛſhipping
Of God, ſhal come to nought, if al-
ter death remayne nothing
That men hope foꝛ, if that the ſoule
as winde doth paſſe away.
Of wilde, and frantick common ſoꝛte
Religion muſt be ſtay,

And

And feare of smart. For mischieuous,
and full of fraude theyr brayne
Is alwayes seene, nor of themselues
they well doe meane or plaine.
The common people vertue loath,
and euermore doe hate.
Religion is the comelinesse,
and glory of our state,
Which makes the Gods to fauour vs,
which we winne Heauen by.
No wyse nor good man therfore dare
attempt here openly,
To teache ỳ soule shall come to naught,
and so corrupt the mindes
Of rude vnskilfull common sort,
that wauer lyke the wyndes.
Now must we proue by reason good
that soule doth neuer dye,
And free from sting or darte of death
doth liue eternally:
As he that preacheth Christ declares,
and Grecian eater Iewe,
That for synnes vtterly despyted:
which God that all things knewe
Would not haue made if he had thought
it had bene nedelesse here:

And

And nations all with one consent
account it to be clere.
And first the thing resembling most
the mightyest Lorde of al,
Of longer lasting tyme we graunt
and perfecter must call.
For that which doth not long endure
but shortly doth decay,
That it should be vnperfecter
who is that will say nay?
And therefore doe celestiall things
a greater whyle endure,
Bicause they are more perfecter,
and more diuine and pure:
But things that nerer are to earth
and farthest of from skyes,
Vnperfect since they are, do fade
and soonest euer dyes:
Shall then our soule synce it in lyfe
and knowledge doth appere,
Most lyke vnto the state diuine,
be closed and shut vp here
With body for to ende? nor shall
it here haue longer place
Than fading flesh? or shall it liue
more great nor larger space?

Besydes

Beſydes the ſoule can not decay,
thys reaſon wytneſſe ſhal,
Bycauſe it is of ſyngle ſtate,
and voyd of matter al.
Adde this, that when the body fades,
the force of minde doth growe,
As weake and aged fathers olde,
do more of councell knowe
Than youthful blouds of yonger yeres,
and often lacks he wit
That doth excel in ſtrength and force:
For rare doth God permit
To any one both ſtrength and wyt.
Wherefore if force brought low,
By ſpace, and courſe of many yeares,
the minde doth ſtronger grow,
Of Body doth it not depend,
but of it ſelfe conſiſt
Another thing, and after graue
doth lyue and death reſiſt.
Doth not beſyde when fote doth ake
the minde iudge thereof playne?
It is no doubt. But how can griefe
to towre of minde attayne,
Doth it aſcend from loweſt partes
as ſmoke doth vpward flye?

No:

No: for many partes not foote alone,
(if so) should ake thereby,
Nor of the foote, but of the parte
that nereſt is to minde
The ache shuld gricue: this shewes that
is not of bodies kinde: (soule
And so is free from death since it
in diſtance needes no meane.
Adde this when wee would cal to minde
the thing forgotten cleane,
Or elſe deuiſe some worthy fetche,
from minde, the senſes al
It then behoues to gather vp,
whereby doth often fal
That many better for to muſe,
do shut and cloſe their eyes,
Or elſe forſaking company,
some ſecret place deuiſe.
Or when the night with darkſome cloud
the earth doth ouerſpred,
And creatures all wyth heauy ſleepes,
do take their reſt in bed,
They ſtyll do watch, and ſilent al,
vpon their beds do reſt,
And light put out, in darkneſſe whet
their minde wyth body oppreſt.

For

For senses do the minde disturbe,
affections it destroyes,
Amasing it wyth dulnesse great,
and blindnesse it anoyes:
None otherwyse than cloudes do hyde
the Sunne that clearly shynes.
If therfore, when it doth remayne
wythin his owne confines,
And flying farre from senses al,
and cares that body brings,
It wyser be, then shal it knowe
and vnderstand al things
In better sort, when it is free,
and from the flesh doth flye,
Wore perfect of it self it is,
and lyues continuallye.
Wesyde when man as meane consystes,
the Saints and beastes betwixt,
Some parte wyth eche be cõmon holdes
wyth beastes his body mixt,
And wyth the saintes his minde agrees:
one of these partes doth dye,
Of the other Death can haue no power,
but liues continuallye.
Death therfore takes not al away,
for why: his deadly dartes,

Doth

Doth neuer harme the soule a whit
when it from body partes.
And more than thys I haue to say,
if nothing doe remaine
Of vs, when carcasse lyes in tombe,
God shall be called plaine
Iniust, and one that fauour shewes
to such as naughtly lyue:
For such for terme of all their lyfe,
no sorrowes them doe grieue,
No riches lacke nor pleasures great,
but happily reioyce,
Exalted with promotions hye,
and wyth the Commons voice.
On the other syde the vertuous men
a thousande griefes molest,
Now sore diseased, now plagued w nede
in fine alwayes oppress.
Therfore the soule liues after graue,
and feeles deserued paynes,
And if it haue done iustly here
a Crowne of glory gaines.
By these and many other wayes
I coulde declare no doubt,
That soule of man doth neuer dye,
and body liues without.

But thys ynough: time biddes me ende
nor ignorant am I,
That soule of many (although vnapt)
is fermde a melodye.
And as of sundry voices moued
an harmony proceedes,
Of sundry compounded medcyne made
which force of healyng breedes:
So of the ioyned elaments
by certayne meane and way
Created, of the heauens eke
the soule to be some say:
A part wherof in body dwels
and part abrode doth lye:
As syght doth spring of outwarde lyght
and vertue of the eye.
For Heauen is the chiefest cause
from which all things doe spring,
wythout whose ayde ẏ earth coulde not,
nor seas breede any thing.
But thys opinion is not true,
for if it should be so,
The soule with flesh should neuer striue,
nor once against it go,
But euermore in one agree.
As euery powre doth showe,

That

That wonted are of myxed things
by spzite diuine to growe.
As in the kinde of hearbs apperes,
and in the pzecious stone.
Some think the soule doth not remaine
when flesshe is from it gone,
Bicause that heauy, sluggishe sleepe
the nerest thing that may
Resemble death, doth seeme to take
both sense and minde away:
Oz for bycause they see the minde
wyth sycknesse diuersly
So bext, and harmde, that it can not
the place it hath supply,
And with the body to encrease
wyth which it eke decayes.
As well apperes in childzen yong
and men of elder dayes:
Fonde is the childe, the man discrete,
the olde man doteth styll
Foz weake vnweldy wythered age
doth minde and body spyll.
And moze say they it that the soule
of substance be diuine,
And seured from these fleshly lyms
may leade a lyfe moze fine,

Then why should it in wretched flesh
so seeke it selfe to place?
By whose defect so many ils
and mischiefe it deface.
But fonde she is therfore if that
she doe this willingly,
And if perforce she be compelde
in carcasse caued to lye
who doth cõstraine? Doth God himself
then hir he naught esteemes:
May which in prison vile he puts
to hate he rather seemes.
Nore of it selfe (except it learne,)
synce it doth nothing knowe,
And oftentimes forgetfulnesse
the minde doth ouerthrowe.
Therefore they iudge it nothing is
when body here doth dye,
For learne it cannot, senses deade,
which it knowes all things by.
Some other say that soule there is
in all the worlde but one,
Which giueth lyfe to euery thing,
as Sunne but one alone
There is, that makes all eyes to see
eternall, think they this

Though

Though bodyes dye as eyes put out
the Sunne eternall is.
These trifles fonde it is not harde
wyth reason to disproue:
But here I longer am I feare
than it doth me behoue.
There shal not want that such demaūds
shall aunswere once at full,
And all the doubtes therin assoyle
and knots asunder pull.
O man of sharpe and pregnant wyt,
thy prayse shall liue with mine,
Our labours (doubt not) shall cōmende
the men of later time:
They famous worke attempt, & seedes
of Heauen on earth go sowe.
This one thing will I more put to,
that euery man may knowe
The soule immortall for to be,
and sprong of heauenly grace,
If senses and affections all
he will restraine a space.
If that dispising worldly ioyes,
and earthly thoughtes resynde
wyth dayly labour he attempt
to God to lyfte hys minde:

Then perfect wisedome shall he haue,
and things to come foretell
Awake, or else in heuye sleepes
perceiue the same as well.
In thys sort did the Prophetes olde
the things to come declare.
The sober minde therefore doth come
more nere to heauenly fare,
The farther from the fleshe it flyes,
and from the earthly care.
But lyke to beastes the greatest sort
doe liue as sense doth wyll,
And thinke none other good to be
but fleshe to haue hys fill.
Hereof it comes that many think
the soule with body dyes,
Because they see not things diuine
with weake and fleshly eyes.
But of the soule thys shall suffise:
let vs returne againe
To him that made the world, whom we
conclude for to remaine
Of body voide: and thousandes more
that body liue without,
As thick as in the woodes the leaues
doe clusser trees about:

And

And if they bodyes haue at all
so purely are they finde,
That sense of ours cannot perceiue
but onely seene of mynde.
But thou my Muse be silent here,
and when hys wyll shall be
And pleasure eke, who moues my lips,
then shalt thou searche with me
The cause of things, that vnderneath
the cyrcle of the Moone
We see to passe, if they by chaunce,
or fatall force be done.
And whylst while as the Sunne ỹ backe
of Lyon flaming fryes,
And doubling oft hir creaking voyce
the Greshop chyrping cryes,
Encompast with the shadowing grasse
let vs finde out in shade
Of Lawrell, or sweete Myrtle tree,
where hushing noyse is made
Of streames, that flowes from *Parnas*
a quiet resting place, (springs
For rest doth well refreshe the minde,
and calles againe the grace.
And straight when as wyth quietnesse
our strength is come againe,

I wyll (if thou wilt fauour me
and me wyth grace mayntayne)
Attempt to touch the ſtately tunes:
and if the almighty King
with countenance ſweete do graunt me
my labour long pitying, (ayde,
And pouerty driue farre from me,
and bytter cares expel:
Al wholly wyl I liue wyth thee,
and alwayes wyth thee dwel.
This onely ſhal be my delight,
my ſelfe then ſhal I fyll
Wyth pleaſant *Aganippæs* ſtreames,
and ſyng on *Cirphæs* hyll.

Scorpius, the eyght Boke.

THe cauſe why mortal ſtate doth pas
ſuch croked cõtrary wayes,
Some ſort in honour, happily
do ſpend their ioyfull dayes:
And other ſome in myſerie,
oppreſſed continually,
Wyth dayly moyling bered ſore,
in fame obſcure do lye.

Fayre

Fayre Muse declare: for vnto thee
it lawful is to knowe,
The councels of the Goddes abone,
and secrets for to showe.
Some men by blinde disordred chaunce,
thinke all things done to be,
Nor world by reason to be ruled,
bycause they most things see
Wyth vndeserued goods adourned,
and most things plagued agayne
Iniustly vext wyth noysome ils,
and difference none to rayne:
The iust and vertuous men oppresse,
and Rakehelles hiely placed,
And vice than vertue more esteemed,
and Churches al defaced,
Wyth fyry flame of thunder cracks,
and most men for to gayne,
By synfull vsage of themselues,
and craft of subtyle brayne:
Such when they see to come to passe,
the greatest parte surmyse,
Eyther no Gods at al to be,
or else that they dispise,
The base affayres of mortal men,
And only heauens minde: therfore
they rash and blindely say,

Uncer-

Uncertayne chaunce in euery thing
doth beare the cheefest sway.
But Fortune some to thee do giue
the gouernance ouer al,
And thee Lady chiefe of eue-
ry thing on earth do cal,
And that thou holdst the scepters here
wyth browes that sowrely frowne,
And wyth thy fallie vnstable wheele
turnst al things vpsyde downe:
To thee the olde deceyued age
dyd buyld their altares hye,
And often tymes before thy face,
their sacrifice dyd lye.
Some are besides that do impute
eche thing to destenye,
And iudge that force of fatall lawes,
the world is ordred by,
And that wyth one continual course
(as pageants shewes to minde)
Al things do moue, and euery man
hath here his parte assinde,
That he must play, ryl al be done:
a question to be sought
Right profitable fayre and hard,
not to be left vntaught.

Now

Now fyrſt therefore let vs declare,
that nothing here can be
Wythout a cauſe, and that the cauſe
muſt of neceſſity,
Much differ from the effect, ſynce that
nothing it ſelf doth breede,
No thing can of it ſelfe be cauſe,
nor of it ſelfe proceede.
Then infinite ſhall cauſes growe:
not ſo: but yet there ought
Some fyrſt to be, from which the reſt
of cauſes muſt be brought,
Which from the hieſt muſt deſcend,
vnto the baſeſt ſtate.
Thys order then of cauſes we
cal Deſtenie or Fate:
Which God as once predeſtining
that all things ſhould be ſo,
Determinds hath by his decree
for euermore to go.
But as eche cauſe doth nereſt coms
vnto the cauſer fyrſt,
So all the reſt it doth excel,
and moues, and rules the worſt.
The fyrſt beginning is a cauſe
and no effect the ſame,

The

The lowest state is but effect,
no cause we can it name:
The meanes that are betwene these two
may names of both retayne.
For if of causes were no knot,
nor order styll to rayne,
If thone of thother shoulde not hang,
(as if from heauens hye
A Chayne to deepest part of Hell
should hang and lincked lye:
Which is to vyle to be rehearsed)
beginnings more than one
Shall seeme to be: and causes fyrst
must many spring thereon.
Then shal they stryue amōgst thēselues
and often fiercely fyght,
So many heads, for one alone
doth rule require of right:
So neyther world should here be one,
nor beautifull should seeme:
For order is the beauty chiefe,
that we in things esteeme.
But some perchaunce wyl say from one
beginning fyrst of all,
Togyther many causes seuered downward often fall.

As

As sundry sort of glistering beames
the Sunne doth from him sende,
With certaine difference seuered,
of which doth not depende
The one of the others force, but eache
from selfe same head doe fall:
So needes no strife, nor let, bycause
one way they walke not all.
Thys order is not very yll,
nor much mislyketh me,
This sentence may be fortune true:
but let vs thorowly see,
All blindenesse from our minde expelde,
for minde of man cannot
Attaine to lyght of trouth so sone,
nor in such easy sort,
But oftentimes doth vseto erre,
and hereof doth arise
Such sectes, & such contrary sawes,
he proues, and he denies:
As reason proper is to Gods,
opinion is to vs,
No certaintie hath mortall man
the trouth for to discusse.
Therfore if many causes be
that from the fyrst doe flowe:

If

If eche of them in perfectnesse
be like, I seke to know:
No order there shal then appeare,
for where no chiefe doth guide
No difference, nor diuersity seene,
no order can be spyde.
In euery thing thou mayst perceyue
a first, a mydst, and last,
No kind of thing is here that is
wythout an order cast.
But if they al do not alike
this perfectnesse anowe,
God hath some thing vnperfect made:
this can not I allowe.
Wherefore one perfect good effect
allowe the cauſer fyrſt,
The reſt haue more vnperfecter,
as they themſelues are worſt.
For commonly moſt store of fruite,
the naughtieſt tree doth bring
But worſt, as pil than good, and sowre
than ſweete doth ryſer spring.
For as eche cauſe is more of power
and of eſtate more hye,
So more of lyfe and reaſon hath
this pureſt ſubſtance nye.

The

The cause agayne of weaker force,
and of a baser kinde,
Lesse lyfe, and reason doth possesse,
and substance lesse doth fynde.
As well vpon the earth appears,
wher al things do endure
But lytle space, where reason is scarce,
where no estate is pure:
But all of many things consistes,
al things on earth that bene,
Compounded are, and myxt, so that
no substaunce can be sene:
Nor here she is esteemde a whit,
the honour doth remayne,
To such as hir do here enioy,
and such as hir retayne.
In darkesome caues she hidden lyes,
and hereby do we fynde,
That fortunes goods are more esteemde
than vertues of the minde.
For substance vertue may be calde,
but in this worlde exilde
This substaunce lines, hir countrey fayre
hir seate and mansion milde,
The heauens are, where as she hath
hir faythfull frendes of trust,

Good-

Goodnesse, & truth. By this meanes tho
the world is framed iust,
Of causes as before is sayde
preseruing euery thing
with during bond, this chaine (but God)
may none in peeces bring,
Nor force, nor space of tyme it breake.
Of causes such is spoune,
What is to come, what present is,
and what hath earst bene donne,
To al the which theyr force, and strēgth,
thalmighty king aboue
with certain boundes, & tyme appointes
by certayne meanes to moue.
And needefull is it to be knowen
how, many causes runne
To gather oft when any thing
by force of them is donne.
Nor rashely is thys meeting made,
and causes mixed so,
But by appointed destenyes,
all things doe passe, and go.
Thalmighty workeman of the worlde
hath all things vndercast
Assured lawes, and measure delt
to all the things he past.

Ther-

Therefore it is not true that some
affyrme, and dare defende,
That nothing certayne can be founde,
that chance doth all things sende:
And God regards not mortall state.
But they themselues deceaue,
And are beguiled much, to whom
thys sentence here doth cleaue.
For truely chance is nothing else
but vaine opinion blinde,
Not differing much frō shapes, & syghts
that in our sleepes we fynde.
Whatsoeuer *Aristotel* sayth,
or any of them all,
I passe not for, synce from the truth
they many times doe fall.
Oft prudent, graue, and famous men,
in errors chance to slyde,
And many wittes wyth them deceiue
when they themselues go wyde:
Examples only serue, so much
must errors followed bee.
Let no man iudge me arrogant,
for reason ruleth mee,
She faythfull guide of wysemen is:
let him that seekes to synde

The trouth, loue hir, and followe hir
with all hys might, and minde.
And that there is no chaunce at all
thys reason strong and stayde,
Makes me beleue: for if that all
(as earst before is sayde)
By causes fixed in certaine guise,
and certayne time doe moue
As God commaundes, for perfectnesse,
and for the worldes behoue,
Least hurtfull error should destroy
so fayre a worke as it,
what kind of place shall chaũce possesse,
or seate finde out to syt:
In doubtfulnesse, and altering state
surmounting farre away
Both *Protheus*, and *Vertumnus* to,
in changing theyr aray,
As voide, so nature chance denies.
Uncertaine nought doth lye
Within thys worlde, but certaine all:
as nature, God, and skye,
And elaments, and what of them
so euer framde we see,
Or hath in tyme before bene wrought,
or eternoze shall be.

But

But if that ought vncertaine were,
then should the minde diuine,
Not all things here knowe certainely,
but from the trouth decline:
Which were to great absurditie,
for he doth all things spye
That eche thing makes, nor ought from him
can hyd in secret lye.
Though some doe say that if so be
that heauenly minde shoulde knowe
The base estate of mortall kinde,
it should lesse worthy growe.
But they are much deceiued, for none
is ill bycause that hee
Doth ill things know, nor vile ỹ knowes
the things that vilest bee.
Nor any man is changed white
that white can well define,
Nor worser is the Sunne as oft
as it on knaues doth shine,
Nor if with beames it hap to blase
in place be durtyed much
It foule doth seeme, nor light defylde
that filthy things doth touche.
So if the minde perceiue the thing
that vylest may be thought,

It is not worse, to knowe ill, than good,
but ill to doe is naught.
Thus God of nothing ignorant,
all things that are doth knowe,
What hath bene done in alder tymes,
and what shall after growe.
Which if they be not surely first
confesse we must them needes
Not to be knowne, for knowledge skyll
of things allurde proceedes.
The Prophetes also when they speake
of things that happen shall,
The certaine dayes do playnly appoint,
and proper names of all:
Which would not be, but that al thyngs
are fyxed certaine so
That are to come, or present be,
or passed long ago.
Yet many things doe seeme by chaunce
amongst vs for to lyght:
As when a tyle by tempest borne
from house a man doth smyte:
Or when a man in delving deepe
doth stote of treasure finde:
Such things by chaũce to hap, doth synk
in common peoples minde.

But

But thys my minde doth not alowe:
for though vnlooked for
Such things doe hap, shall we therein
admit a chaunce therfore?
Our knowledge, nor our ignorance,
to alter things hath might:
For fyre hath not his flaming heate,
nor Snow therfore is whyte,
Nor Sūne doth yeld hys glistering bea-
bicause we knowe the thing: (mes
For of the matters that consyst
our knowledge here doth spring.
Therfore we knowe it thus to be
bicause the thing is so,
And minde may often seeme to errs
the thing can not so do.
Now of the thing I speake and aske
if chaunce therein doe lye,
For whether we doe knowe thereof
or no, regarde not I.
The chaunce therefore in vs doth lye,
not in the things that be,
Such things we thinke to fall by chaces
wherof no cause we see,
As knowne alone vnto the Gods:
all things are certaine tho.

For with one sort of mouing rounde
the heauens alwayes go,
Lyke seede, like fruite, and elāments
in auncient order rayne,
And keepe their kinde, & wonted course
the yeare doth still retaine.
For after spring, the somer hoat
himselfe hath strayghtwayes placde,
And after him with Apples thyck
and Grapes doth harueste hast,
Next after that his nipping frostes
the wynter bringeth in,
And wyth his Isye northern blastes
all things to droupe begin.
No herbe doth euer change hys force,
all creatures doe retaine
Their olde accustomed shape, and in
theyr wonted guise remaine.
Ne must we thinke that monsters here
of chaunce or errors growe,
When cause of them assertaynde is
ill tydings to foreshowe:
And therof fyrst did take theyr name
wherfore their wonders hyght,
Which nature willingly doth make,
who often doth delight

To brede some tond vikauoured thinga.
As paynter oft doth toy
(Though he haue cunning great beside)
to paint some testing toy:
As pycture crooked, or saddelbacked,
wyth nose of largest syse,
And blabber lypt, a worthy syght
and fit for clownishe eyes.
Synce all things thus in order good,
and measure lyke doe fall,
Unstable chaunce within the world
shall beare no swynge at all:
whom chiefest prouidence of God,
and wysedome great doth drawe,
That he may easely vnderstande
with what a wondrous lawe
The worlde with euerlasting course
is framed here and gracde:
How euery creature hath his lymmes,
and members aptly placde,
well seruing to their vses all
agreing fayre the same,
How God or nature neuer thyng
in vaine did make or frame.
who ponders this shal think not chance,
but reason beares the sway,

And al things done as God commaũds,
wyll deeme, and playnely say.
But whether fortune guideth all
as many doe perſuade,
A thing both meete, and worthy is
in knowledge to be had.
Let vs bende all our wyts to thys,
but fyrſt we muſt well knowe
What kinde of thing thys fortune is,
and whence hir grace doth growe.
In auncient tyme they worſhipt hir,
and Goddeſſe hir did call,
And thought ſhe bare no little ſway
in Heauen and earth, and all:
And alters vnto hir they built,
and offred ſacrifyce:
But I thinke hir not God to be,
nor any ſainct in ſkyes,
Is eyther male, or female ſure,
in kinde they not delight,
No byrth they haue, nor dying day
as ſome of olde doe wryte,
Who thinke the Gods lyke vs to be.
O fonde, and fooliſhe mindes,
O heads for to be healed with iuice
of greateſt purging kindes.

Judge

Judge you the Gods, of our estate,
that wyth theyr Ladies sayze
Embzacing many times they lye,
theyr kinde foz to repayze?
Let rather vs therfoze account
a certaine God to be,
Whose nature differs farre from Gods
a Ghost of lowe degre,
And therfoze guides the kingdomes vile
of earth and waters rounde,
Wheras so many haynous factes,
such grieles and plagues are founde,
Where as no kinde of thing is safe,
where no estate is free,
where crafles and wyles doe swarme so thick,
where such deceiuings be.
The Pzince of all the wozlde, thys God
is named of Thzist, and Paule:
Whom *Pluto*, and syz *Dites* black,
the Poets vse to call:
who fauours fooles, and wicked men,
and vertuous men molest.
This house, thys seate, this courte doth seme,
foz such a tyzant best,
whom commonly we foztune call:
foz eche ill thing doth raine

Beneath the Mone: as darkſome nyght
and ſtormes, and tempeſt mayne,
Wyth colde and heate, and teaſty age,
dame neede of beggars hall,
And labour, griefe, and wretchednelle,
and death that endeth all.
Aboue the Mone continual light,
wyth peace and ioy remayne,
No tyme, nor error, death nor age,
nor any thing is vayne.
O bleſt, and double bleſt agayne,
that in ſo pleaſaunt place,
So fayre, ſo beautifull, to liue
of God obtayneth grace.
Some thinke the world to be fulfylde
wyth other Gods beſyde,
Whereof the moſt do leade their lyfe
in ayry places wyde,
whom Greekes cal ſpyrytes, & more to the
the chiefeſt rule they giue
Of creatures al, that on the earth,
or on the ſea do liue.
Affirming that both good and euyl
as moſt their mindes doth pleaſe
They ſend, as honours, ioyes, & wealth,
and contraries to theſe.

where-

wherefore it very needeful is
to please them often tymes,
which may be done by serving them,
by charmes, or by diuines
As many thinke, and likewyse say
that they will straight appere
To vs, (if they be ryghtly calde)
and helpe vs praying here:
And that no better thing can be
here in this life to man,
Than for to haue their company,
and see them now and than:
which I beleue but fewe obtayne
but iust men that despise
The fond and fading wanton toies,
and foode of fleshly eyes:
That quietly do liue, and cares
do banish farre away,
And heauenly things alone do minde,
and neuer seeke to stray
From that, which right and vertuous is.
Although that some do say,
Ill spirites amongst these good there be,
constrayned to obay
To naughty men, by Coniuring,
whereby much ill is done:

I can not stay, nor now is place.
the signe where as the sunne
Doth yelde his yearly compast course,
where scaled brethren shine
Shall tell the rest, where as I wyll
the state of Gods desine,
If God himselfe doe me permit
who doth my verses geue.
Let vs therefore passe ouer this.
I scarely can beleue,
That any God can euyl be.
Wysdome byds neuer synne:
But contrary, by folly doth
fault, stray, and crime come in.
No man is euil wyllingly
as farre as I beleaue:
For euery wyl doth couet good,
if iudgement not deceaue.
But Diuel wysdome hath, (if that
this name to him agree.)
But whether Fortune gouerne al,
or howsoeuer it be,
Or Diuels guide the state of men:
but yet wythout dessenie
Doth nothing passe, But al things ruld
by minde of God on hie,

Wyth-

Without whose power nothing is done:
but of this saying here
A doubt doth ryse, and knot so hard
and sure doth eke appere,
Such one as *Hercules*, or else
the Macedonian King
Would scarce vndoe, which doubt & stay
to many mindes doth bring.
If destenie commaundeth al,
if al things so must moue,
Not wyl to vs remaineth free,
nor to the Goddes aboue,
Free wyll is taken cleane away,
and vertue no rewarde,
Nor vice doth punnishment deserue,
which is not to be heard.
No place is now of Gods to speake,
but of such things as be
In one estate, is subiect here,
which eyes of men may see.
I say therefore that in the things
that vnder fortune be,
No kinde of thing can here be founde,
exempt from destenie:
As riches, pleasures, toyful myndes,
wyth rule and honours hye,

Come

Come from aboue: not wyl of ours
is that we get them by,
For who would not such things enioy?
but wyll auayles not thee,
It rather hurts if destenies
agaynst a man do go.
How many striue to ryse aloft
agaynst their destenie,
But faster more and more they fal
and downe they deeper lye.
On thother syde they vnto whome
the stars more gracious be,
Unlooked for doe often line
in chiefe prosperity:
Whole nightes while they themselues do
Rhamnusia ful doth fyll. (steepe,
With fish, and bringeth vnto them
al things that they can wyll.
Loe, some of great and noble house,
we see to come to light,
And to enioy from childehode fyll
all things wyth ioyful spright,
And to attayne to honour hye,
though they vnworthy be,
And blinded oft their eyes to rule
that scarcely wel can see.

And

And lyue in al licencioulneſſe.
And ſome of kinred baſe
For to be borne, wyth griefe and teares
themſelues for to deface,
wyth labour long and vayne, to toyle,
and yet cannot expel
The pricke of hunger that they feele
but ſtyl in beggrye dwel.
who wyl denye theſe ylles to come,
through cruell deſtnies might?
A number layre and actiue are
and of couragious ſpirits:
And many fowle, and ſyckly ſtyl,
of courage layne we ſee:
whereof cõmes thys? of our deſertes?
or our infirmity?
Or ſhal we ſay, our wyl doth al?
By Fates aſſuredly
Eche thing doth chaunce to mortal men,
the rule hath Deſtenie:
Of our affaires, and our eſtate,
the houre and kinde of death
It only guides: a halter him,
him ſword depriues of breath,
Ye drowndе in flodes, he kilde wt colde,
him ſtrangleth fyre, ſmoke,

Some

Some other hunger doth destroy,
and some doth surfets choke,
By griefe or sickenesse many dye,
some, chaunce away doth send,
And ryper age bereaues of life:
a certayne day of ende,
To al men is, and euery age,
nor longer can we go
Than threeds of life permits, that rünes
the fatefull spyndle fro.
So kylde aryth the prayser of
Achilles lusty lore:
So *Aeschilus*, while as he walkde
abrode on *Sicil* shore,
With mighty fall of house deceasde:
Anacreon so did kill
A reasons seede. Alas what wayes,
what meanes hath death to spyl:
When fardest of thou thinkest him,
then nerest standeth he:
Nothing than death more certayne can
nor more vncertayne be.
Yet some that know the force of starres,
and secrets of the skye,
Soothsaying Poets that can tel,
how things to come do lye:

I knowe not with what spyte inspired,
are often wont to tell,
The kinde, and day, of death to come:
for of the things aswell
To come is nature sure, as of
the present things and past,
Sure in the fyrst and seconde cause
that from the fyrst to th' last
With largest lynke extended are.
But goodes or illes of minde,
Doe they proceede from destyny
or from the fatall kinde?
Learning and wit seeme thence to flow,
may any learning get
Except he wysedome doe obtaine
and nature force permit
If fortune let or sycknesse staye:
An Oratour some one,
An other a Philosopher,
some allwayes looke vpon
The sacred secretes of the Gods,
and seeke the starry skye,
And some there are ỹ drink the streames
in wretched powertye
That from *Castalian* well doe flowe,
whom pleaseth pleasant fame

As nereſt kinne to hunger ſharpe
from whence comes all theſe ſame:
From deſteny the chiefe of all,
eche Arte from hence doth flowe,
Thence offices deriued all
that moztall men doe knowe.
In ſundry ſeruants nature loues,
that diuers things thence may
Procede, to deck the wozld, and letts
not all to paſſe one way,
But them commaũdeth ſeuerall courſe
and ſeuerall paines to take,
With ſundry ſozt of wozkes the wozld
moze beautyfull to make.
But whether our conditions here
are delt by deſteny,
Oz whether of our wyll they ſpzing
it ſemeth good to trye:
Noz labour ſmall it doth appere
the trouth herein to finde.
Of our free wyll what pozcion doth
remaine within our minde:
In wzetched caſe we lyue if bs
byzeft is libertye,
If that the chiefe and greateſt fozce
of fatall deſteny,

Con-

Conſtraine vs ill to be, and that
by force we in be brought
To wickednesse, and if to striue
therwith auaileth nought.
Wherfore it semeth labour worthy
our wittes to thys to bende,
And for to syft the trouth as much
as God shall knowledge sende.
Fyrst it behoueth vs to tell
what thys free wyll should be,
An ample power receiued of God,
and largest liberty
Deliuered man, that as he lyst,
the right, or wayes vniust
Ye folowe should: not (vertue left)
that therby sinne he must:
But contrary the vices shunde
to applye the vertuous wayes:
For euill deedes doe harme the soule
and good deserueth prayse.
Besydes it further must be sought
if thys free will doth raine
In all a lyke or if it doth
in euery time remaine?
No sure it semeth not to be
in Children, nor in such

As vehement anguiſhe of the minde
or body greueth much,
Or they whoſe eyes the heauy ſleepes
haue ſhut and cloſed ſure:
For ſlepe is counted plaine of death,
the liuely portrature.
Wherfore if thou ſhalt ſearch the truthe
with well aduiſed minde,
Thou ſhalt a ſmalleſt ſort among
ſo many thouſande finde,
That with free wil do guide themſelues
and libertie doe vſe.
The fault of age I ouerpaſſe,
and childrens yeares excuſe,
And vnto thoſe that ſleeping lye
I licence alſo giue,
Or them whom feuers rage doth roſt
or ſyckneſſe ſharpe doth grieue.
Of which a number great there be,
but greater farre away,
And worſer eke, whoſe fylthy minde
doth vices foule aray,
And fonde affections makes to faint,
wythdrawing it with ſtrife
From reaſon farre, and from the path
of ryght, and vertuous lyfe.

Way

May these be counted for to haue
free wyll and libertye:
A doubtfull thing it surely is,
and many it denye.
Wherfore thou well must vnderstande
that he alone is free
Whom reason rules, & that with payne
will neuer conquerd bee,
Nor when the stormy tempests rage,
to rocks is euer thrall.
But stoutly sticking to the sterne
doth with the hauen fall.
So truely earst haue certaine sayde
but wisemen none we finde,
Whom reason ruling can correct
the affections of the minde.
The other sort can not doe so:
why? hath not God them dele
Free wyll: whych euer may be founde
where reason may be felt,
For these are alwayes coupled styll.
So beastes of nature wylde
Syth reason they are thought to lack
are iudgde from wyll exylde.
But all men reason doe receiue,
and therfore haue free wyll:

For reason is the guide of minde
that choseth good from ill,
Descerning eke the naughty facts,
from such as honest be,
And called is the syght, and eye,
wherwith the minde doth se.
Such eye perhaps as *Poliphæm*
the Poets gaue to thee,
Wherwyth the lymmes of thy beloued
in seas thou oft didst see,
But naught (alas) and all to naught
(who, such, to shunne hath might)
Vlisses wyth a fiery post
hath it bereft of syght,
And face, the face that fyrst was fayre,
of beauty spoyled quite:
Or such an eye as *Lynceus* had,
that sawe in darkest night.
Thys eye therefore to euery man
Prometheus wysedome delt,
But fewe it vse, a very fewe
that grace of *Ioue* haue felt.
Hereof the spring of errours doth,
and wickednesse aryse.
For if the steps of reason, all
should treade in nerest wyse,

Then peace on earthe shoulde alwayes dwell,
and *Mars* hys bloudy hande
Such slaughters nor such cryes shoulde cause,
& townes & walles shuld stand,
And weapons framed fyrst in hell
by fiendyshe furyes wrought,
Should tille ỹ field, with good exchange
to share and coltre brought.
Then Bees, and Cattel swarming thick
and riches of the fielde,
Unto the happy husbandman
a great increase should yelde.
The golden world should then returne,
and eke one place containe
Both man, & God, who would vouchsafe
before our eyes to raine.
The cause why fewe doe reason vse,
and wayes forbydden knowe,
And voide of freewill liue like beastes
I wyll assay to showe.
A certaine part diuine, in vs
that minde and reason hyght,
There is, which nature in the head
hath placed a loft in syght,
And seruants vnto it appoints
the senses, that there be,

By meanes whereof the Skies & Earth
and al things it may see.
An other fading force there is
wythin the breast enclosde,
By meanes wherof we moue, and grow
wyth helpe of heate disposde:
(Thus hath it pleased God) this straynes
molests and grieues the minde,
And to this part a number great
of seruaunts, is assinde,
As fond delight, wrath, griefe, and feare,
wyth great desire to gayne,
Ambition hauty harmfull thing,
wyth fumes that ber the brayne.
Wyth these his lusty souldiours he
giues battayle to the minde.
These mates attempted Ioue to bere
of fiercest giants kinde,
As *Giges* strong, *Iapetus*, and
Typhœus monstrous spyte
Enceladus yll worker, and
Briareus dredful wight.
Wyth worldly thoughtes hie heapt they
the part diuine aboue, (bere,
Except that grace from heauen hye
like lightning them remoue:

As

As when the raynes are once let lose,
the Chariot headlong dryues,
And swiftly runnes, to stay the course
in vaine the Carter stryues.
The fyrst beginnings must be stopped,
whyle sparke but kindling lies,
When fyre hath rought the lofty partes
and flames approch the skies,
Especially when *Boreas* blastes
from Northerne Pole doth fall,
And rageth fierce, in vayne alas
for water then they call.
As when from top of hawty rocke,
some wayghty stone downe trowles,
What force can it of course restrayne:
al thyngs wyth it, it rowles,
Asunder crackes the mighty trees
that on the mountayne springs
Which at the fyrst might well be stayed
wyth force of smallest thyngs.
Euen so the affections of the minde
if that wyth all their sway
The minde oppress they do inuade,
them scarce, can reason stay,
And helme and al forsaken quite,
wyth streame dame Reason dryues,

In

In raging windes, and yeldes to foe
a captiue kept in gyues.
Therefore while vices yet be yong,
let them oppressed be,
And voyd the cause ere they ware strong
then minde and wyl is free:
Then conquerour thou shalt be crownd
wyth Palme of *Idumay*.
But if the assault be now begonne,
and siege the foe doth lay,
And shakes wyth battrey great & walles
except (beleue me well,)
Some God wyth better grace defend,
Reason doth byd farewell,
And cannot byde so sore a brunt.
May we not playnly see
What harmes the minde doth there sus-
where *Bacchus* blessings be, (tayne
What madnesse ofte doth spring when
to much in stomack raynes: (wine
Tell where freewyl kepes residence
when drinke doth ber the braynes:
The sober and the fasting man
of freewil is possest,
And doth what so euer Reason byds:
Agains the dronken gest,

The

The thing that he ne would, ne knowes
he alwayes doth the same,
Which deedes he sore doth repent,
and sorroweth eke wyth shame.
So wyth affections minde is dronke,
and in none otherwyse,
Than wine that topsey turnes the brayn
when it doth vpward ryse
It troubled is and darkd in mystes.
Thus he (and none besides)
Hath freedome, and his minde at wyl,
whome reason only guides:
Who all affections ouercommes,
and wholly doth restrayne,
Ye that from youth doth vertue vse,
may well to this attaine:
Such force hath vse, nothing more strōg.
The other sorte are wayde
In manner like to brutish beasts,
as true the Poet sayd,
Eche man his owne delight doth drawe,
Freewyll in many oppreſt
And hindred is, wherefore who list
Freewyl for to possesse,
Let hym resyst while yong they be,
thaffections of the minde,

And

And them to reason subiect make,
and byddie vse in kinde:
For flesh agaynst the spryte rebels,
and wyth continuall warres,
Doth it molest: The soule most pure,
doth couet styll the starres:
But lumpish flesh doth shunne the skies,
and earthly things desyres,
For earth it onely is, and in-
to earth at length eryses.
Thus two so farre contrary things
hath God compact in one.
Admit thou art wyse, and onely rulde
by reasons force alone,
And freewyll perfectly enioyest,
shall destnie then beare sway?
Yea more to Fates thou subiect arte,
and more shalt it obey,
For destny is the wyl of God
wherewyth the prudent wight
Agrees, and doth as it commaundes.
The fond and naughty spryte
On the other part abhorres his lawes,
and shunnes the Lordes decrees.
But thou wylt say: then is he free,
not rulde by destenies.

No:

No: but two worser lordes he serues,
and such as vilest be,
As wickednesse, and folishnesse
his syster in degree.
Though this the wyll of God doth cause
but that which doth permit,
And not the wil that doth commaunde,
for of two sortes is it.
whereby appeares that al thyngs are
subiect to destiny,
whether they be of good estate,
or of a vile degree:
For mischiefe destiny permits
and good by force doth send,
And God him self cõmaũds, frõ whome,
doth destiny descend.
wyth reasons like perswaded some
to this effect do say:
O mortal men liue ioyfully
while that you haue a day,
And doleful cares from heart erpel,
ne trouble once your thought
wyth things that present here you see,
or after shall be wrought:
By fyxed law shall all things fall,
and passe by order sure,

where-

Wherefore should griefe or foolish feare
to sadnesse you procure?
Euche man hath here his lot assinde
which written secretely,
Within his breast he alwayes beares,
yet nothing knowes thereby,
But proofe thereof doth come to light
vpon the fatall day:
When as experience doth reueale
that erst in secret lay.
What nedeth sobs or wayling teares?
for back can neuer runne
Celestial sawes, nor nothing chaunge
that God hath wrought or done.
For order best, and perfect course:
if it should altred be
It shuld be worse (which may not chãce)
or better in degree.
But nothing of more perfect state
than perfect can be found.
A doubt both great and maruellous
doth spring vpon this ground,
For if al things (as late I sayd)
are vnder Destenie,
why frowneth God on some, and lookes
on others graciously?

why is not fortune like to al?
why seeth some happier dayes
Than other do? and nature why
seemes she to some alwayes
A stepdame sharpe, and vnto some
agayne a mother dere?
This knot it semeth good that we
should breake asunder here.
By fault and by desert of vs,
a number thinke that this
Doth chaunce, and by decree of God
such as haue done amysse
For to be plagued, and vertuous men
good Fortune to receue.
But this by no meanes can be true,
nor I do it beleue,
For what haue brutish beasts deserued,
what fault in trees can be?
Yet fortune vnto euery beast
doth shew diuersity:
The theefe doth some conuey, some dye
vpon the Butchars knyfe,
Some woues, or sycknesse, frost or flud,
some age depriues of lyfe,
Some leade their life more pleasantly,
and some wyth greater payne.

And

And vnto euery kynde of tree
hys fortune doth remaine,
The eaſt wynde cracks a ſonder thys
and rootes doth vpwarde turne,
Some ſort are cut for diuers things,
and ſome in fiers burne,
And lyghtning ſpoyles an other ſort.
To euery fiſhe, and beaſt,
A certaine fortune is aſſynde
by deſtenies beheaſt:
Yet neyther tree, nor beaſt can ſynne.
And oftentymes beſyde
Wilfortunes great the good man, doth
and vertuous man abyde:
On the other part to naughty men
doth fortune fauour ſhowe,
And graunts them eke in worldly welth
and honors hye to flowe.
Thus deſtnye lookes not on deſertes:
therfore ſome other way,
Or cauſe, we muſt attempt to finde.
Perhaps ſome man wyll ſay
The wyll of God is cauſe of all
and ſeekes none otherwhere:
Thys doth not yet ſuffiſe, we muſt
go ſyft the truth more nere:

For

For God synce he is wyse, and best,
will not the thing permit
That reason lackes, but chiefest things
commaunds as seemes most fyt.
Wherfore we muſt say otherwyse:
eche cause of causes all.
As from the fyrst it farther is,
so more vnlyke doth fall.
Syth God therfore is alwayes pure,
and euer one shal be,
The last of causes that from him
is farthest in degre
Shall double be, and diuers seeme,
and worke shall alwayes frame
In sundry sortes, and altring state
and this is euen the same
That rules the earth, and euery thing
that earth doth here containe.
Therfore nothing on earth is seene
that certaine is or plaine.
Syth fortune hir vnstedfast wheele
doth turne in sundry sort:
And mortall men wyth diuers chaunce
to guide, hath chiefest sport.
But yet why smyles she so on some,
and frownes on other sort:

Why giues she some a lyfe wyth cares,
and some a princely poyt:
The cause of this is harde to knowe
as if we should require,
To know the cause of raging heate
we feele in flaming fyre:
Or wherfore wormwood bitter is,
why snowe doth shewe so white,
wherfore some herbs haue force to hurt,
and others healing might,
And why some trees beare sundry branch
why in such shape they growe,
Or why some beasts haue subtile sense,
and some are dull and slowe,
Wherfore ỹ strawes doth Amber draw,
why Loadstone lyfteth hye
The yron peece, why it can not
doe so the Diamonde nye.
Such things hath God in secrete shut,
and vnto mortall braine.
Appointed boundes, the which to passe
mans wyt doth striue in vaine.
As if the potter doe deuide
in sundry partes his clay,
And it departed thus abrode,
to sundry purpose lay,

Why

Why rather he of thys than that
a pot or dishe doth bake:
Or bason broade? Of thys a Crock,
of that a pytcher make?
Doth reason moue him thus to doe?
or reason none at all
But only wyll? as he thinks best
so frames he great and small.
Tys harde to know ỹ workmans mind:
Euen so, who seekes to knowe
Why fortune some exalteth hye,
and bringeth others lowe:
A thing to hye he reacheth at,
for God hath giuen powre
Of earth to hir, and of the world
hath made hir gouernour,
That what she lyst shee may perfourme
the force of destenye
Excepted still, for euery thing
is gouerned therby.
why should not she doe what she lyst?
what law should hir restraine?
Dught seruants lawes for to appoint
their Lordes for to constraine?
we all hir seruants truely are
whyle we enioy this lyght,

And muſt in euery thing obey
the pleaſure of the ſpꝛight,
Yet of our ſoules ſhe hath no powꝛe
whoſe roote in heauen ſtandes,
Thys onely God exempted hath
from out thys tyꝛants handes.
All other things in earth oꝛ ſeas,
as ſhe ſhall beſt deuiſe
God ſuffers frely to be done,
both good and ill likewyſe.
But ſome wyll ſay: God then is cauſe
of euery euill act,
And ſo vnluck may well be calde,
foꝛ he that doth the fact,
And he that ſuffers it to paſſe,
doe both one fault commit,
And both lyke punniſhement to haue
the law adiudgeth fit.
Wherefoꝛe if God ſuch illes on earth
doth ſuffer foꝛ to raine,
And when he well may them foꝛbydde,
yet doth not them reſtraine:
He ſhall be thought the cauſe of ill,
and miſchiefe to embꝛace:
Thys part I alſo aunſwere ſhall
if God doe graunt me grace.

First therfore with attentiue minde
it must be noted well,
That causes some be base, and small,
and some againe excell
In worthinesse before the rest:
as in a battayle mayne
Lieuetenants are, and Captaines stout,
the rest of common traine.
These causes chiefe aboue the rest
in wondrous sort assignes
Thalmighty Lord, that guides aboue
the Starres, the starry lygnes,
Who lyues in euerlasting lyght
aboue the Heauens hye,
That at hys beck doth cause to turne
the motions of the skye:
To euery cause assigning force,
and whereto they shall tende,
With certaine boundes encloseth them
the which may none transcende.
And synce he wysely all things made,
of force it followe must,
That euery thyng continuallye
keepe course and order iust.
For things that once are rightly framed
and fault doe none receaue,

Ought not in tract of any times
their wonted course to leaue.
The order thus of euery thing
can neuer altred be,
Bicause thalmighty Lorde hath made
all things in iuste degre.
If then the spryte that guides the earth
be naught, or worke amisse,
It is bicause the baseſt cause
and fartheſt of is this
From cause fyrſt, and lyght remoued
a large and ample space.
And therefore vnto darkneſſe blynde,
the nerer hath hys place,
And onely shadowe shewes of truth:
which God doth so permit
Bicause the state of all the world
and order asketh it.
For as the daye determinde is
by darkneſſe of the night,
And things contrary ended are
by force of others might:
So sort and course of causes good
as reason doth require
In vyle and wicked cause muſt ende
and fynally expyre:

which

which wycked kingdomes gouerne shal,
and mischiefes vile shall guide,
Hence discorde euermore proceedes
wyth brawles, and minde to chide,
Strong battailes, frayes, & false disceyt
with fyres, and slaughters great,
Thefftes, wyles, with nede & robberies,
and plagues, with raging heate,
Great earthquakes, stormes, & tempests
of sycknesses such store, (great,
So great a sort of perilles vile,
and daungers euermore,
And finally what harmes to hap
in any place we knowe
From thys so wretched cause & Prince
of all the earth doth flowe.
Full truely earst (alas) did say
the famous *Hermes* wyse
This world a heape of harms doth seme
where euery mischiefe lyes.
Bicause the diuell that on earth
the chiefest stroke doth smite
Is mischeuous, and euermore
in cruelty doth delight.
For as the first of causes is
the spring of all good things,

So is the last the fountayne chiefe
from whence all mischiefe spring.
Wherefore if lecherours on earth
beare al the rule and sway,
If Asses syt in seate as Kings,
in pompe of proud aray,
If charge of sheepe commytted is
to wolues of rauening kinde,
If Harlots in the Churches dwel
and men of monstrous minde,
If that the holy rytes of Christ
the hands vnpure doth fyle,
If Heauen and purging place Sir John
doth sell wyth greedy guile,
Wore, if vnpunnished such crimes
are styll before our eyes,
The fault not in thalmighty Lord
but in this Diuell lies:
whome fortune commonly we name,
and *Pluto* oft we call,
But vnto him an apter name
Sarcotheus fyt doth fall:
For vnto him the power of flesh
and guiding is assinde,
Him serues all such as loue them selues,
so much wyth fleshly minde:

Of

Of him the bodies are, therefore
in synne they alwayes drive,
And to the soules as enimies
contrary styl do stryue.
For of the heauens commes the soule,
and from the starry Skyes,
But earthly are the bodies here
and heauens do despyse.
This same *Sarcotheus* thoe that guydes
the lowest partes of all,
Such holy men as do despise
the toyes terrestriall,
To vertue bent, and Godly life,
he hates and styl pursues:
And vexeth, grieueth, & them molests:
as commonly doth vse
The naughty Prince, and cruel King,
alwayes for to oppresse
The wysest men, and such as do
excell in vertuousnesse.
For vertue of the wicked men
is euermore enuied.
Al things their enimies hate and feare
and shunne from them alyde.
Therefore the Diuel many harmes
prouideth for the meeke,

And

And them whose mindes do mount aloft,
and hearts do heauen seke.
He would be haue his malice seene,
for if he should be knowne,
Al men would him detest, as head
from whom al ylles haue flowne,
And bloudy butcher of our kinde,
him al should iustly hate,
And cursing cal him cruel beast
deceyuer of our state.
Therefore he craftely lies hydde,
and from the wyse man flies,
Least he be knowne, ne feares he Moles
but leapes from *Linceus* eyes.
So theues do vse, and wicked men
alwayes the light to flye,
And in the darkest tyme reioyce
that none their mischiefe spye.
Hereof it commes as often as
men feele aduersity,
Al ignorant wyth blindnesse, and
of minde oppressed be,
(For ignorance is cauler chiefe
of errors al that fal)
Thinking with anger and complaynt,
the guyde of goodnesse al

Doth

Doth vex thē, so they straightway curse
his hie and holy name.
The wicked Diuel daunceth then,
and grinneth at the same,
And ioyes to see himself vnknowne,
and mischiefe close to lye,
And that he thus hath power to hurt
and no man could it spye.
A foe vnto thalmighty God
he is, and ennimy,
By whome from heauen tumbled down
in chaynes he here doth lye,
Enclosde betwene the earth and Mone
and there he holdes his rayne.
Wherfore O wretched mortal men
at length apply your brayne,
To know the cause of al your griefes,
from whence such yles do flowe,
And heauy harmful things do hap,
your butcher learne to know:
For this *Sarcotheus* this is he
that plagues you in such sorte,
That of your harmes & greuous greefes
doth make his chiefest sport:
None otherwise than *Mars* his child
(great realmes in thraldome brought)

Wyth

Wyth death of wretched men or beastes
a pleasant pastyme sought.
The Noble men the Gentlemen,
the commons all syt styll,
In diuers roomes assigned them,
as *Othæs* lawes doth wyll:
Then enters in before them all
the cutters for to fyght,
Or else some other yeldes hys lymmes
to beastes thereon to byte:
The Lion, or the Tiger stout,
or else some fiercer kinde,
Should at this play present himselfe
to please the peoples minde:
Wyth death & mangled much w̄ wound
from whence the bloud doth flow,
Oft vnto some of others smart
a great delight doth grow.
Wherefore they do most wickedly,
that rayling thus do brawle,
And dare blaspheme thalmighty Lorde,
the cause of goodnesse all:
From whome as from himself, no yll
can any tyme proceede,
Except contingently as Sunne
doth darckenesse euer breede

As

As oft as vnder earth it slydes,
and absent fyre we see
Encreaseth colde: yet cloud in Sunne,
nor colde in Fyre can be.
Wherfore I maruel much that some
whose Learning is not smal,
Do say that he offended is,
or wrathful him do cal,
And that he plagueth vs as oft
as we do him offend,
That milde, and Lord of mercies is,
that goodnesse al doth send:
And that from him doth warres begin,
wyth plague and famine sore.
If that our deedes could him offend.
what thing vnhappier more
Than he, in al the world were found:
for euery day and houre
We crimes commit, and blasphemies
out of our mouthes we poure:
Then surely should he neuer ioy,
nor rest in quietnesse,
Nor God should happy be, if that
as oft as we transgresse
He should be wroth, & moued with dedes
of such as synfull be.

But

But God can not be hert or harmd
if we the truth wyl se:
For of such might and perfectnesse,
of God the nature is,
And distant euen so farre is it
from our iniquities,
That we from him do differ more
and farder are by much,
Than is from vs the Asse, the Flye,
the Flea, or worse than such.
How then can we such wretches vile
offend a Lord so great?
Or by what meanes may we him harm
and force him thus to freat?
Is not this God of passions voyd,
and free from griefe or payne:
And thereby liues in blessed state
and alwayes doth remayne?
Doth it becom a Prince to fume
when foles do fondly prate:
Or rather them for to contemne?
seemes it a giants state,
With little children for to fight?
since he knowes all things wel
And doth the things to come foresee,
I thee beseech to tel,

Dught

Ought he such things for to create,
as should his pleasure spot,
Wherby he should be after grieued?
or rather ought he not
That helpes the world, to help himself?
or tel if thus diseased
He willes it so, if he wyll so
he is no whit dyspleased,
But rather ioyes. If he would not
why doth he it permit?
Or is he not omnipotent?
he is, we al graunt it.
Then ought he not to suffer it
but yet he doth we see,
Whereby no kinde of griefe he feeles,
as reason teacheth me:
But leades his life in quietnesse.
Here thou perchaunce wylt say
If that our synnes him not displease,
wyth al the force we may
Let vs runne headlong into vice
and neuer sinne forbeare,
Not so: but to these words of mine
giue thou attentiue eare,
And vnto thee of truth strayght wayes
the gates I shall disclose.

when

When any man doth synne, then forth
away he flinging goes
From this same spring of good, & leaues
both right, and light, and peace:
Wherby the synner euermore
hys harmes doth still encrease.
Such is the state of contraryes
that how much thou doest flye,
From one, vnto the other straight
thou doest approche more nye.
So he that synning flyes from God,
runnes to *Sarcotheus* nert:
Whose yoke when he hath once put on
with griefes he sore is vext:
And as the tyraunt doth commaunde
is plagued in sundry wyse.
Thus no man synnes but punnishment
for hym prepared lyes.
Yet God is neuer cause of ill
as I haue sayde before
As of hymselfe and properly:
But he that synnes therfore,
doth with his owne consent,
Vnto the hangman giue himselfe:
to haue his punnishment

But

But hereof ſpringes two crabbed doubts,
for if that ſynne be cauſe
Of al our miſchiefe and our ylles,
and our vnhappy ſawes,
Why often doth the wicked man
his lyfe in pleaſure traine
And dyeth wel, the vertuous man
doth many griefes ſuſtayne,
And endes at length in miſery:
Beſydes before is taught,
That by no fault nor our deſerts,
things good do chaunce, or naught:
But rather ſeemes it from the power
of certayne ſpirite to flowe,
Who guides the Seas, and al the earth,
and ayre poſſeſſeth lowe.
How ſpeake I thus in contraries:
my wordes do diſagree,
But (reader) wel thou ſhalt diſcerne
the trouth and verity,
And darkneſſe from thy mynd thou ſhalt
behold farre of to flye,
If theſe my words thou wilt vouchſafe
to heare attentively.
Know therefore double good to be,
one as the Commons wil,

The other as the wisemen iudge.
So of two sortes is ill,
The opinion of the common sort
is worser euermore:
For grosse, and doltishe is their braine
of iudgement lacking store:
wherfore the goods of body here
and such as fortune gaue
These onely they doe wonder at
and these they seeke to haue:
But now the goods that in the minde
are founde for to remaine
They either know not what they meane
or else they count them vaine.
The wyse man on the other syde
the onely goods of minde
Doth seeke to haue, and doth despyse
the rest and other kinde.
Thus followed we before the minde
of rude and common men,
And as such people vse to speake
so was my talke as then.
But from the rude and common sort,
my minde doth differ now:
As wyse men iudge of good and ill
at thys time I allowe.

And

And in such sort I say no good
vnto the wicked man
May chaunce, and to the vertuous sort
no euill happen can:
Which plainely will I now declare
and clerely shall appere.
Fyrst thys it nedefull is to knowe,
what vice or cryme is here,
Is of the minde a sickneſſe sore:
nor men are onely syck
In body here, but minde aye feeles
hir wounde and greuous prick
No leſſe in force, than body doth.
Thus euery euill wight
Is syck, bicause hys will is syck,
and iudgement is not right.
Whereby the wretch ỹ harmeful things
more worth than good esteemes,
And sweter aye the filthyeſt factes
to hym than honeſt semes,
Which if hys minde & wyll were sounde
coulde neuer wicked be:
But iuſt and vertuous should be found:
in thys they disagree.
And as the body all is ill
when any of these twayne

Diſeaſed is with maladie,
the heart, or elſe the braine:
So, ſo, alas the whole eſtate
of ſoule is euer ill,
Whē as theſe two with vice are harmde
the minde and eke the wyll.
As pleaſaunt meate to ſtomack ſyck
doth ſeme vnpleaſaunt aye
And profytes nothing vnto hym
that ſyckneſſe doth aſſay:
So (ſycke the ſoule) no good thing can
the wicked man come by,
Nor nothing profytes him at all,
which true I thus wyll trye.
Some men in lawes expert we ſee,
but full of ſubtiltie,
And couetous, vniuſt, and one
that wayes not honeſty
What profites hym hys learning here?
what good gaines he therfore?
Alas he wretches doth beguile,
and ſpoyles hys Clyents poore,
And many other doth he hurt.
Learning vnto the naught
Is lyke a ſworde vnto the man
that mad hath it vp caught.

For

For all things doth the wycked man
abuse, and make vnpure,
To others harme, shame to himselfe,
and hatred doth procure,
And in his feete the thornes he set
with anguishe often goes
Or else he seareth them, wyth hurt
whom he hath made hys foes.
Shall then hys learning good be calde
which doth so many blame,
And hurt like stinging snake, ne spares
the owner of the same?
And so of other faculties
that yll men occupie.
Esteemed them to be as good
lyke reason doth denie.
But now the wycked man is riche
wyth Golde and Jewels store,
Are not these riches good? not so,
tell me the cause wherefore.
Lo here I tell, bicause he doth
abuse them filthily,
He kepeth hores, and surketteth,
and baudes therewith doth by,
With money gredy boyes corrupts,
and wyth great gyftes allayes

The chastitie of maidens poore
that happen in hys wayes,
And so that he may bring to passe
what lust doth hym persuade
Regardes no whit what lawes of men
or Gods precepts doe trade:
Who if he once be couetous
what crime dare he not doe?
Thys wolfe w̄ bloudy mouth doth rage
eche folde to come vnto,
And runneth headlong into vice
hys mischiefe to contriue,
And euery where he followeth harde
as vyle desyre doth driue.
Nothing may worse be suffered
than fooles in welthy state,
Than riche men to be couetous
than ill men fortunate.
Thus eyther lyke to beastes he doth
with fleshely pleasures go,
Vnto himselfe an ennimye
and to hys purse a foe:
Or else an other *Tantalus*
hys goods to much doth spare,
And heapes vp all, ne knowes for whom
these heapes he doth prepare.

And

And as the ſwine to his owne vſe,
himſelfe he doth not feede
But many mo, who fruites of toyle
doe ſnatche away with ſpeede.
Wherby appeares no goods to be
the riches of the pl,
But if he ſtoute and ſturdy be
and ſtomacke haue at will
What doth he the? he ſtraight wil braul,
and with hys mighty powre
Now one, now others ſhall he harme,
and miſchiefe euery howre:
Moſt commonly a warfare goes,
or elſe becomes a chiefe,
That Tygarlyke by others bloud
he may receiue reliefe:
Both warres & weapons fierce he loues
for miſchiefe not for prayſe,
whereby he to his countrey gettes
both loſſe and ſhame alwayes.
Stout perſonage void of vertuous mind
puts many men to paine,
Laſtes lyttle time, and ſeldome doth
to aged yeares attaine.
But what nedes many wordes herein
ſyth theſe examples may

Suffise the trouth therof to shewe,
and clerely to display.
Now meete it is with good aduise
to searche if ought can be
That harmes the iust and holy men,
as many iudge wese:
Sure harde it is, yet boldely will
I thereto trudge apace
Presuming of *Apolloes* helpe,
and of my Muses grace.
First euery good man nedes must be
of soule and minde both sounde,
Though sickneese in hys body rage
or ache in limmes be founde:
Least will, and iudgement ryght in him
doe lacke or not agre,
For boide of iudgement, right, & will,
no vertuous man may be:
These two are the foundations
wheron doth vertue syt.
Such men whatsoeuer they possesse
doe iustly order it:
And therfore is their learning good,
their substance and their strength,
And finally whatsoeuer they
possesse, and haue at length.

For

For in the greatest sort of things
the vse of them we se
Is it that chi. fly causeth them
both good, and ill to be.
And if so be thimmortall Gods
of men haue any care,
They chiefely ought such to defende
as iust and vertuous are:
Which if they should not doe they semde
all voide of reason cleare,
Unworthy eke of odour sweete,
of Church or seruice here.
Wherfore I doe not se what thing
can harme the vertuous man,
Ne yet what ill in body, or
in minde, he suffer can:
Syth God him kepes and norisheth,
and with his mighty arme
Doth for him fight, and sets him safe
from euery kinde of harme.
For who helpes not, or who doth not
defende his frende at neede,
whensoeuer he can, if that he doe
beare him good wyl in deede:
But yet sometimes the good man semes
to liue in misery,

To

To suffer nede, and sicknesses,
and great aduersity:
When as in deede he is not good,
but playes the Hipocrite:
Wherof a number shalt thou finde
that vnder simple plight,
Do secret hide their poysoned heartes
and wolvish natures playne,
And foolish men do oft beguile,
while they do vertue fayne:
And therfore god who knowes ỹ hearts
and secrets of the minde,
Preserues him not, nor loueth him.
But we wyth iudgement blinde,
And doltish head, deceyued wyth sygne
and shaddow of the right,
Think then the iust man suffers hurte,
and liues in woful plight.
Alas how often false and fond,
are founde the iudgements blynde
Of men, and eke how ignorant
of truth is mortal minde:
Al please themselues, and euery man
in his conceyt seemes wise:
By this we cause the Goddes to laugh,
hence errors most do rise.

Bal

But here admit the iuſt man feeles
both griefe and ſicknelles,
And leades his life in powerty,
and aye in great diſtreſſe,
Exiled from his countrey farre,
or pent in pryſon vile,
Or vext wyth other caſualties,
doth he take harme this while?
No: for in ſuffring of ſuch things
more clerely ſhine he ſhall:
All to the beſt to Godly men
as God commaundes doth fall.
And as Phyſitians vſe to giue
the byttreſt medcines oft
Vnto the ſicke to bring them health,
and rayſe them vp aloft:
So oftentymes God tries the iuſt,
to ſtirre them vp thereby,
That ſo he may them more compel
their vertue to apply.
As pleaſure makes men foles, & naught
ſo payne doth cal to minde,
And chaſeth vice, a byte to ſynne,
a ſpurre to vertues kinde.
Seeſt thou not golde in fyry flame
more precious to be made?

And

And ground more fertile for to be
by edge of churlish spade:
And standing waters to corrupt:
On yron cast thine eye
Is fayrer made by occupyings,
and rusts if it do lye.
Thus diuers things there are that vse,
receyue a clearer state,
As chiefly vertue, that when as
hir blackest mischiefes mate
Appeares most bright, as in the darke
the fyre more fayrer shewes.
wherfore no kinde of griefe at al,
the good man euer knowes:
Or if he suffers ought his pa-
tience gets him greater gayne,
And medrine though it bitter be,
doth cause release of payne:
And least some man should think that I
do tryfles fayne in minde:
The thing that holesome others feele
is poyson to some kinde.
So vnto some, wines hurtful are,
and flesh a harmfull meate,
So wormwood vnto many health
doth gyue, and pleasure greate.

So

So heate doth Snow, and wax, and Ise
consume and melt away:
which heat doth harder make agayne
the earth or potters clay.
So many such in sundry states,
do worke in diuers kinde.
How eft the same words some delight,
that vex anothers minde?
Al things to al tastes are not lyke:
the wines that best we deeme,
If they in musty caske be kept
both tart and naught do seeme.
Unto the sound are al things sound,
but such as sickneste haue,
Them holesome meates doe sometyme
and almost bring to graue. (harme,
So (to my matter to returne)
the ylles of body than,
Or stings of fortune hurtful be
vnto the euyl man:
But good and also necessary
for such as vertuous be,
By which although they hurtful seeme,
they gayne more hye degree.
These words for this tyme shal suffise,
for now this booke to ende

My Muse commaundes, & *Chiron* doth
vpon my Pen attende,
Who coueteth of state of man
to write, and fashions rife,
And open to disclose abrode
the vestry here of lyfe.
Now therfore nedeful is for me
my Muses tunes to ceasse,
And silent in the sacred woods
to rest my selfe in peace,
And on the roofe of learnings lodge
on hye to hange my harpe:
Tyll that these tymes be ouerpast
and doubtful seasons sharpe,
Tymes much to be bewayde: wherein
the discorde that doth broyle
Among the states, all *Italy*
wyth warres doth seke to spoyle,
Whereby doth *Rome* lament hir cafe,
hir houfholdes layd on ground,
Ticinum, Narnia, Melphis eke
this fall haue felt and found.
And *Naples* that wyth Bernaydes tomb
so famous lately ioyed
Beholding now hir orchards fayre
wyth French mens hands destroied.

Alas

Alas doth heauy mourne by ſtreames,
of *Sebethus* ſo cleare.
What ſhould I tel the wõdrous flames
that in the ſkyes appeare,
More bright than dayes: locuſts grim,
like cloudes the Sunne to hide,
And tender corne with gredy iawes,
to ſpoyle on euery ſyde:
How many cities woful plague,
and piteous famine ſore,
Hath quite depriued of Citizens:
how many places more,
Wyth flouds are almoſt periſhed:
Alas how iuſtly now doth God
plague vs in ſundry caſe:
What miſchief do we not commyt,
what iuſtice is in place,
What loue or ſeruice here of God:
Religion now is made
An occupation for the purſe,
a Marchandiſe and trade.
The ſacred rytes are aye defyled,
wyth bands of bandy mates.
Yet loke theron and let it paſſe,
the Kings and Princely ſtates,

And

And honour due to Christ aboue
they not esteeme nor way.
Thus ouer vs poore misers here,
such blockes do beare the sway,
Therefore I wyl go hence a while,
and in *Parnassus* hyll
Until my Muse doth cal me forth,
lye close and secrete styll.

Sagittarius, the ninth Booke.

IT wareth light now *Muse* enough
wythin *Castalian* lake,
We rested haue, the wrest therfore
and Harp in hand go take:
Set strings in tune, and with thy grace
accustomed to thy kinde,
Sing Goddesse auncient melody:
good verses fyl thy minde
That erst *Apollo* wonted was
in Bay tree woods to tel:
While he by riuer stoode that runnes
from out *Permessus* Wel.
As calles behold another soyle
wherein some prayse doth lye,

Let

Let vs from hautye place and top,
of *Parnas* hylles so hye
Beholde the sundry mindes of men,
and eke their liuing marke.
Nowe past the middest of surging seas
had runne my sayling barke,
And now the toppes of lofty trees
wyth frosty ryndes were white:
When as a certaine God vnknowne
by me stoode vp in syght,
And shining wyth his beames deuine
expellde the blackishe night.
A certaine rock I then beheld
whose top did reache so hye,
That passing cloudes aboue it might
discouer plaine the skye:
Harde semed it first to enter vp,
for ragged stones there was
Placed round about, which made ỹ way
both straight, and ill to passe,
The bottom all beset wyth bryers:
the mydst more mylde againe,
And nerer as it comes to skyes
the path appeares more playne,
And easyer to be trauailed,
Theorea eke it hyght

Hereto me straightwayes did conduct
my Ghost and guiding spright.
To top wherof when as we came
I myght beholde and see,
Eche place with wõdrous syghts fulfild
and furnished to bee,
Which if my tong would here declare
the Sunne should soner slyde
To lowest partes, and night the earth
with mistye cloke should hyde.
Whyle as I stay, and gase vpon
the large and ioyfull syghtes:
Lo sallyng from the skyes aloft
a voice these wordes recytes:
Stellatus bowe thy knees, and here
thy humble prayers make
Vnto the Almighty king, without
whose grace thou canst not take
The pleasant pleasures of this mount.
Therefore in humble wyse
Kneele thou to God, for fauour all
doth fall to earth from skyes:
For nothing is wherof to man
can greater profyte growe,
Than heauenly helpe with holy prayers
to get, and God to knowe.

When

When thys I hearde, vpon the earth
my face, and hande vpright,
I bowed my knees, and poured out
these wordes in harty plight.
O Father great of saints, chiefe powre
that in the worlde may be,
Than whom may neuer thing be found,
nor thought of more degree,
Remoued farre from body here,
yet framing fashyons all,
Both such as neuer fade, and such
as times at length lettes fall:
The first, and of beginning voide,
the fountaine whence doth spring
All kinde of good, of nature eke
the auctor, guide, and king:
That all things here dost comprehende,
comprended thou of none,
The hye Almighty Maiesty,
and chiefest good alone,
Lyfe, wysedome, order, praise, and ende,
minde, truth, way, lyght, and grace,
No where thy selfe inhabiting,
and dwelling in eche place,
Unmoueable, and moning giuest
to all and euery thing,

From whom, in whom, & eke by whome
all kynde of things do ſpring:
In one eſtate remaining ſtyll,
and changing in no time,
The chiefeſt cauſe that rowling aye
the Globe where ſtarres doe ſhine,
Doeſt guide by fixed law thappoin-
ted force of deſtenye:
Of Lordes the greateſt Lorde of all,
and King of Kings moſt hye,
Before whoſe face a thouſande beaſtes
of Angels glyſtering bright,
Doe miniſter with ioyfull hymnes,
in preſence of thy ſyght,
Amidſt the ample fieldes of lyght
aboue the worlde ſo hye
Where apteſt place and ſeate there is
for things of certaintye.
I worſhip thee, I honor thee,
and proſtrate here on face
I lyft mine eyes deſyring thee
wyth mylde and cherefull grace,
Upon me ſynfull man to looke,
and heare my earneſt crye,
Poure downe into my earthly breſt
thy beames of lyght from hye,

Dziue

Driue darkenesse frō my minde oppresst
alas in dolefull wyse,
Whyle in consuming carcasse here
and fading flesh it lyes.
Graunt me the perfect path to finde
least harmefull errors sting
wyth fansy fonde, and iudgement blind,
in synne me headlong fling.
For without thee, the wit of man,
and force of mortall kinde,
whyle it intendes to mount a loft
receiues a greater fall:
As *Icarus* whose wyngs him faylde
when he flewe hyest of all.
Graunt therfore O most mighty king
to mee thy creature lowe,
Thy will to learne, and thee to please,
and then that I may knowe
Mine own estate, from whence I came,
and wherto I was made,
And whether I at length shall passe
when that from hence I fade:
what here in lyfe I should performe,
and what I should not doe:
That when dame *Lachesis* my threde
of lyfe hath snapt in two,

And that the farthest day is come
that long with priuie stelth
Procurde my graue death bring my rest
and part of saning helth.
These words thus sayde, an other voice
againe did pearce my eares,
Thalmighty Lorde thou pleased hast
thy prayer full well he heares:
Pluck vp *Stellatus* now thy heart
to thee for to remaine
Here on this mount it graunted is
and sacred fruites to gaine.
Thys said forthwith the voice did ceasse,
nor worde it uttered more:
Then in my minde a greater force
I felt, than earst afore,
And sharper syght: then looked I forth
all things descerning well
And for my eyes, they myght presume
olde *Lynceus* to excell.
With that I felt a subtill wynde
to lyft me vp on hye,
which softly causde me to ascende
to toppe of starry skye:
Much lyke the byrde that beares ỹ darts
that *Vulcans* forge dyd frame,

That

That when we synne, ẏ thunder thomps
doe sling and flashe oft flame.
And nowe approcht I nere the Woone
whose gates I had in syght,
Wherof, part glistred all with golde,
and part with syluer white.
I entre in beholding al,
when straight with me doth meete
Timalphes yong, of vertues great,
and eke of fauoure sweete:
(Whom of *Arete Ioue* begat
in auncient tymes of olde.)
Ye knewe me straight, for oft he had
hys mothers hestes me tolde,
And when eche other greted was
he much things asked of me:
And after brought me to a towne
of hugest quantitie,
The lofty walles of Diamonde strong
were rayled hye and framde,
The bulwarks built of Carbuncle,
that all as fiery flamde.
O Lorde what gorgeous houses there,
and goodly syghtes I saw,
As *Temples* fayre, and *Theaters*,
and streetes, and seates of lawe:

Al framed of ſyluer, gold and ſtone,
and moze of goodly kinde
I there beheld, but cannot now
beare al away in minde:
And though I could remembze al
yet God doth not allowe,
That cõmon peoples heads ſhuld know
the ſtate of all, and how.
I wondzed at the number great
that thzough the city ſo
Al clad in white by thouſands thick
amyd the ſtreates to go,
Their heads beſet wyth garlands fayze
in hand the Lillies white,
They ioyful beare *Menarchus* guyde
of *Cynthyus* kingdome bzight:
Remembzing oft wt Hymnes they ſyng,
and ſwete agreing layes,
Menarchus name they oft rehearſe,
Menarch wyth Pſalme they pzayſe:
Menarchus name did *Eccho* lowde
reſounding oft ſend out,
Ye vanquiſhed in happy fielde
th' *Arcadian* giants ſtout:
As then *Timalphes* tolde to me
wyth wozdes that were not vayne.

Once was (quoth he) *Arcadia* voyd
of hylles, and al lay playne,
There dreadful giants kingdome held,
as *Mænalos* the hye,
And *Pholoe*, and *Lyceus* great
that ioyed in woods to lye:
And *Erymanth* whose shoulders bare
the backes of sauage swine,
Cyllenes eke that boylde wyth spyte,
agaynst the powers diuine:
Who fyrst before the rest presu-
ming al of force and might,
Durst giue ill language to the Moone
wyth wordes of cankred spite,
That they before hir long were borne,
and of more noble race,
And so that they deserue the names
of Gods, and higher place.
Beside in rage a towre they built
amyd the skies to looke:
O *Nemroth* larger farre than thine,
and wyth an yron hooke,
Attempted thrice from place to pluck
this Goddesse where she standes,
Bloud red for feare to see hir selfe
so nere to wretches hands:

Menarchus

Menarchus gaue them thrice repulse
wyth valeant force and might,
And thrice the iuice out prest from gras
of olde *Saturnus* spright:
Among them cast the poyson runnes
straightwayes through al their bones
Wyth chylling colde, consumed wo paya
they leaue their liues at once:
And vggly soules they cleane forsake,
which hel below receaues,
Wher as with paynes they plagued are
that neuer after leaues.
But now their bodies quite destroyde
by force of venome late,
Their carcasse turnde to lofty hilles
kepes name wyth chaunged state.
Whereby this deede and triumph great
in minde the Moone men beare,
And celebrate wyth solemne pompe
this feast from yeare to yeare,
And to their king they worthip make
with great and ioyful cheare.
Thus passing forth, we found a tower
that all of Gold did shine,
Al wrought, & set wyth precious stones
of sundry colours fine:

Here

Here quoth my guyde, no mortal man
may euer set his feete:
We stayde therfore, and by the space
of large and ample streete,
On euery syde we might beholde
approching soules at hand,
And there before the seate and place
of iudgement for to stand:
Which placed was agaynst the towre,
and wrought right cunningly,
Three sonnes of *Ioue* and fayth begot
syt there in seates ful hye,
To iudge the soules, regarding wel
of al their sinnes the store,
And vertuous deedes that euery man
hath done in earth before.
Telescopus and *Dorophon*
Philorthus frend alway
To iustice, these, deserues and faules
in perfect balance way:
And by their iudgements very fewe
to heauen did ascend:
But thousands of the same agayne
to earth did downe descend,
And many also in the Moone
they did commaund to stay.

Astoni-

Astonished long wyth gasyng syght
at length I gan to say:
Declare to me good guyde quoth I,
if Hell beneath doth lye
In deepest dongeon of the earth,
and to the Center nye,
And soules thereto conueyde they say
the corse clapt vnder hearce,
Olde *Aeacus* and *Minos* there
and *Radamanthus* fearce
Do euer iudge, and giue rewardes
or else deserued payne,
How chaunceth it I here beholde
the like thing done agayne?
Mannes mind (quoth he) in prysons dark
of carcasse shut doth lye:
And forced by fault and ignorance,
is led by wayes awry.
By this is man to dreames and toyes
of nature prone and bent,
And from the truth he wanders farre,
if grace do not preuent.
No maruel thoe, if many things
your Poets false haue song:
Bycause to treade the steppes of truth
lies not in euery tong.

But thou, haue alwayes well in minde
these mysteries I tell:
All things are good and neuer fade
aboue the Moone that dwell,
Nor griefe can vexe those sacred states:
But all that nature framed beneath
the Moone, is nought, and ill,
And lawe seuere of death doth feele,
and force of time to spyll.
These places doth the middle spheare
of Moone in twaine deuide,
Placde equally betwixt the worlde
doth bounded to heauen bide.
Thus when that lyfe is fledde, all soules
are brought vnto thys place,
And here pleade guilty or vngilty
before the iudges face:
By whose awarde, to certaine roomes,
according to their deedes
They straight are sent, receiuing there
for their desertes their meedes.
And euery one the henyer they
with heapes of vice are made,
The deeper they descende the pyt
of darke infernall shade.

Againe

Agayne the better that they be
and farther of from crime,
So much they higher mounting vp,
more nye the heauens clime.
But they whose ylles do counterpease
the vertues of their minde,
For to remaine about the Moone,
are many yeares assinde:
Tyl eyther falling fresh to vice,
when many yeares are spent,
They turne to earth, or purged wel,
are into heauen sent.
Loe thus he sayd. But then agayne
what is the cause quoth I,
That soules so fewe the starres approch
and gayne the heauens hie?
Why runne they hedlong so to vice,
and (Wisers) vertue flye,
Why more esteme they dark than light
and rather synne to apply
Than vertue pure? whereof to them
doth so great madnesse rise?
What will so fond doth them beguile,
what fansy bleares their eyes?
Then aunswered thus *Aretes* sonne:
both I do it desire,

And

And mete it is, that I disclose
the things thou dost require,
And many other things beside,
which thou thy selfe shalt say,
Are worthy to be learned here
and to be borne away,
Since here wythout the power of God
I know thou canst not come,
Who list such things to thee to shewe:
before the gates of whome
No man alive may once approch,
except by him assinde.
Then now giue eare, and what I say,
beare wel away in minde.
But nedeful fyrst it is for vs
a little hence to walke.
We went, and in a lofty tower
we both syt downe to talke,
From whence both seas & land ful plain
we might beholde and see.
Then thus from sacred brest, this voice
he uttred out to me:
As of them selues the soules can not
be yll, nor bent to synne,
Since ỹ their kinde doth come frõ skyes
and spring from God begynne:

Nor

Nor of theyr owne and proper wyll,
their natures can be nought,
Since God them made who neuer thing
of euill facte hath wrought.
But many other causes be
that into dongeon vile
Of hel do downwards thrust these souls
and them with vice defile.
And chiefe of them the body is,
wherein the soule lyes bounde
As in a pryson strong, whose bondes
doth iudgement quite confounde:
No otherwyse than fyre is hydde
wythin an earthen pot,
And mistye cloudes doe darke the syght
of flaming *Phebus* hot.
Then all things doth the soule forget,
And *Lethes* streames doth taste,
And lyke apperes to papers blankt,
wherin no worde is placde.
Thus captiue closed in fading flesh,
a thousande mischiefes ill,
A thousande Monsters hir assault,
and alwayes seeke to spill.
Lyke as the Goldefinch whyle in cage,
hir dolefull destyny

wyth

wyth sundry sortes of pleasaunt tune
doth seeke to pacify:
To whom all close and couertly
the crafty Cat comes neare,
And driues molesting sore the wretche
on euery syde to feare.
The Cat a bane to symple byrdes,
of Byce the finder out,
She fearing sore the spoylers pawe,
doth flutter rounde about
The Cage, and saues hir selfe by slight:
when present doth appeare
An other foe with furye lyke
the selly wretche to feare,
Who thrusting in hir Tallons sharpe,
doth take hir cleane away,
And feedes thereon with wonted noyse
as on accustomed pray.
So here, and there with diuers foes
th'vnhappy soule is tost,
And flying farre the ginnes of some
is in the others lost:
White inclosde in carcasse here it liues
It knowes not what to do,
Nor daunger hereof to beware,
or what to cleaue vnto.

And with the showe of good deceiued,
much like the dronken vyght
It stackring standes. Wherby, if that
by some that teache aryght,
Or by their ayde that warning giue,
it be not ledde or brought
From darkenes blinde vnto the lyght,
it runneth styll to nought,
And better things doth aye refuse.
of soule the chiefest staye:
Contagion fyrst, and chiefest ill,
that through the flesshe doth rayne,
Is ignorannce of truth and good,
from whence out springeth than,
False iudgement as the greatest plague
that happens vnto man.
Wherof two monsters are begot,
folly, and wickednesse,
From these two euery ill proceedes
that man can here expresse.
For all men sinne, eyther bicause
the goodes here counterfeat
They most esteeme as folly leades,
or else that mischiefe great
Doth prick them forth to wirked deedes.
Wherfore, we iustly may

Count

Count him a foole, or wicked man,
that doth from reason stray.
But in that part of soule that lusts,
there syttes dame follyes grace,
And there she pytched hath hir tents,
and chose hir dwelling place:
In the other part all bent to wrathe,
there mischiefe hath his holde,
With force, and Craft, & poyson strong
most dreadfull to be tolde.
These two (for truth) are mighty kings,
and armyes great behinde
They leade, and both destroy
the state of mortall kinde.
They both are ygnorant of truth,
and framed false iudgement by,
(As earst was tolde) the soules that in
the carcasse buryed lye
Unmindefull of their owne estate,
and voide of light withall,
Into three lakes of Hell, and death,
they leade, and downe let fall.
Of which the first *Limosum* hight,
therein doth pleasure rayne,
Spinosum is the other calde,
where vile desyre to gaine,

And couetousnes, doth rule: the thyrde
Fulmosum hath to name,
Where pryde beares sway, ỳ thryfteth still
for honours hye and fame.
In these three lakes the greatest part
doe perishe euery daye:
Of all the soules within the worlde
this is the chiefe decay.
For such as slyde into these pooles.
them euermore distroyes
The lust of flesshe, and gredy minde,
of fonde and fading ioyes.
Ne of themselues they knowledge haue
nor of the heauens bryght,
Nor other lyfe they thinke to be
than this in present syght.
O fylthy, fonde, and doltishe mindes
from heauen turned quite,
Not minding hye or worthy things
but still in bruttishe plite,
Respecting only here the earth.
Beside are causes mo,
Wherby the soules infected are,
and often plaged so.
For where the clouds are thronged thick
and showres of raine proceede,

And

And windes w̄ dreadful meeting sounde
doe flashe of lightnings breede,
There is the place of vglye spirites,
by whom doe plagues arise,
With battailes fierce & raging stormes,
through seas, and lande that flyes.
By craft and by the tempting force
of them, and their deceit,
The symple sort of men doe fall
to euery mischiefe great:
Hereby both right and honesty,
they quite cast from their minde.
But now, bicause these temptours here,
and fiendes of deuilishe kinde,
Fewe can obtaine with eyes to se,
therfore but fewe beleue
That any such things doe remaine,
nor credit will they geue:
Nay rather many doe account
it but an ydle fame,
And as at dreames of folkes diseased,
so laugh they at the same.
But thou drive from thy minde away
thys foolishe heresy,
And giue good credite to my wordes
of greatest certainty.

And for becauſe thou ſhalt perceiue
I teache not trifles vaine,
I wyll procure that thou ſhalt ſee
all thyngs before thee plaine.
But fyrſt it needefull is wyth prayers
Dame Rainebowe for to trye,
Who wonted was to beare the heſtes
of *Iuno* through the ſkye:
That ſhe with winde diſperſe ỹ cloudes,
and make the ſkyes looke fayre,
Leaſt that thy ſyght be hyndered,
by dymneſſe of the ayre.
Then humbly in thys wyſe I praide:
O thou *Thaumatis* hye,
Of ſundry colour to beholde
a beauty to the ſkye,
That ſtretcheſt forth in miſty cloudes,
thy great and myghty bowe,
And *Phebus* ſhining bright his beames
in thee doeſt beare and ſhowe,
And flouds up ſuckt vnto the cloudes
doſt bring and carry farre,
O Rainebowe wondrous ſyght to men
and *Iunoes* Meſſanger:
And truely got of *Thaumas* olde,
the daughter paſſyng fayre,

Graunt

Graunt I thee pray all darknesse fledde
a cleare and Crystall ayre,
Shut vp in caues of *Eolus*,
the southwindes cause of rayne,
And sende abrode the northerne blastes,
to make fayre dayes againe.
Immediately vpon these wordes,
from out the northerne syde
Did *Boreas* blowe, and with hys blast
clearde all both rounde and wyde,
Then sprinkling in mine eyes a iuyce,
my guide, beholde quoth he,
Now shall the secrets of the worlde,
reueled be to thee.
Now open wyde your springs, & playne
your caues abrode displaye,
You Systers of *Parnasus* hyll,
beset about wyth baye,
And vnto me (for neede it is)
a hundred tongues in verse
Sende out, that I these ayrie kings
and people may rehearse,
Deceiuers great of men and guides
of vice, which all that liue
Doe styll molest: and by their craft
mans soule to hell doe giue.

Here fyrſt whereas in chariot red
Aurora fayre doth ryſe,
And bright from out the Occean ſeas,
appeares to mortal eyes,
And chaſeth hence the Helliſh night,
wyth bluſhing beauty fayre,
A mighty King I might diſcerne,
placde hie in lofty chayre,
Hys haire wyth fyry garland deckt,
puft vp in fiendiſh wiſe,
Wyth browes full broade, & threatning (loke,
and fyry flaming eyes.
Two monſtrous hornes & large he had,
and noſtrils wide in ſight,
Al black himſelf, for bodies black
to euery euyll ſpright
And vggly ſhape, hath nature deale,
yet white his teeth did ſhowe,
And white his grenning tuſkes ſtode,
large wings on him did growe,
Framde like the wings of Flindermice
his feete of largeſt ſiſe,
In faſhion as the wilde Duck beares,
or Gooſe that creaking cries:
Hys tayle ſuch one as Lions haue
Al naked ſate he there

But

But bodies couered round about
wyth lothsome shagged haire,
A number great about him stoode,
a wondrous sorte of men,
A greater company I think
than *Xerxes* trayned, when
By force of armes (vnhappy man)
the Greekes he did inuade:
And scarce in safety could returne
wyth al the slight they made,
Eche one of them in hand a hooke
did holde, and Belbowes beare,
Wyth bellowes for to fyll their heades,
with winde, whom Fortune here,
Had eyther lent great store of golde:
or whome they saw ful well,
In learning, beauty, state or strength,
their fellowes to excell.
Wyth hooke such as wyth wantõ wind
were puft sufficiently,
Amyd the smoky lakes to cast,
wyth Snakes and Toades to lye.
And other monsters there that dwelt.
This lusty foresayd King,
Tiphurgus had to name: as sayd
my guide that tolde eche thing.

Then

Then where the Sūne doth downward fall,
amyd the weſterne ſtreames: (low
From whence among the Spaniards,
he throwes his lateſt beames,
I caſt mine eyes, and like the fyrſt
another King in ſyght
I had, that ſate in ſeat aloft,
his name *Aplesto* hight:
A number great of ſpyrites he rulde,
ſuch as amyd the weſt
Are bred, and ſuch as in thoſe partes
do dwel and haue their reſt.
Eche one of them a Serpent holdes,
a fleſh hooke alſo hath.
Then ſpake *Timalphes* in this ſorte:
ſeeſt thou quoth he, to wrath
How euery man their Serpents moue?
and pinching oft do touch,
That ſharper may they ſet their teeth,
and poyſon more by much
Deſtil in hearts of earthly men,
for they on whome doth hitte,
The force of thoſe ſuch poiſoned teeth,
do forthwyth loſe their witte,
And heauenly things do cleane deſpiſe:
and wyth ſuch thirſt they broyle,

That

That licoure none can them suffise
wyth drink in vayne they toyle.
And while thus euermore in vayne
they drink and styll are drye,
Unmindful of their death, theyr lot,
themselues, and heauens hye:
Then straycht at hãd these diuels come
wyth hookes as here you see,
And catcheth them, & strykes the throtes
that yet ful thirsty be
To sing in flouds of thorney lake:
where as wyth wondrous paynes
They punnisht are wyth Monsters vile
that secret there remaynes:
Blond specially wyth bloudsuckers
that thick about them lies:
And byting styll, both day and night,
them plages in piteous wyse.
At length they yeld agayne the blond,
that whilst they here did liue
They suckt from men, nor ease of smart
no space of yeares can giue.
This King both makes and plages such
as couetous he made. (men
Thys sayd, I turnde my eyes to starres
that glide in coldest glade,

Wherc-

Wheras our Pole doth plaine beholde,
and viewe the double beare,
And where *Bootes* driues hys waine,
in euer rowling spheare.
And there an other king I see,
and thousande spirites ill
That dwel about those northerne partes
whose handes great hookes doe fill.
Then sayd my guide: this king ỹ raigns
in partes of *Boreas* colde
Of Lechery, and Glotonye,
doth Crowne and Scepter holde.
Philocreus eke to name he hath,
in fraude full lyke the rest:
O Lord with how great harmes doth he
poore mortall men molest?
For on these hookes that here thou seest
the baytes that taste full well,
He tyeth fast where poyson lurkes
of filthy flouds of hell.
And wyth these baytes he doth cõmaũde
the doltishe fooles to take,
And catcht in puddles to be cast
of muddy miery lake.
Who straight transformed into shape
of vgglye beastes, appeares

Both

Both Swine and Asses, Bulles & Fore,
and wolues, and lothsome Beares:
And others Monsters voide of minde.
Nor this doth yet suffyse,
with Harnets, waspes, & Betels blinde
that rounde about there fyes,
Continually they vexed are.
Lo thus *Philocreus* men are plagued
in piteous painefull wyse,
That couet onely carnall ioyes,
and vertue here despyse.
Thus sayth my guide, but I my eyes
about the southerne pole
Do cast, frō whence ẏ clouds are caused
in euery place to rolle.
With stedfast syght I note, what sort
of spirites I there can see,
And flocks of fendes wō wings full black
that swiftly flying bee.
Amongst them all a mighty King
there stoode with Crowne of pride
wyth lowring browes, and dogged looke
and in hys mouth full wyde
A monstrous tongue he hissyng shooke,
and lyke the lothsome Snake

Ye

He caſtes abroade from out hys throte
a fylthy poyſon black,
Such as the adder (while he burnes
wyth loue of Lamprey long,
Much fearing for to harme his ioy
wyth deadly venome ſtrong)
Caſts vp among the ragged rocks,
and hydes it ſecretly,
And ſpringing ſtraight with lucky leaps
into the ſeas doth flye,
And calling oft wyth hyſſing ſound
doth ſeeke his louers deare,
Who runnes to meete hir mate in haſt,
whoſe voyce ſhe wel doth heare,
And both wyth much embracing ioyne.
But when their pleaſaunt play
Is fully paſt, and finiſhed,
the Snake wyth ioy away
Doth ſwimme to land, and on the rocks
whereas his poyſon lay,
He ſearcheth for his owne defence.
which if he finde away,
Or ſpylt, or troden vnder foote,
ſuch griefe he then ſuſtaynes,
That mourning, weary of his life
he daſheth oft his braynes,

Againſt

Agaynſt the ſharp and ragged ſtones
tyl that his breath at laſt
Wyth al his wretched paynes & grieke,
by death be ouerpaſt.
Such was this King, and ſuch did ſeme
his ſubiectes for to be:
Oft tymes the Prince a paterne is
vnto the commontie.
With Fawchon great in right hand held
eche one of them he goeth,
Al black, both face, and teeth, and lippes
al ful of fylthy froth.
This King was Lord of enuy great
Timalphes tolde me there,
And that *Miaſtor* was his name,
by whoſe awarde ſeuere,
His ſeruants fyll the heartes of men
wyth froth of canckred ſpyte.
Then runnes the plague through euery
and euery where doth light, (veine,
But moſt of al doth vexe the eyes,
that they ne ſuffer may
To ſee their fellowes lyue in wealth,
but thereat pyne away.
At laſt they thruſt the thē through wᵭ dartes
and ſoules ful ſicke expell,

Where-

Whereon wyth triple throte doth chaw
the fiendish hound of Hel:
And chawed, to poiſō ſtrong doth turn,
and of their bodies ſpring
Fowl Scorpions, which although they
wyth tayle do deadly ſting. (fawne
But now behold the middle partes,
that in the ayre doth lye,
And there *Sarcotheus* ſee, aboue
the reſt a King moſt hie,
And of them al moſt miſchieuous.
The other Kings that be,
Do feare and alſo worſhip hym,
the power and rule hath he
Of al the diuels in the world
from whome the miſchiefs al
Do flowe as from a poynt: and as
the beames from *Phœbus* fal.
I then beheld this vggly fiend,
placde vnder cloth of ſtate,
That in his hand the ſceptre held,
of miſchiefe pride and hate.
From him doth ſpring ful bloudy cōbs,
and ſeauen hornes in bight,
The number like of lofty towers
in ſhewe reſembling right.

His

His eares hys nostrilles and hys eyes
all fyerie filthy glowe,
And from his dampishe throte he doth
the smoky flames out throwe.
Alas, how farre the number great
of hys companions spreade,
What armyes armed all wyth dartes
and gunnes, thys fiende doth leade:
As if he would the heauens burst,
and saincts from thence expell.
Then quoth my guide: thys diuell once
in beautie did excell,
And most with God in fauour stoode:
but minde disposed till,
And pryde to prosprous state alied,
thys Miser quite did spyll.
For lyke to God he nedes would be,
and honours equall haue,
And thus from thence was banished
the proude presumptuous slaue.
Whom *Michaell* as he was assynde,
in grisley cloude hath tyde,
And there apointed him hys place
where he should styll abyde.
But often, of hys olde estate,
and ioyes of passed tyme

Remembring well, in vaine he striues
and thinkes the skyes to clime.
Hereof doth come the thunder crackes,
and fearefull flames of lyght,
And gastly syghtes of fyre doe flashe,
from cloudes as darke as night:
The beastes for feare amased stande,
and heartes of men doe quake.
But vext in vaine, and to no ende
hys trauayles doth he take,
Nor neuer can he come to skyes.
And he that guide of lyght
was once, and called *Lucifer*,
loues now to walke by night,
And darkenesse best of all esteemes,
and leades with him hys spyghtes,
And bugges, and goblins grimme of hel
and such deformed syghtes:
Sometimes by day when as he ioynes
a troupe of armed knaues,
And strawes w̄ bloudy Corses ẏ fieldes,
or drowneth shippes in waues,
Or when such mischief great he worke:
Then comes he forth by lyght
But close, and sendes abrode hys men
in secret priuie plight,

which

Which moues the hearts of wicked mē
and them with fury filles,
And secretely with sylent voice
persuades theyr minde to yilles.
But then quoth I: I thee beseeche my
let vs now leaue (guide
These monstrous Diuels to beholde,
and state of man perceaue:
For from thys mount we easely may
both lande and seas discrye,
Nor profite small I thee assure
in thys prospect doth lye.
Then gased we both vpon the earth:
and fyrst I wondred most,
To see such diuers colours strange
in men of sundry cost.
For those that nerest leade theyr lyfe
vnto the middle lyne,
Are black, with blaberlips, and haire
both curlde and crisped fyne,
And naked cleane, or couerde else
with skynne of Kiddes full yll.
But such as dwell about the North,
where Golde is quaking styll,
In whytenesse seeme to passe the snow,
and scarce they can expell

Wyth garments long & many clothes
the colde that there doth dwell.
Betweene these people all that be,
wyth black and whyte are died,
But more and lesse as farre and nere
they from the Sunne abyde.
Whyle thus I fondly wondred at
the things that there I see,
Why doest ỹ (quoth my guide) regarde
the things that vaynest be?
why viewest thou thus the colours vaine
in flesh of mortall man:
Farre better shall it be for thee
theyr manners well to scan,
And diuers fashyons of theyr mindes,
and works of them to see,
wherby thou shalt beholde the lyfe
of man, I shewing thee,
And what confusyon is therein.
First, fayne thou here a hande, &c.
whose thombe directly vpwarde ryse
and fingers open stande:
And on the thombe place thou the men
of best disposed minde,
That worldly things doe here despyse,
and things of heauenly kinde

Dos

Doe onely seeke, and most esteeme
dame wysedomes sacred grace,
Delyghting nature to beholde,
and hye Celestyall place,
Unharmefull, gentle, louing best
the vertuous thyngs and right,
Whom neither riches can corrupt,
nor fleshely fonde delight,
Nor glasse of pompous state alure:
men of a heauenly kinde,
And Gods incarnate here on earth,
but rare and scant to finde.
For all such thyngs that perfect are
are scarse and selde to see,
O that the mighty Lorde would cause
thee such a one to bee.
Next standes to thys the forefinger,
whereto thou shalt assyne
Discreetest men, the seconde sort,
and good we them defyne,
Yet leane they some thing to the world,
as fyt to beare the sway
In cities and in common wealthes,
and banners to display,
And fayth and iustice eke they loue,
and vertuous seeke to be:

Yet from the pleasures of the wozlde
they are not fully free.
To whom if God at any time
the rule and empire giue,
Then comes the golden tymes againe,
and vertue here to liue,
And iustice to the earth returnes,
and peace doth beare the sway,
And vice with punnishement seuere
is forced for to stay.
The middle finger followes then,
of estimation small,
Whereon thou must apoint a place
vnto those Minions all,
Whose mindes are ready to conceiue,
and wittes for to inuent,
Whose tongs doe flowe with eloquẽce,
to vtter theyr intent:
But wycked, and vniust they are
and full of byllanyes,
And bending alwayes to the earth
doe not beholde the skyes,
A suttle sort, that fores heartes
within theyr guilfull brest,
Doe alwayes beare, and symple soules
with fraude doe styll molest.

And

And when as most they vertue hate,
yet lyst they for to seeme,
Both good, and Godly men, and such,
as vertue most esteeme,
And otherwise than they do meane
theyr tong doth talke alwayes:
And all they doe is done for gaine,
or else for hope of prayse,
Nor lyke but thys they none esteeme
nor looke for to enioy.
And these are they that euermore
doe wise men most anoy,
And armde w̄ fraude, on fauour staide
(which eyther they obtaine,
Wyth slauishe seruice done to them,
or else with giftes doe gaine)
The Godly purposes they let,
and truth with craft they hyde:
And if their cunning there doe fayle
then force in tyme is tryde,
Then vse they swords, or flames of fyre,
or strength of poyson trye:
And if they cannot closely hurt
then worke they openly.
With these such iolye seruitours
in euery time, and place,

The Diuel doth hys kingdome kepe,
and eke hys owne good grace.
This staffe he chiefly leaneth on,
wyth this great helpe and stay,
Ye conquest makes vpon the earth,
and vrings them to obay.
Moze crafty knaues than wisemẽ liue,
and stronger aye they be,
That wyn the Palme, and triumph stil,
wyth spoyle of honesty.
Which when they scepter hold in hand,
oz rule in cyties beare,
Then cõmes the yzon wozld agayne,
and *Mars* appzocheth neare,
Then fary conquers lawes and right,
then lawful is it found
Foz vice to lyue vnpunnished,
then vertue lies a groũd.
No men moze mischieuous than these
among the mortal state
Do liue, noz none there are that moze
the Gods aboue do hate.
Now next in place the Fooles do syt,
who presently must stand
Vpon the fynger fourth in place,
of this thy fayned hand.

Of

Of Fooles the greateſt number is:
who doth not playnly know:
Dame nature ioyes in making Fooles,
as ſhe doth oft to ſowe
Both Nettles, Docks, & filthy Weedes
dul wyt, and doltyſh brayne
Theſe Idiotes haue, they ſeeke not for
the ioyes of ſoule to gayne:
And only of their lyfe, and panch,
lyke beaſtes their God they make.
Theſe doltyſh Fooles by thouſãd wyles
the crafty ſort do take,
And many falſe and wicked thyngs
to do, they them perſuade,
And wyth their language as they lyſt
do trayne them to their trade.
For Fooles do quickly credit giue,
as childzen alſo wyll,
But ſoneſt to vice: opintons woꝛſt
in them appeareth ſtyll,
To whome is alſo woꝛſer minde:
hereof it doth aryſe
That Foles beleue theſe crafty Knaues
beforе the Godly wyſe:
For councel naught theſe Fores gyue,
and teach from truth to ſlyde,

And

And vnderneath a paynted cote,
the fylthy vice they hyde.
But though by many meanes they do
these forelayd doltes beguyle,
Of superstition yet there is
a playne and easy wyle,
Wel knowen to al the worlds of olde:
the which this subtile kinde
Doth chiefly vse, for to the church
of God themselues they binde,
And holy rytes they minister.
Then cause they soze to feare
The blockish heartes of Idiotes,
and them they threaten there,
Except wyth giftes they please ỹ saincts
except they do appease
Wyth Golde the wrath of God for syn,
and purchase their release,
Which strayght these Prelats chast re-
wherwith they fat and feede (ceiue,
The Harlots and their Curtisans,
and Mules to serue at neede.
For who doth not the lyfe of Priestes
both note and well beholde?
And how they do poore Fooles deceiue:
yet scape they vncontrolde:

Such

Such is the suffrance now of Kings,
that onely do apply
Their mindes to pastyme, belly cheare,
and filthy lechery.
These things the Gods do aye permitte
that little seeme to wey
What hands do deale their sacraments
what hearts do them obey,
What honours here on earth they haue
or else what blasphemy.
But now to Fooles I come agayne,
whome when in seate on hie
Hath Fortune placde for hir delight,
O Lord what number great
Of Follies shalt thou then beholde:
to long it were to treate.
Then vertue made a iesting stock,
and placde aloft is vice,
Then daunces fonde, and banketings,
and playes are had in price:
Then flock of Parasites and whores.
in euery place are seene:
Then filthy fond delight alone
doth guide the soyle as Queene.
For as the Prince is commonly
so do the subiects lyue,

And

And to the lyke behauiours aye
themselues they alwayes gyue.
Not onely pleasure vnto Fooles
of kindred we do fynde,
But anger oftentymes doth match
hir self wyth Foolish mynde:
For Fooles are easely moued to wrath,
and desprate enterprise,
As oft as fury flames wythin
and choller vp doth rise:
Then wicked loue of weapon springs,
and bloudy broyles thereby,
That many corses gyue to death
ful colde in graue to lye:
A naughty kinde of men are these
and much to be auoyded.
The last the lyttle fynger is
wherwyth the eares are scratched.
And therfore calde the earefynger
where mad men placed syt,
That lack the vse of reason right,
and that haue lost their wyt:
Whose fury if it neuer ceasse,
more syt for them to dye
It were, and from so great disease
by meanes of death to flye.

Of

Of good men thus two only kyndes
there are, and neuer moze:
The reſt are alwayes naught and yll,
auoyd them wel therefoze,
Or if thou canſt not them auoyd,
beware yet at the leaſt
Thou mouell them not, ỹ cõmon ſoꝛte,
a fierce and cruel beaſt
Do alwayes rage, and hurtful be.
When thus *Timalph* had taught,
May not (quoth I) theſe Foles & wolues
to good eſtate be bꝛought?
May vice by no meanes be expeld?
oꝛ if there be a way
Diſcloſe to me. Then on thys ſoꝛte
Timalphes gan to ſay:
As nature in mannes body doth
diſeaſes diuers bꝛeede,
So many Sickneſſes to the mynde
from hir do like pꝛoceede:
And trauayle lyke to both hath deale.
Loe, how ſhe man doth loue:
Yet many ſuccours hath ſhe ſet
foꝛ moꝛtall mannes behoue,
Which if ſhe had not done, to ſoꝛe
and cruell had ſhe bene.

There-

Therfore ỹ same that helpt hath harme,
and as to harme she is seene,
So had she skyl to heale agayne:
that iustly you may doubt
A naturall Mother hir to cal,
or else a stepdame stout.
But now let vs the bodies griefes,
and medcins for the same
Passe ouer quite, in many bookes
declarde of auncient fame:
And of the minde as much as neede
shal presently require,
Let vs here speake to teach more plaine
the thing thou didst desire.
And first, as nature so disposing it
the rude and countrey fielde,
Vile Nettels, weedes & brembels sharp
continually doth yelde,
Except it oftentimes be tilde,
and eke wyth labour sore,
The hurtful wedes with plough & rakes
be causde to growe no more,
For this enough, it needeful is
good seedes therein to cast,
And dayly for to husbande it
till daunger all be past.

Euen

Euen so the minde whilst it is bounde
wythin the body here,
Is ouergrowen wyth Bryars sharp,
and wylde it doth appere:
Except it ayded be wyth helpe
of one that tilleth well,
And aptly vertues therein plantes,
and vices doth expell.
But what is husbandry of minde
perhaps thou seekest to know:
Its wysedome, wisdome that I meane,
that manners good doth showe,
That makes men vertuous for to be,
and playne doth teach the way
To mortal men, of liuing right,
and leauing for to stray,
Persuading them to leade their liues
in perfect Godly state,
And righteousnesse to exercise,
and sinnes to shunne and hate.
This only is the wisdome true,
and not that other kinde,
Wherto Physitians and vayne clerkes
do still apply their minde:
Attempting causes hydde of things
to bring abrode to light.

And

And for to searche the secrete celles
of nature, day and night:
Materiam primam, and *Vacuum*,
and thousande monsters more,
With blustring countnãce belching out,
that they might seeme therfore
Well learnde, and stuffed full
they're purse with coyne may strayne.
O goodly wisedõe, whose learned youth
doe eyther gape for gaine,
Or swell with vaine ambition:
but none amongst them thoe
Doth vertuouser, from thence
or better manerde goe,
No teacher of the minde is thys,
nor wysedome hir we call:
But rather knowledge hath to name,
if that she doe not fall,
From doubtful pathes of men deceiude.
who thys hath learned than
No witt but knowledge gaines by it,
and of a cunning man
Perchance he beares the name, but not
of wyse and prudent wyght.
These two doe differ farre in state,
and workes in diuers plight,

From

From wisedome springes ỹ fruit of life,
from knowledge the floure doth ryse,
The one doth profite, ayde, and helpe,
the other beautifies:
The one respectes the inwarde things,
the other outwarde shine,
The one makes vertuous men, & good,
the other learned, and fyne.
Thus wysedome onely decks the minde
which manners God doth showe
As I haue sayde, destroyeth vice,
and vertue there doth sowe,
And waters it with heauenly showers.
O light of mankinde here,
O perfite way of sauing helth,
defence, and comfort clere,
Both entry, dore, and guide of lyfe
O peace, and salue of minde,
O blessed worthy sanctuary,
O wysedome sweetest kynde,
That *Nectar* doest excell in taste,
to whom art thou now dere?
who followes thee? what place hast thou
on earth, what honours there?
In Temples wast thou wont to raine,
in schooles, and porches lowe,

In Councelles, and in courts of kings,
now no man doth thee knowe:
But Poets dreames and tryfles fonde
for thee in place doe raine.
what learnes the scholler now in scholes,
what knowledge doth he gaine?
But fansyes vaine, or vaudy tales:
beholde in seate full-bye
The Maister syttes, with booke before
that open wyde doth lye,
And spitting oft he well doth viewe
hys great assembled crowde,
And when hee sees them bent to heare,
with lofty voice and lowde,
Ye then expoundes some dreadful ghost
of dolefull tragedie,
Or else some harlots trickes declares
in wanton Comedie,
Or doting loues of auncient time,
or else to light doth bring
Some monstrous, or some cruell fact,
or lamentable thing.
O brayne deseruing to be purged,
doest thou these wayes instruct?
The tender mindes and ignorant
bring vp with such a fruict?

Is this the fait wherof the age
so yong is made to say:
Is it not shame wyth tryfles such
to passe the time away:
By thys so many naughty knaues,
and villaines doe appere:
By thys the groue of vices thick
vp springeth euery where:
When as no vertuous bringing vp
of Children can be founde.
O you that youth do not correct,
but rather them confounde,
Learne fyrst your selues to liue vpright,
and then to others showe
A vertuous trade, least lyke to beastes
you liue, and nothing knowe.
But thou *Stellatus* harken well,
to thee I will expresse
which way thou shalt apply thy minde
to perfecte vertuousnesse.
Fyrst, oft in minde remember well
one God alone to be,
Eternall. best, omnipotent,
and of most hye degree,
Who heauen. and the golden Starres
that shine throughout al the skye.

The reſt of things that may be ſeene,
or not be ſeene wyth eye,
Of nothing, with hys beck alone
before all tymes hath made,
And framde thē keepes, & gouernes here
with euerlaſting trade.
Hym worſhip, honor, feare and prayſe,
and often to hym praye,
Both nights, & dayes, when Sūne doth ryſe
and Sunne doth fall away,
And when from both in equall ſpace
his Globe doth diſtant glowe:
For vertue chiefe and wyſedome chiefe,
it is, the king to knowe.
Of ſainctes aboue, and father of men
to loue with heart entire
To prayſe him alwayes and to dread,
and humbly him deſire.
Without thys ſame all vertues elſe,
think nothing worth to be,
For almoſt thys, and nothing elſe
ſufficient is for thee.
Therfore haue alwayes God in heart,
and often in thy minde
And call to him, nothing than thys
more vertuous canſt thou finde:

Thys

Thys is to all the vertues elſe
the open dooze, and plaine,
Foz without grace, and ayde of God,
no man can them obtaine,
Noz able be to flye from vice.
Beſydes the ſayncts aboue that dwell,
and hoſtes of meſſangers,
And ſeruants of the chiefeſt Lozde,
and holy Miniſters,
Fulfilling the commaundement of
hys Maieſtie deuine,
That alwayes ſtand befoze hys face
in ſkyes full cleare that ſhine:
With holy minde remember oft
in humble ſozt to prayе,
That they may helpe thee in thy neede,
and daungers dryue awaye,
And thee vnto the Lozde commende:
foz truely Aungels can,
And often vſe to profite much
the earneſt praying man.
Noz, be not thou (beware therof)
amongſt ſuch ſozt a mate,
That think that nature neuer made
a thing of hygher ſtate

Than man: mad men, ỳ when they see
so plaine before their eye,
Both seas and lande of Creatures full,
doe thinke that in the skye,
And in the Starres no dwellers be,
and iudge the ample space
Of blessed heauen for to be
a voide, and desert place.
O crabde, and crookde vntoward soules,
O mindes in darkenesse drounde.
Mans sense can not all things perceiue,
for many things are founde
That often tymes deceiue the eyes,
which yet the minde doth see:
Therfore what reason moues in minde
must rather followed bee:
Which teacheth that there is a God,
and dwellers in the skye:
Wherfore ỳ Starres are eyther Gods,
Or *Temples* where they lye.
These grounde workes layde, w̄ all thy heart,
embrace thou righteousnesse,
And let no iniury of thine
be any mans distresse,
By wordes or deedes no man can hurt,
nor deale thou so wyth men

As

As thou wouldst not be delt withall,
but alwayes doe to them
As thou wouldst they should do to thee:
thus nature doth decree.
Which if thou straighly dost not keep
giue credit vnto mee:
Thou neuer canst be fauoured of
that maiestie deuine,
Nor after death vnhappy man
thou shalt the heauens clime.
An others honor, fame, or state,
harme not in any case,
When vile desyre doth moue, or wrathe
or enuye comes in place:
But rather helpe such as thou knowest
to be of vertuous minde,
With all thy force, and pleasure doe
to men of wycked kinde
Sometimes, that so they hurt thee not,
or seldomer thee harme:
And let not bribes, nor loue, nor hate,
thy minde from iustice charme,
For these are three especiall things
that dasell sore the syght
Of minde, and driue men euer more
from doing well and right:

But ſtyll haue God in memory,
and death to come in minde,
Then flye the enticements of the flesh
and byts of sharpest kinde
On pleasure put: For nothing doth
to man more mischiefe bring
Than yll delight, to vertue sure
a most contrary thing:
For vertue labours euermore
the heauens hye to clyme,
But pleasure ennimy to the skies
doth downeward styll decline,
And groueling gaseth on the earth,
as beastes do commonly,
Destroying strength of body here
and force of minde: wherby
It breedes a dull and slouthful sense,
and sharp dyseases makes.
This is that *Circes*, that *Syren*
and hooke of *Stygian* lakes,
With this same snare a nũber great
of soules, the Diuell takes,
And suffers not them after death
their countrey Skyes to see,
But wyly wrappeth them in mystes
of Hel his mates to be.

These

These bayts therfore, thys poison swete
of fylthy fiendish foe,
Wyth al thy might auoyd them well,
and warely from them go:
Lest that when greater peres do come,
in vayne thou dost repent
Thy selfe, thy substance, fame, and wit,
so lost and fondly spent.
Then shalt thou say as many do,
O goodly tymes in minde,
How vilely haue I you abused?
where now should I you finde?
Unhappy man: If God would graunt
agayne my former tyme,
And once againe the *Samian* branch
I might assay to clyme,
Thereto I would where as the earth
his horne forth doth stretch,
Though that the way be strayt, & steepe
the top thereof to retch.
No kinde of thing doth vertue passe,
which alwayes doth remayne,
Which honor giues, and hie estate,
and glory great doth gayne,
Preserues the life, and doth augment
the goods that here you haue,

And

And doth remaine, when death hath cast
the fading corse in graue.
But me vnhappy wretch alas
did pleasure swete deceaue,
And led away doth me in briars
and many mischienes leaue:
For whilst that I in youthful yeares
the shewes do oft frequent,
And while to feeding, sleepe, and play,
my doltish minde was bent,
Nought would I lerne, & hating bokes,
did study much despise,
And learning scorne, but now alas
I see before my eyes,
My selfe vnlearnde, of yll report,
in beggarly aray,
My strength decayde, my minde appald,
my senses worne away:
Al this tyme haue I liued as he
that lyes a sleepe in dreames,
Doth think him self awake to be
deceyued by such meanes.
Like wordes to these doth bitter oft
the slouthfull sluggish man,
When age the neighborne to death,
doth count to late as than

This

His life led yll in youthfull yeares,
The greatest sort do shut the doze
when Steede is stollen away:
And wyse they are when as to late
their wittes they do assay,
And for Physitians fast they seeke,
when hope of health is gone.
O wretches whilst you here haue tyme,
looke wel thys tyme vpon:
For fast away the houre flyes,
and fled can not retourne,
No teares can help the corse in graue,
nor sobbes for him to mourne:
That medcine only is of force
which is in time applyed,
Therfore must vertue be embraced,
when youth is fyrst in pryde:
And then it nedeful is to treade
the perfect path of lyfe,
And vertuous workes to take in hand,
then reason must be ryfe,
And minde wyth councel must be ruled
while yet but yong it is:
Least that with fonde delight deceyued,
it headlong runne amysse.

Who so is wyse let hym in tyme
wyth wisedome wel prouide,
For after wyttes are euermore
to folly next alied:
And out of tyme it bringeth griefe
bewayling all in vayne,
A hurt or losse that neuer can
be brought or got agayne.
Besyde, the wicked thirst of wealth,
and vile desyre of golde
Must thou eschew, for where a place
this couetousnesse doth holde
There rayne almost eche other vice:
as shamefull periuries,
Ungodlinesse, theft, and disceyt,
wyth open robberies,
Guyles, treasons, and conspyracies,
wyth frayes and murders vile,
What needes it for to shew them all:
nothing beside more vile,
For worse than is the couetous man,
that drowndeth in earth belowe,
Doth like the Mole no kinde of thing
desyre, loue, or know
Saue only riches of the earth
for which he doth not feare

Eche

Eche yll to worke, nor other God
he doth acknowledge here,
But purse and pens his chiefe delight:
nor sees the vnhappy beast
How short the lyfe of man is here,
how fraile, how sone deceast,
And how that from his bending bow
death euermore doth cast
His deadly shaftes, that pearceth hearts
of mortall men so fast,
And neyther spares the yong nor lerned,
nor yet the wealthy wyght:
But euery man wythout respect
wyth bloudy blow doth smyte:
And oftentimes is vnkrest then,
when furthest of he showes,
And sodaine tumultes then doth cause
when no man of hym knowes.
But thou regarde not ryches here,
nor goods that subiect be
To blinded chaunce, nor let no care
of such things trouble thee:
For proper vnto no man are
the things, which as the lykes
Doth fortune giue, and takes awaye,
when she vnconstant strykes:

Or passing doth wyth lyke away
to diuers men descend.
Nay, other riches shalt thou seke
that neuer shal haue ende,
On which no chaũce nor kinde of death,
shall euer powre obtayne:
These riches labour thou to get
both dayes and nightes with payne,
For that thou shalt be truely rich,
and truely blest by that.
The others that the common sorte
like fooles do wonder at,
And wish to haue, if thou enioyest,
as money, house and land,
Them vse and occupy at wyll,
who doth agaynst it stand:
But iustly yet, and modestly,
and when thou maist or can,
Haue pity on the powerty,
despise no needy man.
By this meanes shalt ỹ wyn thee prayse
and health for euermore,
And for this earthly baggage here
the Skies aboue shalt gayne.
No man is he, but sure a wolfe
that doth not mercy showe,

That

That is not moued to see the state
of others ouerthrowe.
But if of poore estate thou arte,
then beare it pacientlye,
And in good part sustayne the lotte
of this thy pouerty:
For greater ouerthrowes hath he,
and greater griefe and care,
Whome Fortune most enriched hath,
and giuen the greater share:
And so much ouerlayd he is,
wyth wayght of substance great,
That by no meanes he can beholde
the hie celestial seate.
For light, and voyde of earthly dregges
it him behoues to be,
That will with minde ascend the place
where as the heauens be.
For more a man seekes earthly state,
more falles he from the skye,
And from the euerlasting light
he farther of doth flye:
And eke in place where as a man
his treasure vp doth hyde,
There lies his heart, and there his mind
doth euermore abyde.

Thus

Thus prouerbe helpes many men
vnburdning them therby
That so wyth swifter wyngs they may
vnto the heauens flye.
In lyke sort pride thou must auoyde
the spring of stryke, and hate,
That with dissention many times
destroyes a common state.
wyth thys disease in auncient time
was Rome nere ouerthrowne,
Oppressed wyth rage of fury fierce,
that ciuill warres had blowne.
Flye thou thys fiende of hell, if thou
desyrest for to bee
A friende of Gods, and after death
the Heauens clere to see.
No proude man loues the Gods aboue,
nor is beloued of them:
For God esteemes the humble sort
and lowly minded men,
And well helykes the gentle mindes
where no ambition lyes,
Thrusts downe ỹ proude, & suffers not
to dwell with him in skyes.
Wher fore you proude disdainful swarme
what doth your pryde you gaine?

What

What helpes your great renoumed na-
and pzincely titles vaine? (mes
which death in shoztest time doth spoile,
and in the streame hath dzonde
Of *Lethes* flouds, where synking lowe
they neuer can be founde.
You seeke to please the common sozt,
and of them pzayse to bee,
Tell, what discretion hath that state
the truth of things to see.
They count you here as Gods to be,
and what doth follow then?
When Asses here in deede you are
with outwarde signe of men,
Th'vnskilfull sozt you doe deceiue,
but not the Gods aboue:
But rather them to laughter oft,
and oft to wzath you moue:
Foz all your pzety pzankes they marke,
and pziuie deedes they see,
But you O blinded Asses thinke
no Gods at all to bee.
Noz yet beleue the Cozse in graue,
the soule shall ryse to dome,
And therfoze seke these pzesent ioyes,
and scozne the lyfe to come.

A number great of beastes aliue
in shape of men doe straye,
Hence springeth vp your errour great
and cause of your decaye,
That with your grosse capacitie,
no other thing you see
but bodyes grosse, nor true things know
but such as shaddowes bee.
The greatest sort delight in smoke,
and full with smoke they sowe,
O fooles what lighter thing thã smoke,
what thing doth vayner showe?
Or what may more be laughed at?
than honor to pursue
All vndeserued, and to despyse
the cause of honor true,
We see vll men, vnlearned and fonde,
in place aloft to stay,
And guide such as doe them excell,
whom they should rather obay.
For spitefull fortune styll doth spoyl
in mortall mans estate,
And out of order all confoundes,
as she doth lyke, or hate:
Oft tymes exalting to the starres
the slouthfull seruile kinde,

De-

Deseruing fetters for to weare,
or in the mille to grinde.
But if she were of good estate,
she would the world commit
Of wyse men to be guided here,
as meete it is and fyt:
Then all things should in order passe,
and lawes in strength should stande,
And holy Sacraments be delt
by Godly Prelates hande:
And God would then contented be
to shewe himselfe in syght.
But harebrainde Fortune alwaies doth
in counterfaites delight:
Yet thys thalmighty Lorde permittes.
Who could it well correct,
And why should not we suffer it?
For vnto what effect
Is it, the truth with reason strong
to maintaine, and defende
Preuayling not but get thereby
displeasure in the ende?
For wysedome is cõtemnde, & harmde,
with which no force doth raine,
Whom no authoritie supposes,
nor honour doth maintaine.

Therfore it is better not to speake:
despyse thou in thy minde
The foolishe common peoples prayse,
and gyftes of Fortune blinde,
Applye thy selfe to please the Lorde,
wyth deedes of vertuous kynde,
And after death true honor thou,
and true renoume shalt finde:
That for the iust and Godly men,
prepared is in skyes,
Wheras the milde and lowly hearts,
doe ioy in ioyfull wyse.
But proude men wofully doe waple
in smothring fiery smokes.
Now last of all restraine thy wrath,
for anger rage prouokes,
And rage doth cause vnsemely wordes,
of naughty wordes doth spring
Both brawles & frayes, of frayes comes
& woũds do slaughter bring. (woũds,
Anger doth so confounde the minde,
that dronke when bloud doth frye
It knowes not what to doe, and voide
of iudgement runnes awrye:
Straight grieke & shame ensues ỳ deedes
done vnaduisedly.

Shunne

Shunne thys, guide minde, & winne thy (selfe
with bearing manfully.
A goodly vertue pacience is,
which who so is without
Must needes of force lacke honestie,
with cruell minde and stout,
Still bsyng for to braule and fight.
Frayes fittest are for beastes,
And quiet peace is farre more meete
to dwell in mortall breastes.
The wyse, & vertuous man, sekes peace
all other things before,
And suffers things of smaller waight,
for feare of mischiefe more,
And well takes heede, least that the cole
that yet but kindling lyes,
Wyth fiery force of flashing flame
aloft at length aryse.
Who naught can beare, let him absent
himselfe from company,
And leade hys lyfe alone in woods,
or else on mountaines hye.
And he that dwelles in company,
let him learne much to beare,
And to restrayne with brydle sharpe
the wrath that him doe steare,

Dissembling closely wyth himselfe
his anger that doth spring,
And neuer breake the bondes of peace
for euery trifling thing,
Forgiuing still the faultes of those
that hym offended haue,
That he may so forgiuenesse get,
as he to others gaue.
Thus much of trayning of the minde
I thought it good to touche,
Which doth suffyse: to these I coulde
haue added moze by much,
But he that doth obserue these fewe
shall neuer want the rest,
But easely all them obtaine
that are not here expzest:
They all contayned priuily,
and closde in these doe lye.
But yet it nedefull is the whyle
the wysemens bookes to applye,
And causes for to searche of things,
and to adozne the minde
With diuers artes: for voyde therof
it is both dull, and blinde.
And thus, as hath bene sayde befoze,
those fooles, and fores, well

Way

May vertuous be, and frame themselues
in seate of blysse to dwell.
These thigs while as my guide declarde
in presens *Mercury*,
The poste of Gods, and *Atlas* Sonne,
sent downe from *Ioue* stoode by:
And willde *Timalphes* in hast
the heauens to ascende,
For all the saints (quoth he) are willde
on *Ioue* for to attende,
And *Momus* there appointed hath
of waighty affayres to treate.
If certaine Monks (that placed are
vpon the hauty seate,
That harde besyde the citie standes,
where passing by the walles
To *Venize* goolde the fyshie streames
of *Ariminum* fall)
Of lyuing shall depriued be,
or else those partes forsake
That contrey women vse to cut
when they theyr Capons make:
Since that they are to coltishe wart,
and beare their heddes to hye.
Despising men, and filthy factes
commit licentiously.

Example taking of their Prior,
fye, fye, to great a shame.
And can the Church abyde to see
such Porkettes as these same?
That only liue to serue their paunch,
their lust, and sleepy sense,
Which heard, in hast *Aretes* sonne
departing straight from thence,
Did me commyt to *Mercury*,
who going downe to Hell,
The speciall message of hys Lord
vnto the fiende to tell:
Ye fast embracing in his armes
did through the cloudes conuay
To ground, what time as *Clement* Pope
in campe with *Cæsar* lay
Within the walles of *Bononye*,
and *Florence* City fayre
With mighty force did long besiege.
Thus cutting swift the ayre
With wyngs, at length came *Mercury*
to rockes that ragged lye,
Of *S. Marinus* hauty hylles,
that seeme to touch the Skye:
From thence in small descent he set
me in thy fieldes so gay

Verruculus, and then to Hell
in haſte he takes his way.

Capricornus, the tenth Booke.

AL haile to thee good *Mercury*,
from *Stygian* lake ſo ſoone
Art thou returnde? declare what (things
in *Plutoes* court are doone:
Great brawles, & raging mad byzozes,
what is the cauſe oz why?
I wyll thee tell, although in haſte
I muſt to heauen flye.
So great a ſozt of Turkes and Jewes,
and Chriſtians there remaine,
That place therein ſuffiſeth not,
the number to contayne:
No empty rome there is, but all
ful thwart as they may be,
The Pozches full, and ful the Hall,
and full the courtes I ſee,
The Temples, houſes and the Streates
the Walles, and Market rowe,
And al the City fieldes, and hylles
and wooddy valleyes lowe,

So

So full that crowding thick they thrust,
and shoue wyth diuelish might:
With fyst and heele, and tulke, & tooth,
in cruel sort they fight,
For of no weapon haue they skill,
nor spyites can euer dye:
Scarce could I passe the place vnto
whereas the fiend doth lye,
But through ẏ mydst of swarming soules,
wyth force I make my way,
And wyth this rod to get me roome
amongst them fast I lay:
At length the priuy chaumber of
the black and vggly spryte
I come vnto, whom there I fynde
in sad and doleful plight.
And when to him I had declarde
my fathers full decree,
Commanding him that *Antechrist*
shquld straygbt vnlosed be
From out the pyt, and sent abrode
to euery place and land:
That worlking wonders strange & false
and teaching that at hand
The dreadful day of iudgement is,
and ende of all the rest,

May

May al thing out of order bring,
both Gods, and man, and beast,
As fixed state of destiny
commaundeth to be had:
God *Pluto* then tell me quoth I
why sytste thou here so sad?
So sad quoth he: doest thou not thinke,
to great a wrong I byde,
When you possesse so great a spare
of heauen large and wyde?
When as but fewe you are, and when
scarce three (when all is done,)
Or little more, in greatest space
and tract of tyme do come:
And I to be enclosde within
a kingdome here so small,
Where out of number mortal men
continually do fall:
The Iewes and al the Turkish broode,
not all the Christian bend
(I graunt) but sure the greatest parte,
do here, do here descend,
And hither to my parkes they runne:
why come they more to me?
Or why doth not my brother there
that Skies doth ouersee

These

These Friers, Priests, & Monks at lest
take vp to heauen hye,
And them in blessed place wyth him
preserue continually:
Is is not shame, these men that in
the Church so swetely sing,
And day by day, in sacred towers
the restlesse bells do ring,
That spend such store of Franconcense,
and many Hores relieue,
That pardon others, and can not
their owne mysdeedes forgiue,
That play the parts of paryshe Clerke,
the Corse to bring to graue,
And beautify the Church of God,
with Tombs and Pictures braue,
Is it not shame these men to sende
to Hell, with paynes therfore,
As thirsty *Appulia* neuer bred
of Flyes a greater store:
Nor once the chiefest Bishops he
doth dread, or more forbeare,
But rather wylls that they do feele
extreamest torments heere:
Thus in the deepest pyt of Hel
enclosde they lye in chaynes

And

And plaged are aboue the reſt
with grieuous kinde of paynes.
Wherfore *Cyllenius* when thou comſte
the Starres aboue vnto,
I pray thee ſhew my brother there
that al things I wyl do
With willing minde as he cõmaundes:
But yet in any wiſe
Let him reſpect my poore eſtate,
and kingdome not deſpiſe,
And either take ſome ſoules from hence
or elſe make Hel more wyde:
This ſayd, I wyll (quoth I) and then
from thence in haſte I hied.
And now to Heauen I retourne
nor longer can I ſtay:
Forget not me thy client poore
go bleſſed ſainct away.
Thou *Muſe* remembre well to ſhewe
to me thy verſes fine,
For paper lowe at hand, and pen,
and leyſure good and tyme:
Beginne and teache me in what ſorte
a wyſe man ſhould be wrought.
Fyrſt vnderneath a happy ſtarre
he muſt to light be brought,

That

That after shall be wyse or blest:
for greatly matter makes
Under what signe or what aspect,
a man his byrthday takes:
As they affirme that know the names,
and force, and motions hye
Of Starres, and cast natiuities,
and tell the destiny.
O Lord how great and wonderous
doth heauens force appeare,
Wythout whose help the earth nor seas,
could euer creature beare.
The Skye the *Occean* representes
the father here of all,
And ters the syster Nimphs by name
full aptly may we call,
Frō whence procedes al good on earth,
therfore can no man liue
As wise and blest, whō starres in byrth,
an yll aspect do giue.
Beside of great effect doth seeme
their parents state, and kinde,
Of whome the infant nourced is,
and who doth guide the minde.
For as the childe in tender yeares
himself at fyrst doth trayne,

Such

Such custome shal in grauer age
within his heart remayne:
Long time that nature doth endure,
and long in minde doth lye,
That in our childish age at fyrst,
our sences did apply.
Therefore the master needes must be
both wyse and learned well,
That guides the childe, and also must
to vertue him compell.
And like the horsman good, now here,
now there must winde and wreste
The vntamed head, and now with byte
and now wyth spurre molest:
Nor only him with words persuade,
but with examples teache:
For what if life be contrary
auayleth it to preach?
And fyrst be dilligent to kepe
him from the vicious kinde,
Ill company doth oft corrupt
a good and vertuous minde:
This poyson many hath destroyed,
wouldst thou be glad to tell
The nature iust of any man,
then marke his fellowes well,

For

For lyke to lyke doe euer goe,
and alwayes shalt thou finde
That conuersant are such as be
of one disposed minde.
Wherfore let both the schoolemaster,
and parents well be ware,
Least him whom they doe thus instruct
the naughty youth doe snare,
And them with filthy crimes infect:
alas full sone we all
Enclyned are vnto the worse,
and sone to vice we fall.
Beside thys childe that here we layne
a wyse man for to make,
Let him in Greeke, and latine bookes,
his daily trauaile take,
And giue good wyll and diligence
in learning to procede,
Refusyng al vnhonest bookes
let hym good authors reade:
For seldome is the vnlearned good,
for ignorance doth blinde,
And darkes with errours commonly
the rude vnskilful minde.
But yet from to much study and toyle
let him hys minde refraine,

Least

Least he proue mad, in searching thus
thys wysedome to attaine:
Or fall into some great disease
and so himselfe destroy:
To much of euery thing doth harme
and long doth not enioye.
His spirites sometime to recreate,
and to refreshe his minde,
Let him absent him selfe and playe:
for rest in euery kinde
Doth quickenesse bring, and play in time
doth former force repaire.
But though eche kindes of learning is
both needfull good and faire.
Yet chiefe among the rest are those,
and hyghest place obtaine,
That teacheth well ☿ Starres to know,
and nature opens plaine,
Let these our wyse men well apply
with all hys force and might,
In grauer age, and in these artes
let him spende hys delight:
And therwithall (as hath bene sayde)
the nurture of the minde
Well put in vre, both iust and good
shalbe and so shall winde

About hys head two Lawrell twiſſes.
How goodly a thing is it
A man both learned and good to bee,
to knowe, and to haue wit:
A learned foole is to be feарde,
lyke as the furious braine.
With ſwoрde in hande, ſo is the learnde
in whom doth vice remaine.
But yet ſuffyſeth not alone:
the minde for to regarde,
And wyth good manners, & good artes
to haue it thus prepарde:
When as the ſtate of body here
we muſt not lightly way,
For if the body be diſeaſed
it neuer can obay
The heſtes of minde, ỹ doth commaund
both woрthy things and great.
Wherfore we muſt our ſelues apply
to feede on holeſome meate,
That may engender pureſt bloud:
for hurtfull humour ſpring.
Of euill meates moſt commonly,
and ſuch vnholſome things.
All dronkennеſſe muſt be eſchewed,
and ſurfets muſt be fled:

For

For these the stomacke ouercharge,
and much anoye the head,
And rounde wyth fumes beset the brain,
by thys doth alwayes come
The dull appalled sense and spryts,
and sleepes of afternoone.
To exercise the body well
in due conuenient time,
Is great commodity to health,
and makes the force more fyne:
By to much slouth doth strength decay,
and by to long a rest.
The synowes fayne, and all the lymmes
by thys are quite oppress.
Besyde must colde extreme be shunde,
and heate that raging broyles,
And all corrupt and filthy ayres,
and fennishe mooysy soyles:
Especially in sommer tyme,
when dogge with fyerie teene
Doth cleaue the fieldes, & Grashoppers
sying vnder braunches greene.
In fine our selues we must apply
with all our force and might,
To bodyes health, that so it may
obey the minde aright.

Which scarse can wel be brought about
if pouertye denye:
Needes must we money haue by chaūce
or gift of some that dye,
Or else by trade of occupying
in any facultye,
For euermore the nedy man
doth suffer miserye:
Nor without riches, possible
a happy lyfe to leade,
Alas how often vertue poore
doth mourne with heauy heade?
How much despysed she styll doth lys
if money be away?
Him truely and in proper kinde
a ryche man call we may
That flowes with wit, and eloquence,
with wysedome and with art,
And wheresoeuer he becomes
can gaine an honest part,
And portion for himselfe to liue,
and though he iorney makes
To diuers places farre from home,
hys substance with him takes,
And neuer wanteth needefull things
a ioyfull lyfe to leade,

Nor feare the theeues, nor doth ỹ sword,
or cruell robbers dreade,
And quickly doth hymselfe repaire
though he be spoyled quite:
For vertue true giues neuer place
to Fortunes frowning spite.
For euery dwelling in the worlde
doth native soyle appere
Unto the vertuous man, and well
he liueth euery where.
But he that vertue lackes, although
he great possessions holde,
And purses stuffed full wyth coyne,
and Coffers full of golde,
Yet can he not go where he lyst,
nor trauaile euery place,
To see the countreys straunge abrode,
and men of sundry grace,
And euery where to liue: for house,
and grounde, and Castels strong,
He can not beare about wyth hym
in all hys iorneys long,
Least ỹ perchaunce wᵗ theeues he meete,
or perishe on the shore,
And then for Gods sake alke hys meate
at euery other doore.

At home therefore he alwayes dwels,
and in hys countrey lyues
Where as hys ground a great increase
of Corne and wyne hym giues,
And as a banisht man he feares
beyonde the boundes to go,
That slouthfulnesse of minde, & chaunce
to him assigned so:
Wherby the goodly syghtes abrode
he can not viewe nor marke,
Whyle still at home he hidden lyes
as pent in dongeon darke.
Therfore the olde Philosophers
by fine inuention founde,
A certaine stone, that where they went
or trauailed any grounde,
Prouided them of needeful things,
and neuer would decay,
By ayde wherof, full many landes
and countreys farre away
They might behold, and alwaies learne
of many sundry artes.
And thus of olde the Gods aboue
besought with humble heartes,
The sacrifyce on altare slaine
before as was the trade

To *Mercury*, the Sunne, and Moone,
Lo thus their prayers made.
O *Titan*, beauty of the worlde,
O fayrest God in syght,
O thou *Latonia* dryuing hence
the shadowes of the nyght,
O swyftly fleeting restlesse Impe
of *Ioue* and *Maia* borne,
That ables arte to chaunge thy selfe
to shapes of sundry forme:
Be present here, and bowe your eares
to our complaints and crye,
Beholde a fewe, whose mindes & wittes
are in degree full hye,
That wisedome most of all esteme,
whyle cause of euery thing,
And secrete state of nature hyd
to lyght we seeke to bring,
And meat with minde the mighty skye:
vs neede doth ouerread,
And many great misshappes we feele,
of hunger almost dead:
Whyle as the doltishe common sorte
doe all things rake and snatche,
And all the money heaping vp
into their coffers catche:

Nor any of them doth pity vs,
and if we aske a myte,
Then poynting at vs straight they iest,
and make of vs but light:
Wherby we are constraynde to delue,
or else attendance gyue
On toyling beastes, or cary doung,
scarce know we how to lyue:
And Idiotes are we made to serue.
Wherfore you Goddes aboue
Haue pyty yet at length of vs,
if good mennes state you moue,
And shew an easy way by which
we may liue honestly,
And for to search the secrete dennes
where truth doth hydden lye.
These prayers hearde, the Gods anons
thus calde came forth in place,
And fyrst did *Phebus* aunswere make:
O noble worthy race
Of halfe Goddes, Skies deseruing wel
and fauour eke from hye,
Now hearken wel, and in your mindes
let these my sayings lye
Take here this yong *Archadian* bloud,
and swyft untrusty swayne

And plunged deepe in *Stygian* ſtreates,
let him forthwyth be ſlayne:
In boſome thruſt of *Hyales*
him let the Gods receaue,
Whome *Lemnian* countrey worſhippeth
and hye aloft him heaue:
Then bury him in warmed wombe,
and corrupted him vndoe,
Whoſe dropping ioyntes a ſpryte ſhall
that falles our bodies fro, (pearce
And wondrouſly ſhal call agayne,
deceaſde and quenched quite
Him from the darke new clad in cloke,
of golde, and ſhining bright
Wyth ſyluer ſhew, then him agayne
amyd the fyer caſt:
An other ſtrayght ſhall ſpring thereof,
as *Phœnix* chaunging kalk,
And perfect leaue the bodies all
that it ſhall feale or touch,
The bondes and lawes of nature here,
ſurmounting aye by much,
Shal chaunge the kindes & driue away,
this needy pouerty.
Here *Phebus* ceaſde, and *Mercury*,
and *Dian* did agree

To all that he declared had,
forthwith away they flye,
Ascending to the lofty place
and compasse heauens hye.
Then men of hauty sense they blinde,
and aunswere all to darke,
Long ponderyng in their doubtful minde
do muse theron and marke,
And scarce in longest race of tyme
wyth proues of sundry kinde,
And not wyth little charges did
this arte at fyrst out finde,
Than which no arte more worthy is,
the heauenly stone to frame,
Which wicked people neuer knowe,
nor can obtayne the same.
And this whosoeuer doth enioy
may dwell in any land,
Both free frō feare of fortunes wheele,
and force of robbers hand:
But vnto whome the Gods vouchsaue
so great a gift to giue.
Some will demaund if it be meete
for wyse men here that liue,
To linck themselues in wedlocks bond,
and so the time to spend.

In

In procreation here of youth.
Though some do this commend,
Yet this in mine opinion is
for holy men not meete,
For care of wife doth often let,
and loue of children sweete,
The wyttes deuine of wysest men,
that do their mindes apply
About such hye and hauty things,
as secretes of the Skye.
Let him that only seekes the worlde
reioyce in wyfe and childe,
And often to himselfe procure
the Gods of Wariage milde:
But let the wiseman alwayes ioye
in chaste and single plight,
And euerwore line vndefilde
in body and in spright.
For he that doth wyth slender fare
and small himselfe content,
And doth abstayne from carnal vse,
and prayer styll frequent,
And lifting minde aboue the starres
beholdes the chiefe degree,
Shal oft enioy the speach of God,
and oftentimes him see,

In

In happy state, shall tell before
the things that after spring.
A sacred Gemme is chastitie,
to God most thankfull thing,
Unto the chaste he oft appeares,
and secretes oft doth tell:
Againe the filthy lecherye
and pastimes meete for hell,
He hates & shunnes and alwayes doth
such wanton mates detest.
But no man can a Virgin be
but he whom God hath blest,
And doth assyst: Thys gratious gyft
doth from the skye descende,
Of higher state than man can get,
or man can comprehende:
No perfite wyseman can be had
except in thys degree.
It seemeth also good to knowe
if it conuenient be
For wysemen dreadfull weapons fierce
of raging *Mars* to trye,
And for to bathe their hands in bloud,
of mortall enimie,
And to themselues by fight to get
an euerlasting name:

For many iudge no greater ver-
tue, glory, prayse, or fame
Can be, than gotten is by warres.
O wretched beastes, O blinde,
Why think you wars more worth than
or of a better kinde? (peace,
For nothing is more vile than thys,
nor nothing can be found,
That farther from mans reasō seemes,
to differ or to sound:
For if that lawes and reason shoulde
in euery place beare sway,
Then peace shuld rayne in proper force
and warres shuld quite away:
In tyme of battayle lawes do ceasse,
and ouerthrowen do lye,
Then fury raynes, and vice doth rage,
abrode at liberty,
Then wicked men holde vp the head,
and shake their weapons than,
And scotfree thence they kyl and stryke,
and take from euery man,
And fearing no decree of iudge,
defile eche thing they finde
More mete is peace for mortal man,
and warres for brutish kinde.

To tosse the blades mad men loue, to
and he desires to fyght,
That poze and lazy labour hates,
and hath a great delight
To liue a lusty vicious state,
though purse do not agree:
And therfoze sells his lyfe foz gayne,
and runnes in ieopardie,
Then conquerour he triumph may
with that that others got.
And carry thence the spoyle and pzay
vnto his native plot.
But he that substance hath at houne,
and can sufficiently
Him self and his defend and keepe
wyth any faculty,
Doth peace aboue the reff esteeme,
and from the swozd abstayne:
Except he be of franticke minde,
and fond disposed brayne.
But thou wylt say great kings & dukes
in deedes of armes delight,
And trayne themselues to follow *Mars*,
wyth al their fozce and might:
What then, are not gret kings & dukes
oft times in dotage brought,

And

And flow wō vice: by whose fond mindes
great cities come to nought.
And though they great reuenewe haue,
and Kingdomes many one,
Yet moze they alwayes seeke to haue,
and moze they heape thereon.
The couetous man though he possesse,
as much of golden Wyne
As *Tagus* hath, yet poze he is
and liues in neede and pyne.
And thus therfoze with this mad minde
are Dukes and Princes great
Compelde to ioyne the bloudy campes,
wyth rage of Martial heate,
Enlarging their dominions much
with heapes of Wisers slayne.
But though that wars be nought, t vile
to be abhozred playne,
Yet bring they some commodity,
foz false and crafty men,
Expert in fraud and vsury,
do heape vp al thing then
When peace doth rain, but whē ỹ wars
do rage, the Souldiour strong,
The euil gotten goods doth spoyle
that he hath raked long.

Then

Then iustly doth the rage of Wolues
on Foxes vengeance take,
And due rewardes the mighty sort
vnto the subtile make.
And lyke for lyke they shew. Thus time
doth all things alter so,
Besydes, the kings w̄ thousande crafts,
and thousande powlings mo,
In time of peace their subiectes fleese,
and coyne in Coffers poure,
Wherby both Golde and Siluer all
the Checker would deuoure,
If battaile should not bring abrode
that hydden lay in peace
Distributing to many men
one priuate mans encrease.
Now last of all, in number not
a fewe, there is a kinde
Both voide of learning, welth, & Arte,
of lasey slouthfull minde,
To mischiefe giuen, prone to vice,
and stoute, and full of cryme:
Such men, or rather shadowes vaine
at one appointed tyme
Doth God a warfare sende, wyth death
of cruell kinde to dye.

And

And thus he purgeth mortall state,
whereby liue merily
Long time the rest that doe remaine,
thys mischiefe ouerthrowne,
Tyll that againe such wicked weedes
anewe be sprong and growne,
That must be rooted out with warres,
and cut with weapon grimme.
Then *Iupiter* beginnes againe
hys pottes vncleane to skimme,
And sending forth the furyes vile,
doth sweepe the filth away,
This is the order of the worlde
that neuer shall decay:
Thys course the destinies themselues
decreede long tyme agone,
When as *Promotheus* stale the fyre
the hawtie heauens from,
And when *Deucalion* with hys wife
dame *Pyrrha*, made to spring
So many thousande persons with
the stones that they did fling.
Wherfore a wyseman it becomes
to follow reasons grace,
And chiefly peace to loue, and peace
with all hys minde to embrace.

Except perchaũce sometyme cõstrainde
he for his countrey fyght,
And for defence of him and his,
then is the quarrel right:
Then fights he voyd of any blame,
for lawes of euery state
Do suffer force with force to dawnt,
and guile with guile to mate,
As due desertes to recompence
conuenient is and meete.
Now farther must we search if that
it be for wisemen feete
To exercise some faculty,
wherwith at times he may
Relieue himself if that misshappes
do bring him to decay,
If froward Fortune any time
send needy pouerty,
Depriuing him of all his goodes
and substance violently,
Least that he begge and suffer oft
both colde, and hunger to.
There are for truth some kinde of thing,
that wisemen wel may do,
Wherby himself he succour may
if pouerty constrayne,

Let

Let him a good Phylitian be:
this gets sufficient gayne,
And driues away diseases quite.
Olde *Phebus* vsed this same,
And *Phebus* sonne, by this they both
deserude a famous name.
And this Sir *Chirons* pupil learnde
though of the stock he was
Of auncient *Aeacus* and *Thetis* sprong,
by this did *Pæon* pas,
Machaon and *Hippocrates*
by this gat honour great.
What should I call to memory
al such as by this feate,
Got long agoe both pens and prayse,
and fame when they were dead.
A good expert Phylitian
shal neuer begge his bread,
Adde more to this, it ful besides
of priuy knowledge slowes,
And both of floure, hearb, and stone,
doth secretes playne disclose:
And whatsoeuer earth doth here
within hir bowels hide,
Doth well perceiue, and natures force
to open doth prouide:

Eche part within the body of man
it doth consyder well,
And turnes againe a number that
were almost gone to hell.
What thing than this more requisite,
for wyse men can we finde?
That not alone the wiseman may
with counsell heale the minde,
But also get the body helth,
and so both partes redresse:
Thus may a wyseman all preserue
in perfect quietnesse.
But now when as dame *Lachesis*
the latest yeare doth spinne,
And hoary whiteneſſe doth defyle
both head and bearded chinne,
Then meete it is for him to rest,
and then himselfe to stay,
And longer not to roue about
in countreys farre away:
But finde some certaine dwelling place,
and searche for hys auaile
Such things as nedefull are for lyfe,
least foode in age doe fayle:
And in the meane whyle to depart,
and shunne the common sort,

Con-

Contenting hym with fellowes fewe,
and wyth a slender pozt,
And solitary oftentimes:
to God both night and daye,
The mind wel purgde of naughty thou-
in feruent spzite to pzaye: (ghtes,
And wholly to addict himselfe
the heauenly state to finde,
And all the cares that flesh doth giue,
to banishe from his minde.
Then shall the Gods appere, though he
in valley lowe doe lye,
Oz on the hylles, oz shadowy woodes,
oz on the mountaines hye,
In cottage small do place himselfe.
it is not safe noz well
With many foz to liue, oz in the
townes of fooles to dwell,
And in the company of theeues,
of slaues, and couetous
And cuthzote bzawling swering mates,
oz men ambitious.
But let the wyseman flye the crowde
of rude and common sozt,
Foz of the common people is
enuied the wysemans pozt,

Bycause of their contrary deedes:
contraries euermore
Do one the other striue against
and let, and hinder sore.
Hereof haue many wisemen dyed,
bycause they would not spare
When any naughty thing they saw,
the truth for to declare,
And to rebuke the mindes of Fooles,
which sith it could not beare,
Nor suffer such abuse of Fooles,
they slayne and punnisht were.
Wherefore, least that the wiseman see
such store of synful syght,
And least he fall in daunger by
defending truth and right,
Let him wythdraw himselfe forthwith
from common company:
And secret liue with two or three
that good and learned be,
Though seldome shal he be without
the Gods that guide the sky,
For Gods do often pleasure take
in wisemens company:
Oft doth the wiseman heare them speak
and seeth them oft with eyes,

They

They fil his heart with comfort greate
in wondrous sorte and wise:
The wiseman blessed is on earth,
and blest aboue in Skies:
Go then O blinded mortal men,
go heape vp money than,
And fyll your caskets full of Golde
by al the meanes you can,
Beset with rings your fyngers thick,
and let the Iewels round
In gorgeous linckes of golde about
your graceless neckes be wound,
Now ruffle in your sylkes abrode,
and brag it through the streete,
Go, go I say you blinded fooles,
both Crownes and Scepter sweete,
And al that Fortune rash can giue
to you with al your power
Go seke: yet all these goodly thyngs
shal vanish in an houre,
Al these things are but dreames & toyes
and haue but little stay,
Which quickly chaunce doth from you
or death doth snatch away, (take
Which sone doe vanish hēce like smoke
and neuer turne agayne.

Go, go O wretches seke to get
these mystes, and shaddowes vayne.
But when the dying day shal come,
and lateſt houre shal fall,
Then, then when all your follies past
in vayne to minde you call,
You shall perceyue that you did dote,
and stept from truth awry,
And mourne to late. Alas in tyme
your errour learne to spy.
O mischieuous vntoward soules,
O heartes of cankred kinde,
Why gaze you styll vpon the earth
like beastes of brutish minde?
Why cast you not your eyes aloft
vnto the starry Skies?
There, there ỹ truest world doth stande
there life most perfect lies,
For such as feare and worship God:
there neyther chaunce hath place,
Nor churlish death can there the state
wyth deadly darte deface:
There is the assured treasure found,
there lies the chiefe delight,
That God almighty hath prepared
for them that serue him right:

which

Which neuer curse of fretting time
hath power to ouerthrowe,
To this apply your mindes while states
permit, and life below.
Beholde you not of fading like
the slender holde and stay?
Do not you see how all things here
in shortest time decay?
And lyke to smoke in subtile ayre
doth vanish quite away.
Where finde you now the stately kings
in pomp of proud aray
That heretofore haue bene? or where,
do you esteme to be
The Prelates chief that thought thẽsel-
Gods fellowes in degree? (ues
Their rotten bones entombed close
in filthy caues do dwell,
And for their soules perhaps they do
kepe Christmasse now in Hell:
Farre banished from the happy place
wherto the good are brought,
And there they suffer payne, for pryde,
and mischiefe that they wrought.
O Lord how gladly would they nowe
if in their power it lay,

In

Encloſe themſelues in fleſh agayne,
and take their olde aray,
That not eſteming riches here,
and kingdomes leauing cleane,
They might liue Godly here on earth,
in poze eſtate, and meane,
And by their righteous lyfe make hym
their frende that guides the Skie,
And after death poſſeſſe a place
aboue the heauens hie.
But he that ſhewes his wit to late,
his wiſdome ſhewes in vayne.
Let euery man ſeeke God to pleaſe,
and worldly wealth diſdayne,
And trauayle, for the heauenly ſtate
of him example take,
Which of this worldly fading ioyes
a ſmall accompt doth make,
But only hopes in time to come
the perfect ioyes to feale,
Which wel he knowes, for God to hym
ſuch things doth oft reueale.
And ſuch a wiſeman late there liued
ſince I remember may,
That with a fewe vpon the top
of hye *Soracte* lay,

Full

Full leane he was, and bearded wel,
his house was smal and neate,
All clad he was in russet robes,
a man of learning great.
And comely countnance to beholde.
he had his dwelling place
In wilderneſſe, where round about
the woods did him embrace:
Whose heauenly mind, when as he lyſt
of things to come could tel,
And aunſwers gaue, such as for truth
did *Delphis* not excel.
I moued and prouoked thus
with fame that of him ran,
By paynfull iourneys long vnto
this sacred hill I came,
And foũd the olde man sitting there
in warme and Sunny caue.
Who (after that I had receiude
the like God Deane I gaue)
He wylde me there to take my reſt
so downe by him I lyt.
And therewithall I askde him thus:
what is the cauſe of it
(Quoth I) that here you chooſe to lyue
vpon this mountaine ſteepe,

Where

Where almoſt euery thing doth lack,
that life of man ſhould kepe.
Then aunſwering me this holy man
on this ſorte there began:
My great delight was heretofore
to liue in cities, whan
Both yong, and ignorant, I thought
nought elſe to be requirde
But riches here, and ſuch delight
as life of man deſirde,
Following ỹ erample and the fault
of rude and common ſort:
Then ioyed I for to leade my life
wyth great and much reſort,
And with the reſt for company
I fell into the flood
Of vayne delightes, with colour falſe,
deceyude of trouth and good.
But when that greater age began
wyth fading yeares to ſhow,
And wiſedome more in tract of time
within my head to growe,
I then began to note and marke
the partes that men do play,
And ſundry ſorte of liues they leade.
(as God gaue grace) to way.

Then

Then many fylthy things I sawe
there done, and ful of shame,
And nothing else of iustice left
but bayne and ydle name.
Th'vngilty to be punnished,
the gylty scaping free,
The vertue hydde in vice, and vice
in vertue hid to be,
The pooze in euery place oppzest,
and fauour moze to get
Than iust deserts, ẏ law a bzybing craft
foz golde a fylhing nette:
Eche kinde of handy craft cozrupt
by guile of wozkmens wyll,
The theefe to fee the Inkeper
his gests thereby to kyll.
Besydes I many might beholde
enricht by theft and guyle
Though naughty beastes, moze meeter
to weare a rope a whyle, (far,
Yet pzaysde to be and wozshipped,
and feared very much:
The vnwozthy placde in regal seate,
and honours dealt to such
As haue but only shape of men.
Besyde religion fled

By

By couetousnesse, and Priests bent al
to foode, and Harlots bed:
And vnder cloke of holinesse
seke priuily to gayne,
And pick the common peoples purse
by meanes of wyly trayne:
While as they open heauen wyde,
and barre the hellish way,
And while they bost that they can soules
where as they list conuay,
And wyth their *Portas* force the saincts
to do as they are bent.
By this occasion left I al,
and from the townes I went,
Accounpting it moze safe foz me
to liue in desert place,
And in this hyll to runne the rest
of al my ranging race.
This hil whereas the altare stands
of *Sylvester* the saint,
Where as the Shrine, and monuments
of him his prayses paynt:
Which place though it seme rough and rude,
not meete to dwel vpon
Yet fitte it is for saincts, and such
as liue in peace alone,

And

And wholly do apply their mindes
the Lord to feare and loue,
And alwayes seeke to ioyne themselues
with saincts in Skies aboue:
But hard perchaunce it seemes to thee,
and straunge it doth appere,
That I can liue in desert suth,
and stony places here,
Where seldome any man doth come,
where wanting seemes to be
Most things that should sustaine the life
of man at libertie.
Yet is it not so hard in deede,
nor straunge it seemeth than,
If that the holy Ghost enspire
the heart of any man,
Descending downe from heauens hye:
of God the sacred spright
That purifies the heart from sinne,
and rapseth soules to light
That ouerwhelmde in flesh do lye:
as *Mercury* sublimde
By force of fyer is, and takes
a colour white ful finde.
This holy spryte adournes the minde,
and heart doth vpward moue

This

This cutts away the worldly cares,
and breadeth heauenly loue:
Wherwith the minde inflamed once
all things doth ealye seeme,
Though neuer so soze: for he that loues
doth labour light esteeme,
Especially if any hope
there be reward to holde:
For hope, & loue, are two strõg prícks,
that makes vs alway bolde,
And not to care for any toyle,
wherfore continually
Our daily prayers must wee make,
to hym that guides the skye,
That so thys holy spirite vouchsafe
into our heartes to fall,
That he may plant a Godly hope,
and Godly loue withall:
Wherwith ỹ minde inspirde may mõũt
aboue the starry skye,
Despising much the world, and ioyes
that vaine doe please the eye,
And striue to ioyne it selfe to God,
with all the force and might.
No marueil then it is all,
if ayded of this spirite

I here can dwell, and leade a lyfe
full harde so paciently,
Upon this stiepe and desert rocke,
and stony mountaine hye.
Yet neuer lackt I meate, nor clothes
vpon this loftye spyre,
As much as nature doth content,
not wanton fonde desyre.
A little thing doth nature serue,
a small thing doth content,
Such one as loues none ouerplus,
a man to vertue bent,
That rather seekes celestiall lyfe,
than fleshly fading dayes.
For lyfe (least thou be ignorant)
is double, in hir wayes:
One, wherwithall the bodye lyues,
still followed and pursude
Is thys, of all the route of fooles,
and common people rude.
The people fonde that nothing knowe
of any worthinesse,
But slouthful beasts do make their God
of filthy fonde excesse.
This lyfe is proper vnto beastes
of wilde and sauage kinde,

The other vnto God aboue,
and men of godly minde,
That for their great and worthy deedes
doe well deserue the name
Of perfect men, and holly sainctes
of euerlasting fame.
But such hye minded vertuous Impes
the earth doth seldome broode,
The earth a mother to the naught,
and stepdame to the good.
Aqui se falta vn Renglon por ligereza.
But now bicause I see thee bent
to giue attentiue eare,
Some things of this celestiall lyfe
I will declare thee here,
which ought well vnderstoode, to please
the minde of any wight.
First, man consystes not only of flesh,
but also of the spright:
This giueth lyfe to them that liue,
by this we feele and moue,
This giues vs mind, ℔ worthyest thing
by which men wondrous proue.
But many doubt if that the soule
doe liue the body dead,

Or whether it doe finiſhe to
when as the lyfe is fledde:
Aſſuredly the worſer ſort
that to the fleſhe doe cleaue,
And bent to vice, deſpiſing God,
doe wiſhe and eke beleue,
The ſoule to haue a dying day:
becauſe (alas) they feare
The cruell torments for the ſinnes
that they committed here:
And therefore will alowe no hell,
nor Diuels for to be,
And ſo they doe perſuade themſelues
to ſcape with miſchiefe free.
An other better ſort of men
that ſynfull lyfe doe hate,
Prouoked with the Godly loue
of vertues goodly ſtate,
Doe thinke the ſoule doth alwayes lyue,
and not to dye with graue,
Becauſe they hope a glorious Crowne
for their good workes to haue,
And make accompt of perfect bliſſe
when death hath ſhot hys dart,
And of a better promiſde lyfe
for to enioy their part.

Of these two sortes who iudgeth best:
who is but the iust:
For euermore in doubtfull things
the opinion must we trust
That pleaseth best the better sort,
and that which follow most
Such men as vertuous be, and such
as haue the holy Ghost.
More safe it is to cleaue vnto
the vertuous, and the iust,
Than fansyes of the wycked men
to credite or to trust.
Ne must we note their number great
that any thing haue sayde,
But in what sort they leade theyr lyfe
must well of vs be wayde.
Wherefore it better is with fewe
of vertuous sort to say,
That soules doe lyue continually
and haue no dying day,
Than with a number of the lewde
against it to replye,
Contending that there are no spyrites,
and that the soule doth dye.
But more because thou shalt beleue,
I will declare to thee

By reason good, the state of soule
immortall for to bee.
For if that God in better things
doth cunning still expresse,
As wysedome telles, and as the good
and vertuous must confesse:
Then doubtlesse must we iudge he gaue
the soules no time to dye,
Since better farre it is for them
to liue continuallye,
Than with the flesh to be extinct,
and feele a full decaye:
Which thus I proue, if death doe take
from vs the soule away,
If that we haue no other lyfe,
but in thys body here,
Then God may be accounted ill,
and shall vniust appere,
For thousandes euery day we see
that slouthfe prosperously,
In richesse, substance and renoume,
in raignes and Empyres hye,
Yet ydle lubbers, vnlearnde, & naught,
that synne at libertye,
And runne the race of all their life
in great prosperitye.

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Yet ydle lubbers, vnlearnde, & naught,
that synne at libertye,
And runne the race of all their life
in great prosperitye.

On the other syde we may beholde
the iust oppzest to be
With spitefull chaunce, a wzetched lyfe
and pytious pzouertye.
Thus eyther God vnrighteous is
that doth these things permit,
Oz after death hath euery man
as he deserueth it:
Oz else he doth disdaine the deedes
of moztall men to knowe.
Besides, what gratious mind apperes in
what goodnesse doth he showe? (God
If this be all that he doth giue,
a lyfe so shozt, and vaine,
That swyftly runneth to an ende,
and doth no time remaine:
The halfe wherof is spent in sleepe,
the rest in griefe, and toyle,
And daungers great as fast doth fleete,
as riuers swyft in soyle.
Therfoze go to, O wzetched men,
builde Gozgeous Churches hye,
And let with costly offrings great
your altars pestred lye,
Set vp your ioyfull bzanche of bayes,
your sacred dozes about,

With

With pompe of proude procession passe,
let Hymnes be ratled out,
Spende frankcontsence, and let the nose
of God be stretched wyde
With pleasant smoke: do this, and adde
more honour much besyde,
That he preserue your goodly lyfe,
wherin doth you torment,
Sometime great cold, & sometime heat,
now plague, now famishement
Now bloudy warres, now sickness great
or chaunce to sorowe at,
Sometime the bulye byting flye,
sometime the skynging Gnat,
The Chynch and Flea. Reioyce I saye
that here you leade your lyfe
With thousand painfull labours great,
in trauaile, toyle, and stryfe:
And after in a little space
in paine you drop away,
And lompishe lye in lothsome bawlt,
to wormes a grateful praye.
O worthy lyfe, O goodly gift of God:
man in this world is bredde
Among the brutishe beastes, and fooles
and knaues hys lyfe is ledde,

Wher ſtormes, and flakey ſnowes & yſe
and durt and duſt, and night,
And harmful ayre, and cloudes & miſtes
and windes, wyth helliſh ſyght,
And griefe & wailing raynes, wher death
beſyde doth worke his feate.
Is this our goodly countrey here,
is this our happy ſeate,
For which we owe ſuch ſeruice here,
vnto the Goddes aboue?
For which it ſeemeth mete wyth bowes
the heauenly ſayncts to moue?
And if none other life we haue
than this of body bayne,
So frayle and ful of fylthineſſe,
when death hath carcaſſe ſlayne:
I ſee not why ſuch prayſes ſhould
of God reſound in ayre,
Nor why we ſhould ſuch honour giue
to hym in temples fayre,
That hath vs wretches framed here
in this ſo wretched ſoyle,
That ſhall for euermore decay
after ſo great a toyle.
Wherfore leaſt God ſhall ſeeme vniuſt,
and ful of cruelneſſe

Shal

Shal well deseruing counted be:
we must of force confesse,
That death doth not destroy the soule,
but that it alwayes is:
None otherwise than spirite in ayre,
and sainct in heauen liues,
Both voyd of body, sleepe, and meate.
And more we must confesse
That after death they liue in paynes,
or perfect blessednesse.
But let this reason thee suffise,
for if thou this do shewe
Unto the wicked kinde, they laugh,
no light the blinde doth knowe.
But thou, beleue for euermore
and know assuredly,
(For ground of sauing health it is,)
that soule doth neuer dye,
Exempted from the Sisters power
and fatal destiny.
These things foretolde made euident
let vs begin to tell
The perfect life, that makes vs like
to saincts aboue that dwell:
By which the heauens we desyre.
But syth doth best appeare

Contra-

Contrary things, when they be ſeene,
and toyned ſomething neere.
Wherfore it is conuenient firſt
the bodies life to ſhowe,
That drawes vs downe frō heauen hie,
to minde the earth below,
And makes vs like to brutiſh beaſtes,
contrary to the ſoule.
This life he liues (though naught) ẏ doth
for ſtately honours prowle,
And ſeekes with al his force the fruicte
of praiſe and glory vayne,
Deſiring only men to pleaſe
with fonde vayne glorious brayne:
And he that wholly doth apply
himſelf a wealth to get
By right or wrong, and hath his heart
vpon his riches ſet:
A two leggde Mole, that alwayes doth
in earth entombed lye,
Not caſting once his eyes aloft
vnto the heauens hye.
And he that drowndē in lecherie,
and ſurfets euer lyes,
Regarding only fleſhly ioyes,
doth ſhamefaſtneſſe deſpiſe,

Runnes

Runnes headlong into whoredome vile,
and fattes himselfe with meate,
A foolish man, that so the wormes
may haue more foode to eate.
All these same vile and filthy kindes
that I haue reckned here,
May wel be called fleshly men,
for lone to flesh they beare:
Whose life doth differ smal frō beastes.
But now on the other side:
He that doth prayse of men depise,
and pomp of worldly pride,
Doth liue with chast and Godly minde,
is calde a spiritual man:
Bicause his spirite the body rulde,
and lust subdued than,
Doth freely guide and hath his place
in hiest part of brayne.
Therefore the Godly life, is fyrst
with bridle to restrayne
Fond pleasure, Gluttony, and lust,
to conquer flesh with spirite,
For to neglect al worldly things,
and only set delight
On heauen, heauen most to wysh,
and chiefly to regard:

There

Contrary things, when they be seene,
and toyned something neere.
Wherfore it is conuenient first
the bodies like to showe,
That drawes vs downe frō heauen hie,
to minde the earth below,
And makes vs like to brutish beastes,
contrary to the soule.
This life he liues (though naught) ỹ doth
for stately honours prowle,
And seekes with al his force the fruicte
of praise and glory vayne,
Desiring only men to please
with fonde vayne glorious brayne:
And he that wholly doth apply
himself a wealth to get
By right or wrong, and hath his heart
vpon his riches set:
A two leggde Mole, that alwayes doth
in earth entombed lye,
Not casting once his eyes aloft
vnto the heauens hye.
And he that drownde in lecherie,
and surfets euer lyes,
Regarding only fleshly ioyes,
doth shamefastnesse despise,

Runnes

Runnes headlong into whoredome vile,
and fattes himselfe with meate,
A foolish man, that so the wormes
may haue more foode to eate.
All these same vile and filthy kindes
that I haue reckned here,
May wel be called fleshly men,
for loue to flesh they beare:
Whose life doth differ smal frō beastes.
But now on the other side:
He that doth prayse of men deprise,
and pomp of worldly pride,
Doth liue with chast and Godly minde,
is calde a spiritual man:
Bicause his spirite the body rulde,
and lust subdued than,
Doth freely guide and hath his place
in hiest part of brayne.
Therefore the Godly life, is fyrst
with bridle to restrayne
Fond pleasure, Gluttony, and lust,
to conquer flesh with spite,
For to neglect al worldly things,
and only set delight
On heauen, heauen most to wysh,
and chiefly to regard:

There

There is the ſoyle for ſoules and ſeate
for vertuous men preparde:
There to the body layd in graue
the righteous ſoules do clime,
Moſt glorious ſoules that brightly doe
with glorious vertue ſhine,
And feele in euerlaſting light
an euerlaſting ioy.
But chiefly let the vertuous man
his time and toyle employ
In learning, bſing ſkyll to reade
ſuch bokes as do entreate
Of God, of ſoule, and wretched ſtate,
of this our dwelling ſeate,
Of death, or other honeſt things,
and let him night and day,
Of theſe both often reade, and talke,
and wel in minde them way.
But wanton worke, & wanton words,
let him with head eſchew,
Alas how ſore do ſuch affayres
a vertuous minde ſubdew:
For reading is the foode of minde,
which if it vertuous be
Doth profyt much, if it be yll
doth hurt exceedingly:

None

None otherwise than euyll meate
doth hurt the man that chawes.
These thinges though they muste all be
yet nothing more withdrawes (kept,
A man from loue of filthy flesh,
nor leades to God more nye,
Than oftentimes to ponder well
of life the misery:
Which since it is so short, and full
of such calamitie,
Seemes rather death than life to me,
yea, worse than death to be.
For who is it that doth not see,
who doth not playne perceaue:
That yrksome gall, and bytternesse
to euery parte do cleaue.
If euery thing thou wel doest sift,
nought perfect shalt thou fynde:
For nature poysoned hath the partes
of all and euery kind.
Most things haue double face: ful black
within, and outward white,
And with their colour, do deceyue
the iudgement of the sighte.
If ought there be here in this life
both fayre and good beside,

Like smoke and mist it flyes away,
and doth no time abide.
Time suffers nothing long on earth,
death maketh al things bayne,
And turnes and tumbles vnder foote,
of man the proud disdayne.
Alas how al this worldly pompe
doth quickly passe away,
How wauering is renoume of man,
how sone doth it decay:
Much like the bubble swelling great
amyd the waters cleere
Is sone destroyed, and with a puffe
of winde doth not appere.
For in a moment al the ioyes
of man are fetcht away,
Then only doth the talk remaine,
wherein they thus do say,
Loe, here he was, loe, this did he,
he fought, and triumph wan,
He loued, he raigned, he conquerd realmes,
subdued many a man,
A goodly sorte of bookes he wrote,
but now where shall we finde
These things: no where. Himself where now:
both out of sight and minde.

What

What is he now: Nothing. Or whether
did he himself conuay:
Loe, fled from hence with windes he is,
and vanisht quite away.
Alas, alas, but trifles fond,
and fancies meere they be,
Whatsoeuer goodly thing on earth,
or wonderful we see.
What tell you me of *Was*, or *Did*,
one *Is* more worth compt I,
Than *Was* a thousand times. But fast
this *Is* away doth flye,
And al our pompe with him he beares.
These things who wel doth way,
And vseth to consider oft,
shall quickly cast away
This worldly loue, and hating earth
shal seeke the Skies to finde:
Especially if therewithal
he vse to beare in minde
How filthy and how miserable,
mans body doth appere,
Of fading flesh, and brittle bones,
with skinne encompast here:
Al flowing ful with dregges vncleane,
and bloud corrupt, and vile,

Styll

Still durty, foule, and filthy lookes,
except it euery while
Be washt, and kept with daily care,
and so made fayre and white.
O dolefull hospitall of minde,
and vessell of the spite,
By which such sickneſſe great we feele,
by which such neede we haue.
O heauie garment, pryson strong,
O quick, and liuely graue:
That chokest here both minde, & sense,
and them in darkenesse hyde:
Wherby so great an ignorance
in breſt of man doth byde.
O earth to earth returning soone,
that in a smallest while
In tombe, shalt freshly feede ỹ wormes,
with foode, of carcasse vile.
In what a wretched case liues he,
that ledde away with loue
Of thee, doth leaue the perfect lyfe,
and gift of God aboue,
While more than meate esteming thee,
thy pleasures here prepardе,
He onely seekes: and good, and ryght
but smally doth regarde:

And

And thinkes there is no other lyfe
than this, that here we holde.
A fooliſhe Aſſe, forgetfull of
himſelfe, and countrey olde,
From whence into thys darkſome dale,
and dolefull place he went,
That ſo a wretche he ſhould become,
in wretched carcaſſe pent.
For euery ſoule that is encloſde
with fleſhe and members here,
Hath wretched lyfe, tyll loſed frō thence
it flye to heauens clere:
Except the heauy waight of ſynne
doe barre him of hys way,
And cauſe it in the loweſt ayre,
or on the earth to ſtay.
For pureſt heauen neuer can
a thing vncleane abyde,
Nor wicked men, nor doltiſhe fooles,
may come where God doth guide.
Theſe wordes while as the holy man
in teaching mee had ſpent,
The Sunne almoſt had ended daye
with Waine that weary went:
And night was nere at hande, that thoe
began abrode to caſt

Yir dreadfull darkſome ſhade, vpon
the woꝛlde appꝛoching faſt.
I thence depart, and towards *Rome*
my way in haſt I take.
And whyle with ſpeede I paſſe the pathe
that iouney new doth make:
Lo *Cynthia* ſhining compaſſe full,
did call the lightleſſe night,
With ſyluer beames, that dewe ſhe caſt
to appere both fayꝛe and bꝛight.
Thus went I all alone, and wyth
my ſelfe in minde I wayde,
The Godly woꝛdes that late to me
the auncient Father ſayde.
But lo, thꝛee men in company
therwith I might beholde,
whom meeting thus by chaũce, I aſkde
which way they trauaile would:
To *Rome* they ſayde: and one of them
lookde full vpon mee thoe,
And naming mee, from whẽce quoth he,
what countrey comſte thou froe?
I aunſwerde him, from that wyſe man,
which in the part moſt hye
Of fayꝛe *Apolloes* ſtately hyll,
in lofty place doth lye.

Where-

Wherewith he smylde, & sayde, O foole
synkes it into thy minde,
That possyble on earth it is
a wyse man here to finde?
He semeth wyse that is leaste foole
the other sort among,
Although a doult for wysedome doth
to Gods alone belong:
Of number which we here are three,
for I am calde by name
Sarraculus, and *Sathiell* he,
Iaxa is thys same.
Which though we walk in humain shape,
thus seeming men in face,
Yet Gods we be, and nere the Moone
we haue our dwelling place.
Whereas a number great of Gods
of meaneste sort doe lye,
That haue the guiding of the earth,
and Seas that ryse so hye.
This when I heard, amasde I was,
and sore to dread began:
Yet seming bolde, and voide of feare,
full lyke a pretye man:
I askde wherfore they went to *Rome*,
then aunswerde me the same:

A fellowe there of oures we haue
that *Ammon* hath to name,
whom bounde to serue by Magike Arte
a yong man there kepes straight,
Of *Narni* soyle, that doth in court
of *Vrsin* prelate waygbt.
O what great power is graunted man,
the spirites he guides by line.
By this you well may vnderstande
your soules to be diuine,
And voide of death. For if no part,
of you should after raine,
If that your soule should dye, as bo-
dye here by death is slaine:
What power shoulde haue such foolishe
and trifling pyctures vaine, (beastes,
Vpon the spirites aboue? And if
no sacred thing remaine
In you, how should such Ghostes as we
the force of man so waye,
Or vnto man of fading state
in such a sort obaye?
Yea I my selfe was once Constrainde
to serue a German wight,
Enclosde within a compast stone
of Chrystall clere and bright:

But

But at the length a bearded syze
vnlosde me of these bandes,
And prison broken thence I fledde,
in hast from out his handes.
To *Rome* therefoze we go with minde,
if that we may t'vntye
From seruice straight, a mate of oures
that there doth captiue lye.
And so that downe, to Hell we may
conuaye this present night,
A sozt of Romishe prelates proude,
that liue in great delight.
These wozds whyle as he spake, a winde
fozthwith dyd pittling blowe:
Quoth *Sathiell* then, O frendes, frō *Rome*
Remisses comes I knowe:
This winde that comes befoze declares,
noz herein did he lye,
Foz therwithall a fayze yong man
Remisses stoode them bye.
They at hys comming all reioise,
and byd hym welcome there,
And aske what great affayzes in *Rome*,
what newes doe there appere.
There all quoth he are bent to lust,
and Glotony doe minde,

With theft, and guile, all ours they be,
both man, and womankinde.
But *Clement* there the Pope prepares
an armye great in hast,
And seekes to haue the present state
of *Luther* cleane defacde,
And *Spanishe* ensynes therfore kepes:
nor wyll he nowe dispute,
And him wyth scriptures ouerthrowe,
but with the swoorde confute.
Away with counsaile now, and hence
with *Luthers* woorkes againe,
For Byshops now are battailes meete,
all other wayes are vaine,
Ne care they what the Apostles taught,
ne for the woordes of Christ,
But boast themselues as Lordes of all,
that may doe what they list.
They that haue power do feare no law,
law is with force oppresst.
But we (my mates) doe hope thereby
of gayne to be possest,
And of the spoyle of such a sort
some soules to beare away
Unto the dreadfull dongeon darke.
These woordes he thus did say:

Then

Thē whispring something w̄ thēselues,
from thence they doe depart:
And mee they leaue remaining there
alone, with heauy heart.
For when *Sarracilus* had sayde
that none on earth was wyse,
Immediatly a dolefull thought
wythin my heart did ryse:
And thus vnto my selfe I sayde,
is wysedome euermore
In vaine of vs desyred, and praisde,
and vainely looked for.
And only delt to saintes aboue?
Then of necessitie
Here in this wretched mortall lyfe,
all men must foolishe be,
And laughing stocks, & pageants fonde,
vnto the Gods in skye.
O state in most vnhappy kinde
of man in misery,
O rashe vnbridled wantonnesse
of such as parents bee,
O filthy lust that doth beget
the Children that we see,
What do you now? you doe beget
hoth fooles, and wretches here,

A boy is borne, be mery syrs,
reioyce, and make good chere,
Fil in your cuppes, and daynty dish
vpon the table place.
But sone the childe shal proue a foole,
or liue in wretched case,
Or dying sone, he shal departe
vnto the Ghost belowe.
O blinded mindes, that of the things
to come do neuer knowe.
We mortal men in wretched things
haue oft a great delight.
These words I muttred in my minde,
and wrapt in wofull plight
I went vnto my lodging strayght,
for sleepe oppresst my eyes,
And made me reele. Of wisemans state
these wordes shal here suffise.
Now meete it is thy wearied harpe
my *Muse* at rest to lay,
And for to spare the iarring strings,
let vs this time go pray
The Lord and maker of the world,
that grace he may vs send,
The other sygnes that do remayne,
wyth pleasant song to end,

For

For greater things I must declare
than yet from me did flowe:
And sore my simple minde doth feare,
such Mysteries great to showe.
My watry signe shal search the partes
of nature perfectly,
And last of al my labour shal
set open wyde the Skye.

Aquarius, the eleuenth Booke.

THe Loue of nature parent chief
and great desire of minde,
The secret causes of al things
for to reueale and finde
Persuades me now agayne, my selfe
with *Aeon* streames to fyl,
And once agayne to rest on toppes
of hye *Parnasus* hil.
My *Muse* draw neere, & bring thy Harp,
now neede thy wit to showe
It is, and of a learned boyce,
and verse at ful to flowe.
No smal things here we must declare
I purpose now in minde,

Dame

Dame natures face for to disclose,
about the world to winde.
And first what hath bene here before,
what is, and what shal be,
Is called *Eus*: this name contaynes
al things of eche degree,
But of the sortes that God hath framde
by power and wisdome hye,
Some leade their life of body voyd,
some eyther liuelesse lye,
Or else do liue in body here.
Of former state of twayne
This Boke speaks not, ỹ next shal shew
in time that doth remayne:
Now (Muse) let vs the other shew.
The farthest partes most high
Of al the world, wyth ample space
encompast is of Skie,
That whirling round with dayly course
doth al things here enclose.
Fiue *Zones* deuide it into partes,
but euery part of those
Replenisht with hys dwellers is,
nothing forbyds the same.
For colde can neuer hurt the Gods,
nor heate can them inflame.

Such

Such things do best agree wyth earthe,
the sacred Skies are free
From colde congeled, quiuering yse,
and fiers that flaming be.
Which though it rolle continually.
yet kepes it styl one place,
And from the parte where first it stode,
doth neuer shift his pace.
For placde betwene two fixed *Poles*,
it stedfastly doth stand,
And is sustaynde betwene them two
by Gods almighty hand.
Whereof the one doth playne appeare
to vs continually,
And doth beholde the *Beares* aboue
that kepe their course so hye:
The other vnder earth is placde
agaynst it fixed wel,
And in the night is sene to them.
that vnder vs do dwel.
This compass globe of al the Skie,
from East to West deuides
As many Spheres in compasse round,
as there are *Zones* besydes.
That which is nert vnto the *Beare*
the *Artick* hath to name:

And

And next to him the Circle ſtands
wherein doth *Cancer* flame,
Which doth conſtraine the Sũne to fal,
and backward to retire,
And farther of for to withdrawe
his beames of flaming fire.
Then next in order doth enſewe,
the Equinoctiall line,
Which doth declare the dayes, & nights,
of equal length and tyme.
Not far from thence by *Capricorne*,
another line doth runne,
Which cannot paſſe, but doth retourne
from hence to vs the Sunne.
The circle next that placed is
vnto the South ſo nere
Th' *Autartick* circle hath to name,
contrary to our Sphere.
Beſide theſe lines a circle crookt
there ſtands in Skies ſo cleare,
By which ẏ Sũne in months twice ſyx,
doth paſſe a perfect yeare.
An other circle white there is,
whoſe courſe by knees doth trayne
Of *Gemini*, by *Scorpius* taile,
and by the *Tropicks* twayne,

And

And through the croked path of Sunne
by midst of *Archers* string,
And passeth by the *Centaurs* legges,
and by the Egles wing,
And both the Carter and the Swanne,
and *Perseus* doth it touch.
And *Paralels* there are, this name
giue Greekes to Circles such,
And day by day the Sunne doth passe
a circle of this kinde,
When as he falles amyd the West,
and leaues the East behinde.
Two *Colures* eke beſydes there are,
the one where Sunne doth stay
By *Cancer*, *Capricorne*, and both
the *Poles* doth cut his way:
The other by the *Balance* runnes,
and by the *Wethers* face:
This shewes the times whē night & day
are both of equal space.
Beſydes a numbre great there is
of sundry circles framde,
That passe by both the foresayd *Poles*,
Meridians rightly namde,
That ouer vs directly runnes.
a Circle more doth lye

The *Horizon* calde, the world in myddst deuided is thereby,
And wher our sight doth ceasse it stands thence terme the Greekes it so.
Besydes the Heauens parted are with many Circles moe.
And nine there be, whereof the hyest that mouer first we call,
Doth rolling from the farthest *Indes*, with *Moores* and *Spaniards* fall:
Within a day he runnes his race, and fiercely doth he twine
About with him the other Spheres, in whome no Starre doth shine:
But cleane contrary to the same moue al the Spheres besyde,
And towards ỹ streames of *Ganges* great from *Cales* in course they slyde.
Wherof the greatst doth shine wt starrs that boyd of number be,
And scarcely in an hundred yeares doth moue but one degree.
And next to this doth *Saturne* stande aboue the other Spheres,
Who finisheth his course at full in space of thirty yeres.

And

And next to him ſtands *Iupiter*,
that ende of courſe doth gayne
In yeares twice fyr. Him *Mars* enſewes
that turns in twelue monthes twayne.
Next ſtands the *Sunne* that (as they ſay)
his iourney doth contriue
Beſyde ſix houres in ſpace of dayes
three hundred, ſixty, fiue.
Then nert in place doth *Venus* rolle
hir whyrling whele about,
And ſoner than the Sunne hir courſe
by ſeuentene dayes falles out.
Then moues in Circle *Mercury*,
which if repoꝛt be right,
Doth nine dayes ſoner end his courſe
than *Venus* planet bright.
The Circle of the *Moone* is loweſt,
and paſſeth thꝛough the line
Of all hir courſe in houres eyght,
and twenty dayes and nine.
Seuen planets thus there are, ỹ grekes
as wandring ſtarres do call:
The hyeſt of which *Saturnus* hath,
to him foꝛ houſe and hall.
The *Gote* and ſeruitour of *Ioue*,
and *Iupiter* doth holde:

Two houſes darke amidde the ſkye
the fiſhe and *Archer* bolde.
The *Scorpion* and the Phrygean *Ramme*,
to fooliſhe *Mars* pertayne:
And in the flaming Lyon fierce,
the Sunne doth Eaſt remaine.
But in the *Bull* and *Ballance* doth
the tender *Venus* reſt:
Mercurius doth in twinnes reioice,
and in the *Virgins* breſt.
A goodly Rome the *Crabbe* doth make,
wherein the Moone doth dwell.
But of the fayre Celeſtiall ſygnes,
let vs begin to tell.
Within the Zodiake, where the Sunne
a yere by courſe doth trye:
Twelue Signes there be, & ſyx of them,
are named Northerlye.
The other ſyxe are Southerne ſygnes,
from beaſt that gilded ſhines:
Vnto the pleaſant Virgins foote,
they are calde the Northerne ſignes.
But from the foremoſt of the waytes,
vnto the cattayle twaine
Of *Neptunes* droue, whatſoeuer are
vnto the South pertaine.

The

AQVARIVS.

The names of these celestiall sygnes
I wyll disclose in verse.
These are the *Ram*, the *Bull*, the *Twinnes*
the *Crabbe*, the *Lyon* fierce,
The *Maide*, the *Scales*, the *Scorpion*,
the *Shooter*, and the *Gote*,
The *Waterpourer*, and in skyes,
the *Fishes* two that flote.
Ech seuenth stande contrarily,
for when the one doth ryse
The other syttes, when as the *Ram*
apperes before our eyes,
Then down therwith descendes ỹ *Scales*,
so standes contrary full:
And risyng eche when other falles
the *Scorpion*, and the *Bull*.
From head of *Crabbe*, to *Shooters* foote
directly doe they lye:
And from the *Gote* vnto the *Twinnes*
they are sayde to hang awry.
Thyse ten degrees in length, & twelue
in bredth hath euery signe:
And earthly named are, the *Gote*,
the *Bull*, and *Virgin* fyne.
But airy are these thyee, the *Scales*,
the *Waterman*, the *Twinnes*:

And watery the are the *Scorpion*, and
the *Crabbe*, and filthy finnes.
The three that reſt are fiery
the *Lyon*, *Shooter*, *Ram*:
And *Maſculin* be theſe with three,
that *Ayrie* ſygnes we name.
And *Fortunate* they called be,
the reſt are *Fœminine*:
And are vnfortunate, they ſay
that ſtate of Starres define.
Theſe mouing are, the *Ram*, the *Crabbe*,
the *Scales*, and *Capricorn*,
And faſt the *Lyon*, *Scorpion*, *Bull*,
and *Boye* with *Egle* borne.
The *Twinnes*, the *Shooter*, *Mayde*, and *Fiſhe*,
are common euery ſygne.
Fore, three and thirtie Images
in ſacred ſkyes doe ſhine,
Whereof are twenty placed faſt,
amidde the Northerne Raine:
And ſtorming South doth challenge all
the reſt that doe remaine.
Theſe are the ſtarres that in the North
doe giue their blaſing light:
Two *Beares*, of which doth *Helice*
ſhine forth with Starres more bright.

The

The leſſer *Cynoſura* is,
Phæniceans faithfull guide:
Betweene them both the *Serpent* fierce,
doth creepe with crawling pride,
There *Cepheus* ſhines, and *Caſſiopey*,
and *Candian* gliſtring *Crowne*:
And next vnto the milke white *Swanne*
is placde the *Kneeler* downe,
And harkneth to the pleaſant *Harpe*.
The *Berwarde* there doth ſhowe
His gliſtring ſtarres, and *Perſeus* ſtands
in thys celeſtiall rowe:
That beares in hande *Meduſaes* face,
and in this part is ſeene,
The *Carter*, he that *Serpent* holdes,
and eke hys *Serpent* keene,
And by the *Serpent* ſtandes the *Shaft*,
and there the *Egle* nye,
And *Dolphin* that in ayrie ſeas
aboue doth ſwiftly flye.
Here ſhines the noble *Pegaſus*,
a *Horſe* of auncient fame:
And thereby ſtandes *Andromeda*,
and *Delta*, laſt of name.
Now thirtene ſygnes the South in part
contrary doth retaine:

The *Whale*, that scarce is yet at length
wyth swoorde of *Perseus* slaine.
Orion armde thou shalt beholde
in thys same part of skyes.
There *Nilus* runnes wᵗ Channels stoore:
and *Hare* that swiftly flyes,
Whom nere a brace of Doggs pursue,
the greater and the small.
Among these Starres doth *Argos* sayle
a goodly Ship, and tall.
Here mayst thou both the *Altar*, and
the myghty *Cup* beholde.
And *Phœbus Crowe*, that glisters all
wyth Starres of flaming golde.
The *Centaure* fierce, and Dragon slaine,
with strong *Alcides* sweat,
The stinking plague of *Lernaes* lake:
a griesly monster great.
And in thys part a certaine *Fishe*,
may well perceined bee.
Lo here the shapes that moue aboue
my verse hath tolde to thee.
Now wyll I shewe how many Starres
in euery sygne appere:
In *Elice* doe seuen shine,
by name the greater *Beare*,

Bicause

Bicause it giues the greater lyght
but *Cynosura* hyght:
The leſſer beare bicauſe ſhe doth
appere with ſmaller light,
Though one and twenty Starres in hir
doe euermoze abide:
Fyftene the waking *Serpent* hath
that doth the *Bears* deuide:
And *Cepheus*, xix. ſtarres containes:
Caſſiepey doth ſhine
with thirtene lights: ỹ gozgeous crown
hath neuer moze than nine:
And thzee the *Swanne*, twice fiue and nine
the *Kneeler* bzight doth weare:
And fourtene Starres deſcribes the mã
that dziues about the *Beare*,
Of which the ſtarre doth bzighteſt ſhine
that in hys gyzdle lyes:
Ful ſeuentene bzondes doth *Perſeus* holde
that gliſters in the ſkyes:
The *Carter* ſeuen: but that clere Starre
that on hys ſhoulder ſtandes
Is calde the *Gote*, the other twaine
are kiddes he hath in handes:
A dzeadfull ſyght to ſhypmen oft.
The man that holdes the *Snake*

Hath seuẽtene starres: his *Serpents* shape
doth two and twenty make.
Nine lyghtes doe shine in *Orpheus* Harp:
foure frames the *Shaft* a hye:
Foure fyres doe flame in him that lyfte
the *Troian* to the skye:
Ten sparkes doe make the *Dolphin* clere:
with eighteene Starres of night
Shines *Pegasus*: and twenty giues
Andromeda hir lyght:
But three alone doth *Delta* beare.
Now will I take in hande
To tell in verse how many starres
in sygne of *Zodiake* stande.
The *Ram* is fyrst, that .xviij. lightes
doth in his body beare,
The *Bull* hath one and twenty starres
but seuen shining cleare,
Behinde hys back *Vergiliæ* are calde
and eke *Athlantides*,
As many in his head he hath,
of showers calde *Hyades*:
Eighteene betwixt them haue ỹ *Twinnes*,
one .r. the other eyght:
And eighteene hath the *Crabbe* aboue,
two standes behinde him straight

That

That *Asses*, and the *Stall* are namde,
but next that clercly shine,
The *Lyon* glisters there with starres
in number ten and nine:
The *Virgin* holding eares of Corne
with eyghtene lightes is clere:
In *Balance* foure, and.xb.in
the *Scorpion* doth appere:
And.xb.in the *Shooter* shines,
before whose feete doth lye
A certaine *Crowne* where seuen lightes
doe glister to the eye.
The *Gote* hath two and twenty starres,
the *Troian Boy* fourtene:
In the one *Fishe* viij.and.ix.appeares:
in the other.xij.are seene.
Now will I shew what starres there be
in sygnes of Southerne syde,
Though farre from vs they be, & scant
can of our syght be spyde:
The monstrous *Fyshe* hath.xxx.lights:
like sort in *Nilus* flowes,
Syre hath the *Hare*, and.xvij.
in great *Orion* showes,
With.xix.flames the *Syrian Dog*,
the lyttle *Dog* hath three,

The sydes of *Arcos* brauely deckt
with three and twenty be,
One starre doth *Chiron* more relay,
the sacrifice in hands
He holdes eleuen hath, & deckt with .viij.
the goodly *Altare* stands,
With six and twenty *Hydra* shynes,
three signes that lies in length
And mates the *Crab*, the *Virgin* fayre
and *Lion* great of strength.
The *Rauen* shynes with seauen starres,
the *Cup* hath eyght in sight,
The Southerne *Fish* with .xij. doth call
abrode his starry light,
The rising and the setting of
the Signes let vs display.
Three sorts of wayes ỹ starres do ryse,
three sortes they fall away,
That rising called *Cosmike* is,
the setting terme like wise,
When early in the East the signe,
with Sunne is knowen to ryse:
But when soeuer any sygne
doth ryse, or downeward fall,
And Sunne in setting, lets them shine,
this terme we *Cronicall*:

And

And *Heliake* is the rising namde,
when as the Sunne full nere
The signe lyes hyd, and passing thence,
forthwith doth bright appere:
The *Heliake* setting that we cal
when as in any signe
The Sunne doth walke, and w̄ his light
permit it not to shine.
But now the rising of the Signes
and how they downe descend
I wyll declare, if *Muses* ayde
and *Phœbus* be my frend.
When *Ram* doth rise then mounteth vp
left part of *Andromed*
Unto the halfe, and ioynde therewith
Sir *Perseus* flaming head:
Then backward commes the *Bull* aloft,
who while he vpward hyes,
Al *Perseus* springs, and greatest part
of *Carter* then doth rise,
And *Thurlpoles* tayle, and fading quite
the altare downe doth fall:
Then hydes himself in flashing floudes,
the *Berward* first of all.
With *Twinnes* doth all the *Whale* aryse,
and former partes of *Po*,

And

And with this same *Orion* great
all armed vp doth go:
Then he that holdes the *Snake* with both
his feete, the water tries:
The *Crab* arising vp takes halfe
the *Crowne* away from eyes,
The tayle of *Whale*, the Southerne *Fyshe*
and head of *Kneeler* lowe,
And half his Paunch: frō knees to backe
of him that *Snake* doth showe,
And all his *Snake* except the neck,
the *Bearward* almost quite.
But now againe from girdle vp
Orion commes to sight,
With al the course of *Nilus* great.
These Signes beside do ryse
With *Lion* fierce: the *Egle*, *Hare*,
and *Dog* of lesser syze,
The former legges of greater *Dog*,
and head of *Hydra* springs:
But these against the *Bearward* hote,
and he that *Serpent* wrings,
With head and necke of *Snake* in hand,
and part that did remayne
Of glistring *Crowne*, and *Kneeler* eke,
(excepted yet againe

His

His left foote and his knee beſyde)
in Weſterne waues do fall,
With *Virgin* riſeth whole the *Dog*,
and *Serpent* vp doth crall,
Vnto the *Cups*, and then appeares
the *Ship* of *Theſſaly*,
As much as Maſt and ſayle may ſhowe.
Contrary hid do lye
Theſe ſtarres, the *Dolphin*, al the *Swan*,
his tayle except, the *Darte*,
The *Scorpions* cley, and of the ſtoude
of *Nile* the formar parte:
But *Pegaſus* hides head and necke,
the reſt appeareth bright,
Al *Argo* with the *Scales* doth ryſe,
and *Bearward* clere in ſight.
Saue tippe of tayle, al *Hydra* ſeene,
the right knee and the ſhinne
Of *Kneeler* downe, and *Centaures* tayle
to ſhine doth then beginne:
Then mayſt ỹ halfe the *Crowne* perceyue
the reſt of *Horſe* that flies,
And partes that hindermoſt do ſtand
of *Swanne* then hidden lies:
And al ſaue head the *Whale* doth ſet,
hir head in Seas doth hyde:

Andromeda

Andromeda then shalt thou see,
olde *Cepheus* downe to slyde,
The Father of *Andromeda*,
and downe in flouds to fall
With hands, his shoulders, & his head.
These shapes and fygures all
With *Scorpion* rise: the *Dragons* tayle,
and *Chirons* horse appeare,
And rest of Crowne and Sacrifice
that he in hands doth beare,
Also the *Serpents* head doth ryse,
and eke hir holders head,
Then syts the part that doth remayne
of corse of *Andromed*;
And *Cepheus* syts from head to waste,
and double winding way
Of *Pædus* streames, and downward then
doth fal dame *Cassiepey*,
Then first the *Dog* himselfe doth hyde,
and downe *Orion* flings.
When as the *Shooter* vp doth ryse,
the Serpent holder springs,
With *Serpent* whole, the left hand and
the head of *Kneeler* downe,
And al the Harp, the breast and head
of him that ware the Crowne

Of *Aethyops* land King *Cepheus* cald.
Then hidden quite doth lye
Orion, *Hare*, and greater *Dog*
and *Carter* of the Skye,
Excepting only Head and Feete
then *Perseus* downe doth fall,
His right foote and his thigh except
the *Ship* (saue sterne) syts al.
When as the *Gote* ascendeth vp,
the *Swanne*, and *Shaft* thereby
The *Altare* and the *Egle* fayre
begin to appeare in skye.
But sterne of *Argo* then descendes,
and lesser *Dog* doth hyde
His starres in Sea, and vnder grounde
therewyth doth *Perseus* slyde.
When as of *Gannimedes* fayre
the goodly starres do ryse,
Then first the limmes of *Pegasus*
do clime into the Skies:
Contrarywyse the neck and head
of *Dragon* downe doth slyde,
And *Chiron* doth his hinder parte
beneath the waters hyde.
When as the *Fyshes* twayne are brought
to rise aloft in Skye,

The

The right syde of *Andromeda*
appeareth to the eye.
And he that Southerne *Fish* is calde:
then both the bodies quite
Of *Dragon* and of *Centaure* great,
are taken from our sight.
Thus much of rising of the Signes
and setting shal suffise,
Now let vs touch the rest that doth
remaine, in speedy wise.
But fyrst we must *Vrania* call
my verses here vnto,
That she may ayde and succour sende
such secrets to vndo.
Vrania, thou that knowest the things
aloft that hydden lye,
That walkest oft by seates of Gods,
and starry temples hye:
Vrania beautiful draw nere,
and open vnto me,
The secrete seates of Gods aboue,
and things that hidden be,
And helpe thy *Poet*, that in song
thy Scepters seekes to shewe,
And graunt the whirling Skies aboue
in minde that I may knowe.

And

And first good Lady shewe to me
if that the Skies aboue
Consist of matter hard and thicke,
or soft and apt to moue:
None otherwise than is the ayre,
which well we may deuide:
This tolde thou shalt declare to me
straunge matters more beside.
Two springs of nature chiefe there be
Materia and *Forma* namde:
Of these same twaine al kinde of things,
that here we see, are framde,
Of these the earth, the Seas, the ayre,
and flaming fyre springs.
Wherefore they lye, that matter none
admit in Heauenly things:
For contraries should then in them
be found, thus they do say,
And by this meanes corrupted quite
they should in time decay.
But as me seemes, this reason here
doth from the truth decline,
For neyther matter is in fault,
if that in tract of tyme
The bodies fade: nor contraries
themselues wil thus vnde

If that their forces equall be,
and stronger none of two:
For when the strength & power is lyke,
then equall is the fyght,
And victory on neither part,
and neither syde doth lyght.
Therfore God seking in hys minde
the heauens hye to make,
The chiefe and purest fyned partes,
of matters, fyrst dyd take,
And tempred them in such a sort
that harme in them should cease,
And that the things contrary thus,
should styll remaine in peace:
So lastes the skye continually
and neuer doth decay.
But for bicause the harder things
last longer farre away,
And take lesse hurt: therefore the skye
of all the hardest seemes
More than the Diamonde, that forme
and fyre it light esteemes,
And euery force saue onely Gods,
of whom it fyrst take grounde.
An other reason proues thys same,
for fyrst that moueth rounde,

The

The Spheres beneath him turns about
and Weſtward them doth driue,
And rolles them dayly mouing round
though they contrary ſtriue:
Which could not be if that they were
not hard aſſuredly.
Take there withal that parte of Moone,
the likeſt is to ſkye,
Which Sun doth not behold, nor tuchd
wyth beames of brothers eyes.
So Starres at noone are thought to be
in colour like to Skyes,
Which Moone & Starres thẽſelues be
and dark they alſo be: (harde,
The experience of the Eclipſe doth this
declare apparantly,
For Moone betwixt doth hide ẏ beames
that from the Sunne do flowe,
And ſuffers not the ſhining light
vpon the earth to ſhowe.
Why ſhuld not this ſame hardnes here
vnto the Skies agree?
For neuer ſhould it elſe holde faſt
the Starres that fixed be,
But wander farre abroade they would,
nor one place them ſhould holde.

Yet darke is not the firmament,
as of the Starres we tolde,
For placed here vpon the earth
the hyest Starres we see:
And well our sight descernes the signes
that farthest from vs be.
Syth hardest are celestiall shapes,
and purest eke are such,
Perchaunce they gyue a sound besides,
and syth they rolle and touch,
They make some heauenly melody,
as some that long agoe
Both learnde and sobre written haue,
my *Muse* this doubt vndoe.
Though hard and many be the kindes
of Heauenly bodies hie,
And though they subiect are to syght
of earthly humaine eye,
Yet noyse for troth they none do make,
for nothing them doth beate:
Nor beaten would they more resound
that are most thicke and greate.
And syth no ayre is there, wythout
the which no sound is made,
And therefore voyd of noyse runne
they round in rolling trade.

Besyde,

Beſyde, the inferiour Circles eyght
gaynward the mornings ſeate
Are turnde about one ſelfe ſame way,
nor on themſelues they beate
Wyth meeting courſe, but paſſe one
wyth eaſy rolling round, (wsy,
As daunce in order compaſſing
about do ſoftely driue:
The *Mouer* firſt agaynſt them all
in courſe doth onely ſtriue,
Yet noyſe doth it neuer make,
ne ſoundeth it at all,
For aire there lackes and outward par-
of Spheares are ſmoth alway: (tes
Whereby they ſwiftly paſſe about,
no roughneſſe them doth ſtay,
And eaſly thus with gentle touch
their neyghbours next are kyſt,
Wherfore there motion they do make
all ſilently and whyſt.
Therefore the Fathers olde did erre,
that earneſtly beleued
Spheares mouing to make Harmony,
but not to be perceiued,
Bycauſe it paſſde the eares of man,
as is not heard at all

The rush of *Nilus* streames, where from
the mountaynes they doe fall,
But farther of the sound doth roare.
They trifle thus to teach,
And fond and vayne the reason is,
that herein they do preach.
For if such things were neuer heard,
why should they then deuise
A sound amyd the Skies to be,
tis naught to enterprise
Of things to talke, that neuer can
be shewde or proued playne,
That iustly may denied be:
no newe things must we fayne,
Except a troth in them be proued,
where reason is away,
No fayth nor credit must we giue
to wordes that men do say.
But is the Heauen round my *Muse*,
as fame of olde hath spyde,
For compassed forme seemes perfecter
than all the rest besyde,
Bycause it hath beginning none
nor ende in it doth lye,
Bycause it aye contayneth mosse,
more fine and fayre to th'eye

And

And after is it to be moued.
chiefly the myddest about:
As Heauen turnd about the earth,
that hath hir standing stout
In mydst of all the worlde. This forme
so worthy doth agree
To Heauen, to the Sunne and Moone,
and all the Starres we see:
Though folly fonde of Paynters doth
them otherwyse descrye.
But are the Starres as some do say
the thicker parte of Skye?
Not so: for euery one of them
vnlike to Heauen be,
Among themselues they differ eke,
as Elme from Seruise tree,
As Peare from Cherry differeth
in fashion and in fruite:
Their diuers vertue this declares,
and eke their sundry suite.
A power alone hath euery Starre,
and nature eke at hand.
The Heauen therefore is but seate
and place where Starres do stand,
No substance thoe, or matter of them.
What vertue hath the Skye?

All force and vertues in the Starres
and glistering planets lye.
The starres do guide the cõpassd world,
and euery chaunge doth bring,
The Starres create all things on earth
and gouerne euery thing:
Thus teach th'Astronomers, and thus
the common fame doth sye.
Nc must we think in thicke and thinne
the substance of the Skye
To differ from the Starres, but eke
their natures diuers be.
And sundry is their shape and force, and
fashion that we see.
The bygnesse of the Starres, and ik
their turning neuer stay,
And in what place they fixed be,
(as *Plato* once did say)
And if they voyd of dwellers be,
or any there doth dwell,
My *Muse* I would be glad to knowe,
wherefore I pray thee tell.
All starres are not of bygnesse like,
for many lesse there be,
And in such sort, as comprehend
no man may them we see:

Some

Some are agayne of larger syle,
in number fewe and fyne,
That in cleare nightes amyd the skyes
wyth gozgeous light do shine:
Of which th'Astronomers haue framde
fayze shapes and fygures bzight,
And pictured haue the Heauens bzaue
with sygnes of sundzy sight.
Thus of these greater sozte of Starres,
(as learnd in Starres doe tel,
And as the Sunnes eclipse doth shewe,
wherein appeareth well
Yow great the Moone in body is
while vnder him she glydes,
And darkning all with shadowes black,
hir bzothers beames she hydes,)
Some do in compasse farre excede
both seas, and earth, and all,
And bygger are their shining globes
though they do seeme so small:
Bycause so farre from vs they be.
Foz euery thing beside,
The farther it is from our eyes,
the lesse in syght is spyed,
And doth deceiue the lookers on.
The starres that fixed be

As *Plato* greateſt clarke doth ſay,
are eche in their degree
About their Centers rolled round,
and turnde continually,
And by this reaſon are they thought
to twinckle in the eye:
And not as certayne fayned haue,
bycauſe farre of they be,
Therefore they yelde a trembling light
to ſuch as them do ſee:
This reaſon ſurely is but vayne,
and childiſhe for to write,
For nothing ſeemes to twinckle tho,
bycauſe tis farre from ſyght:
But dimmer then and leſſe it ſeemes,
nor twinckling can they be
Without a motion ſure. Wherefore
the Starres that firſt we ſee,
Do moue togither with the Sunne,
as we declared late,
But *Saturne*, *Iupiter* and *Mars*,
do moue in no ſuch rate,
No more doth *Moone*, nor *Mercury*,
nor *Venus* pleaſaunt Starre:
But moue in little Circles that
to them annexed are.

Why

Why sparckles not *Saturne*, and *Ione*,
and *Mars*, as doth the *Sunne*?
Syth farther far from vs in Spheares
aloft moze hye they runne:
Noz differ they in difference great
from fixed Starres aboue?
Bycause they do not as the *Sunne*
about their Centers moue,
But in these *Epicycles* rolle
their bodyes rounde about.
Some man perchaunte if so the *Sunne*
doth sparckle, standes in doubt.
But if he shall the same beholde
when first it doth appeare,
Oz when in Winter time it falles,
and settes in waters cleare,
When as his eye may beste endure
his syght thereon to cast,
Ye shall perceyue it playne to turne,
and eke to sparkle fast.
Let no man thinke this thing to be
so greate and strange to minde,
If all the gozgeous Starres do moue
in such a sozte and kinde:
Seemes it not farre moze wondetfull
that Heauens compasse wide

With

Wyth such a motion swift about
the world doth alwayes glyde,
That Wyndes and windes, & lightnings flash,
in swiftnesse it doth passe:
Thus now th'almighty Lord, by whom
the world created was,
All things he made, deuided in
these two, mouing and rest.
But in the Center rest vpon
the earth his place possest:
In all the others motion dwelles.
The streames do swiftly flye,
The ayre and fyry flames on earth
do moue continually.
But chiefly in the firmament
hath mouing greatest spright,
And euery Spheare the higher it is
doth moue wyth greater might,
And swiftlier runnes about the world.
Wherefore that Heauen hie,
That called is the mouer fyrst,
with motion most doth flie.
But that the greatest motion is,
that in the time most small,
Doth soonest runne his course about
the greatest space of all.

Thus

Thus would it runne about the worlde
in twinckling of an eye,
But that the other Spheares do let
that vnder him do lye,
Restrayning it of course so swifte,
least that in turning round,
The Seas with it, it should conuay,
and all the earthy ground:
For then no kinde of creature coulde
leade here his life in them.
O matter to be wondred at,
who is not mazed when
He wayeth with himselfe in minde
so great a quantitie,
So farre to passe in so short time,
and backe agayne to flye,
And neuer for to ceasse this course,
and labour none to feele:
Hereby do some beleue that Gods
the worlde about do wheele.
Of them to euery Circle is
a mouer strong assignde,
Who like as they that are condemned
in bakehouse for to grinde,
May neuer ceasse from turning round
the Skies both day and night,

For

Nor though he would can once haue
to reſt his wery ſpright. (time
Now ſurely happy is that God
that ſerueth in the ſame.
But theſe are toyes, and fanſies fond
of ſuch as ſeeke for fame.
What ſtore of fonde Fooloſophers,
and ſuch as hunte for prayſe,
The earth brings forth, it is not good
to credit all he ſayes,
Though great his eſtimation be
in mouthes of many men,
Though many Reames of Paper he
hath ſcribled with his pen.
For famous men do oftentimes
make great and famous lies,
And often men do myſſe the truth
though they be neuer ſo wiſe.
Therefore muſt reaſon firſt be ſought,
for in ſuch doubtfull things,
More credit reaſon ought to haue,
than mennes ymaginings:
For ſuch are often proued falſe.
What thing doth reaſon ſay?
That Skies or Starres are moued of
or of their proper ſway? (Gods
What

What honour great, what kinde of ioy,
what pleasure can there be,
Vnto these Gods that turne about
the Skies continually?
That they for life of foolish man
may needefull things prouide,
And that the Birdes and sauage beasts
and Fyshes they may guide.
Becoms it Lordes in such a sorte
their seruants here to serue?
And Gods for euer to be thrall,
that they may beastes preserue,
That they may foster Foles & Knaues:
is it not rather meete
For Gods to enioy their liberty,
and pleasaunt freedome sweete?
That they may wher they list go walk,
least as in fetters tyed,
They can not passe from place to place,
but styll at home abyde?
Or as the potters plying styll
the wheele and lumpe of clay,
Can haue no time of quiet rest,
nor steppe from place away.
Seemes it so sweete a sporte to them
the compasse rounde to moue,

Or

Or can this labour neuer grieue
the Gods that syt aboue?
O sentence worthy to be markde
of graue and witty men,
But reason bars them this, and cryes
contrary quite to them.
For nothing is eternall here
but only *God* alone,
And after him continuall be
the *Natures* euerychone.
Of things that he of nothing made.
But yet by sure decree,
That otherwise they cannot shewe
than they appoynted be,
By him when first he framd the world,
so styll continuall shall
The waters soft, the fier hote,
the earth a stedfast ball.
So shal the ayre for euer moue,
so of necessity
The circles of the Heauens round
shal turne continually,
So force and fashion euery herbe
deliured doth retayne,
And euery tree, and euery beast
that neuer time can stayne.

As

As long as vnremoving state
of nature doth endure,
As long as chaungeth not the wyll
of *GOD* diuine and pure.
Wherefore if thus continuall be
the course of Heauens bright,
It must be naturall as shewes
in wayghty things and light.
For what of nature propre is
doth neuer feele decay,
But if another moue the same
in time it failes away.
For no such state of violence
doth last continually.
Haue heauy things & light more force
than state of Starres and Skie,
That they can moue of propre strength
and these can not do so
Except of Gods they caused be
about in course to go:
Then is the earth and fier farre
more noble than the Skie
At least for this bycause they neede
no helpe of mouer by.
But of themselues from Center they
or can to Center flie.

Wherefore

Wherefore we muſt beleue that theſe
celeſtiall ſtates aboue
Of proper force and of their formes,
as fyer and earth do moue.
For nature is of greater might
than mouer any one.
This nature onely God excelles
and him except alone,
No better thing than nature is
nor in the worlde more hie.
I nature call the fixed law
of him that guides the Skie,
Which frō the worldes foundation firſt
to all things he aſſured,
And wylde that it ſhould ſtand in force
while age of worlde endured,
For this ſame lawe hath God vnto
the formes of things aſſignde
That when from thence do things pro-
formes wel fulfil Gods minde, (cede
Ne can they once this order breake,
for of their formes do ſpring
Such things as he commaunded hath,
who framde eche formed thing.
This true and proper nature is
of higher ſtate agayne

Than

Then matter or forme as some haue
for certainly these twayne (taught
Are rather springs of eury thing
or causes first aboue
Or framers first, not nature sure
if truest names we loue,
Except we haue a better wyll
false names to giue such things.
But of this same enough we haue,
now strike we other strings,
And whither that the stately romes
of Heauen empty be,
Or whither any dwellers there
haue place and sourantie.
The present time doth me persuade
in wonted verse to syng.
Syth Heauen is so vast and wyde
and such a gorgeous thing,
All garnisht round with glistring Star-
so bright and fayre to th'eys (res
Shall only voyd and empty it
and vnreplenisht lye:
And earth and seas such dwellers haue:
or is the seas or ground
A place more pleasaunt, fayre and good
or more in compasse found

Than all the Skie by which they moze
than Skies deserue to holde,
Such stoze of creatures sayze & shapes,
and fashions sundzy folde:
Is it a parte of pzudent Pzince
to builde a pallace wyde
With golde and Marble beautified
thzoughout on eury syde
And not (saue stable) to permit
there any man to lie
And furnish out such gœdly romes
and sumpteous buildings hie:
Foz Earth is stable to all the wozlde
wherein all filth doth bide
Dust, dyzt, dung, bones and carion,
and lothsome things beside.
Who can at any time rehearse
the heapes of things vncleane
That on the seas and earth appeare
and euer shall be sœne:
Who knoweth not the showzs, ỹ mists,
the cloudes and flakes of snowe,
The fozce of windes & rage of stozmes,
that on the seas do blowe,
That shakes the earth & moues ỹ ayze:
Yet playnly may we see

The

The Seas and Earth with sundry sorts
of creatures full to bee.
Shall then ỹ heauens cleare be thought
as voyd and empty made:
O rather voyd and empty mindes
that thus your selues persuade.
For creatures doth the Skies containe
and eury Starre beside
Be heauenly townes & seates of saints
where Kings and Commons bide
But perfect Kings and people eke,
all things are perfect there,
Not shapes & shaddowes vain of things
as we haue present here,
Which death sone takes & time destroy-
defiles, and driues away. (es,
There wise and happy folkes, and suche
as neuer do decay
Do liue, here misers dwell and men
that certayne are to dye
And doltish fooles. There peace & light
and pleasure chiefe doth lye:
Here dayly warres and darknesse blind
and eury kinde of payne.
Go now, and prayse this world & take
delight in life so vayne,

Presume thou fole than Heauens faire
the earth to set more by.
But some may doubt if that more strōg
than Diamond be the Skye,
And empty place is none therein,
how Gods there dwelling be
And mouing there: this semeth sure
with reason not t'agree.
Besydes since that the Heauens bright
can not with plowe be torne,
Nor digd with spade, how there shal vi-
and nedefull graine be borne: (nes
These are but toyes & laughing stocks,
for though the Skies be harde,
Yet passage haue the dwellers there,
nothing their course hath barde.
For vnto these celestiall states
the Maiesty deuine
Appoynted slendrest bodies hath
of substance light and fine,
So that no neede of dores they haue,
nor yet of windowes wide,
For through the thickest walles they
and through the Marbels slide, (run
So pure and fine their nature is,
and of so strong a might.

Who

Who, (if so be they neuer had
bene subiect to his sight)
Would thincke that fish in flouds shuld
and frogs in slime to bræde, (bee
And *Salamander* liue by fire,
of ayre *Chamelions* fæde
And Grashops nourished with deawe:
yet true this same we see,
And we confesse them wonderfull,
for many things there be
Which though we think can not be dõe
yet can and oft are done,
Why could not God then creatures
that through ẏ earth shuld run (make
And of no meate nor drinke haue næde:
if he so could he did,
Fond were it such a space to builde
and leaue vnfurnished.
But Heaueners haue no næde wõ plow
and spade for fode to striue.
Since that their bodies are not such
as fode doth kæpe aliue,
Nor Gods do euer suffer thyrst
nor Saincts an hungred be
In fine they neuer græued are
with lack or pouertie.

Bicause beyond the Wone there dwell
no kinde of dolefull case
For eury kind of mischefe, God
vpon the earth did place
And in the midst did them enclose
forbydding them the Skie:
O happy such as leade their liues
thus in those places hie,
That *Nectar* drinke, styll fed with foode
of swete *Ambrosia* græne
Whereof in those Celestiall meades
abundance great is sæne.
Wore happy and better is the life
of such as dwell aboue,
The hier they in Heauen haue
their place to rest and moue,
For places such as in the Skies
are hier in degræ,
Wore blessed are, and better farre,
than those that lower bee.
What are the blackish spots that in
the Wone we may beholde?
For of these same men diuersly
their fansies oft haue tolde.
Nought of it selfe doth shine in Skies
saue onely *Phœbus* cleare,

Of

Of him the Mone receaues hir light
and Starres that glister there,
Who for bicause she is the last
of all the Starres on hie,
And lowest parte of Heauen kæpes
vnto the earth most nie,
Shæ nædes must darkest be of all
whereby sith eury side
Shæ hath not white, nor thick, nor pure
nor mæne where light may bide,
For whitest parts and thick and light
sunbeames at night receaue,
The other parts that are not apt
the same doth lightlesse leaue.
Thus in the night the Mone doth shine
but when the day giues light
Much lyke in shewe to spotted cloude,
in Skie shæ wareth white.
So Gloewormes in the night do shine,
but when the day returns
By light they lose their light agayne
that in the euening burns,
And then their proper colour shewe
all fraude and guile away,
The night is mætest for deceyts
true things appeare by day.

Now if the world eternall be
or if in time begonne
It doth abyde a finall ende
when many yeares are done,
Is worthy to be vnderstode.
For of this question hie
Haue diuers wisemen written bookes
he sayth he doth deny,
And authours fansies differing
the thing doth doubtfull try
And that the troth in secrete plighte
all dark doth hydden lye.
Some thinke that it beginning had
and that the world did spring,
Of matter that for euer last
and force of mightiest king,
When as before it had no state:
and say that these same twayne
Continued alwayes haue, and shal
for euermore remayne,
Matter, and the almighty Lorde,
from whence all things doe floe.
Some think the world of nothing made
and those deny also
That any matter was before,
but by the word and wyll

(Of God) all made. But others say
so moude by reasons skyll,
That neuer it beginning had
nor neuer shall haue ende.
Of these whose sentence trueſt is:
sure I shuld condiscend
(But that Religion me forbyds,
and Christians that defend
The doctrine olde of *Moyses* bookes)
to credit none beside,
But that the world hath alwayes bene,
and alwayes shal abide.
For why might not this world haue ben
for euer heretofore?
Bicause he could not do it tyll time,
had taught him knowledge more,
And then at length he finished it:
Or could he alwayes it haue done
but would not vtter more?
What is the cause? why rather would
he after than before?
Or else what reason alterd thus
his minde to other trade?
If naught it were this world to make:
why was it euer made?

But

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But

But if it meete and profitable
were this world to frame,
What is the cause that God so late
created hath the same?
Wherefore hath it so short an age?
For, if we boldly may
Deuines beleeue, eyght thousand yeres
are not full past away,
Since *Adam* olde created was.
Beside whence doth proceede
The cause why *God* shuld make ỹ world?
for that he this did neede?
If so: he should at first it made
least he should greeued bee
The lacke of such a goodly thing
so long a time to see.
If not: why made he it? in vayne?
ought he for to deuise
The thing that to no purpose is?
of fooles this is the guise.
Therof thẽ was some cause, but what?
of troth assuredly,
His goodnesse great and mighty powre,
least that in vayne should lye
These twin shut vp in secrete close,
but rather open be

To

To eury man, foꝛ mighty and good
in vayne is coumpted he
By whome no great noꝛ godly thing
hath neuer yet bene wꝛought.
If God therefoꝛe was euer good,
and euer mighty thought,
Why would he not haue alwayes builte
this godly woꝛld we ſee?
Why let he ſuch a thing till nowe
of late deferred bee?
No reaſon truly can be found
except ſome ſubtile bꝛayne
Make moꝛe accõpt of toyes than truthe
and fooliſh fanſies fayne.
Wherefoꝛe, if we to reaſon ſticke
then muſt we ſurely ſay
That this ſame woꝛld hath euer bene
and neuer ſhall decay.
But if that *GOD* ſayd otherwiſe
long ſince, and then did giue
To *Moyſes* knowledge of his woꝛkes,
we *Moyſes* muſt believe:
Let reaſon alway yelde to fayth,
and there as pꝛiſoner leaue,
Foꝛ *GOD* can not deceaued be,
noꝛ neuer doth deceaue,

If any time he do vouchsafe
by words with men to deale,
If that appearing vnto man
his secrets he reueale.
But they that first this *Chaos* and
continuall matter taught,
Do trifle much. For why should God
leaue it so long vnwrought
If he forthwith could make the world
and at the fyrst create
All kinde of things: In vayne it is
for to deliberate
That presently may well be done.
But some haue surely thought
Eternal state the world to haue
of no man made or wrought,
But of it selfe as now it is,
before all ages past,
And of it selfe as now it is
for euermore shall last.
Which sure is false: for reason doth
her selfe this same deny,
For two most perfect things can not
in order euer lye:
But would fal out betwene themselues
and strife thereby maintayne.

Wel,

Well, graunt that in a faythful league
they alwayes do remayne,
In vayne two heads allowed are,
for one shall wel suffise,
Bicause at least dame nature ought
before the rest to rise.
And if before the rest she be,
then is she cause of all,
For formost cause doth alwayes frame
the things that after fall.
Wherfore doubtlesse the almighty lord
this world himself did make
Of nothing, and eternall so.
But how? the reason take.
Eternal goodnesse hath the Lorde,
eternal powre hath he,
May not likewise his wyll to make
the world eternall be?
Which if it were, as reason shewes:
nought let? but world may be
Continuall built by workeman hie,
in such a fayre degree.
As who soeuer graunt? the Sunne
continuall to haue bene,
Must needes confesse, the light thereof
continually was seene:

Yet

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As who soeuer graunt? the Sunne
continuall to haue bene,
Must needes confesse, the light thereof
continually was seene:

Yet

Yet is the light the Sunnes effect,
and Sunne the cause we call.
But let vs search the Elaments
and from the Heauens fall,
And not vnworthy things of them
let vs now vtter playne.
Some men haue sayd that vnderneath
the Skies a fire doth rayne
Nære to the Mone, but voyd of light:
and kindling haskily,
And wondrous hote, which to be true
doth perfect reason try.
For in the night we may beholde
the fire in Skies to slie,
And flashing flames throughout ỹ aire
and Starres to shote from hie.
Which doth procæde of damps that in
the ayre do rise more hye,
And burned is by force of fyre
that there aloft doth lye.
For of twoo sorts is vapoure, one
light, drye, and sone begonne
To fire, whereby the flaming sights
in Skies are causde to runne,
The other more colde, more waighty & (grosse,
engendred of this same
Are

Are showrs & clouds & snowes & myſtes
and windes with flaſhing flame,
And thunder, hayleſtones, deaw & rayn,
if fier were none aboue,
No vapour there could kindled be,
in euening darke to moue.
Moreouer, ſince in lightneſſe thus
the fire doth ayre excell,
No remedy, but nœdes it muſt
haue hier place to dwell.
His ſeate therefore is vnder Skies,
and next to Mone doth lye.
Beneath this fire hath ayre his place
which in his partes moſt hye
A feruent heate of fire doth take.
The myddle partes moſt colde,
Doth thũder, clouds, & lightnings brede
and tempeſt ſundry folde.
The loweſt parte is warme and moyſt
for vapour that doth riſe
From floud continually it moyſt
aſcending toward the Skies,
And warmd it is by beames of Sunne
that back from earth rebound,
Here miſts & showrs and pleſant deaws
and ſnowes and froſt are found,

Which

Which sundry sorts of winds do brede
for no small powre is dealt
Vnto these windes, and oftentimes
their force in ayre is felt,
These can in time of Sommer cause
the nipping coldes to come
And in the winter season sende
abrode the warming Sunne,
These can both giue and take away
from vs our corne and grayne,
These can both brede and beare away
great sicknesses and payne.
From out the East doth *Eurus* blowe.
and from the *Libian* coast
Doth *Auster* come, and *Zephyrus*
from westerne parts doth poste,
But *Boreas* blastes in *Scythian* hilles
and Northerne partes doth rise.
Fowre windes there are, all rule
the ayre that lower lies,
And with the ayre both land and sea.
Of windes the cloudes do brede,
And from the cloudes do flakes of snow
and showers of rayne procede:
Dewes, lightning, hayle & early frosts:
but with diuersity of times,

And

And eke by sundry wayes and meanes
and blastes of sundry windes.
Whereof such as from South do blow,
breedes cloudes & showers, & heate,
But those that from the *Scythian* partes
do come, cause coldenesse great.
From these coms yse & snowes & frostes
when winter dwelleth heere:
But in the Sommer time they serue
to make the weather cleere.
The westerne winde breedes flowers, &
with greene doth new aray, (grosid
And giues the birds a cause to sing,
and filles the woods wyth Way.
Oft times the Easterne winde is good
yet now and then doth rayse
Such tempestes great, that seas & land
by force thereof it frayes.
These windes the ayry spirites aboue
or Starres abrode do send,
And oft when as the Coniurer
for treasure doth intend
In earth to delue, or consecrate
his booke in Magike wise
Some spirite to binde, then haue I heard
that windes which then did rise

And ſuddayne ſtorme hath layd ẏ corne,
and grapes did downeward fling.
The matter making windes is miſtes
that from the flouds do ſpring,
The cauſe that moueth them are ſpirites
that in the ayre do dwell,
But this will not the common ſorte
allow, nor credit well.
What thē: caſt not ſuch precious pearls
to Dogs or filthy ſwine:
Beleue it you that learned are,
whoſe mindes are more deuine,
That not alone in Skies but in
the ayre, there thouſands be
Of ſpirites that moue the raging winds
and tempeſts that you ſee
And thunder down w̄ lightning throw.
Yet do I not deny
But other cauſes are that blaſtes
of windes are moued by,
As *Sunne* and *Moone* and *Starres*, but chiefe,
the ſeauen which they name,
The wandring ſtars that of theſe miſts
effects do diuers frame.
I ſaw while as at *Rome* (*P. Leo*
the tenth there raygning than)

I was, a peece of potters worke
and picture of a man
That from his mouth of straightest sise,
a mighty winde did blowe,
For all his brest being hollow made
with water full did flowe
Which being with heate of fire resolud,
out of his mouth it went
In mighty winde, and farre from it
the force thereof was sent.
This proues ẏ wind proceedes of flouds
that thus resolued bee
While vapour mounting vp is forcde
by meanes of heate to flie,
For contraries do euermore
eche other driue away.
In this same lowest parte of ayre
as we before did say,
The blasing starres do oft appeare
that fall of Prince doth showe
And there with diuers colours died
appeares the stormy bowe.
This same ẏ beames of Sun doth cause
that on the cloudes we see,
The other made by some one starre
of them that mouers bee,

Which while the vapour vnderneath
doth shape thereof receaue,
Appeares a tayle, and in the clouds
his flaming light doth leaue
Like as the Circled myst that doth
encompasse round the Mœne
The circled mist (as men do say)
a signe of winde to come.
As whē thrée sūnes are thought to shine
and yet they are not thrée
But shaps of sūne that framd in clouds
as in a glasse we sée.
But vnderneath this ayre so grosse
and lowe, the Seas haue place:
The Occean Seas that all the earth
in circuite do embrace,
Which passing throughꝯ narrow straits
where *Hercles* pillars showes
It spreds it selfe, and thus abrode
both farre and wyde it flowes.
And this is namde by sundry names
Aegian flouds it makes
Ionian, *Tuscan*, *Adriatike*
Red Seas and *Persean* lakes.
This Sea doth search the secrete caues
that lowe in earth doth lye,

And euermoze doth ebbe and flowe
and taſteth diuerſly,
As diuers is the earth, by which
he doth his paſſage make,
And of the brimſtone ſulphured vaynes
doth ſmell of brimſtone take.
This is the cauſe that fluds their cours
mayntayne continually,
For to their ſprings they ofte returne,
and oft to ſeas they flye,
And roll and paſſe from place to place
and round in compaſſe driue:
And do preſerue the earth as bloud.
preſerues the corſe aliue.
The ſelfe ſame fluds doth make ỹ lakes
and fennes of filthy ayze,
And cleare and Criſtall rũning ſprings
and wells for euer fayze.
In fine from Occean ſeas procœdes
all courſe of waters hære,
That round about the world retaynes.
This made the waters cleare
That parte beneath the earth do lye,
and parte aboue doe runne,
And ſuch beſides as from the cloudes
of Helliſh dye do come.

But wherefore is the Seas so salte:
doth it of nature spring:
I thinke not so. For euery tast
that seas with them do bring,
Doth fetch his cause from out the earth
for in the earth are found
Great hilles of salte that vnderneath
the waters deepe are dround,
Seas sucks this salte and doth resolue
it into water cleare.
Thus *Salte* not *Sunne*, is cause that saltnesse doth in Seas appeare.
For why doth not the Sunne likewise
of Ponds salt water make:
For all such partes of earth as were
not meete for man to take
Bycause they were to full of salt
hath nature vnderlayde,
The Ocean seas more frutefull partes
to vs she hath displayed,
Wherein are mountaines, hils & cliues
rocks, fields and valleyes lowe,
Straights, countreys, woods and ponds
lakes, springs & streames that flowe,
Small townes, great cities, broughes &
with stones and metalls pure (holdes

Such

Such things wherby the life of man
the better doth endure.
The rule of all this earth and goods
to man the Lorde did giue,
And made him King of eury kinde
in seas or land that liue:
And wit and reason to him dealt
by which he might excell
And guide the world, and seruing God
him loue and worship well.
Amyd this earth a Center lies,
whereby it is sustaynde,
For thither falles eche waighty thing,
as God at first ordaynde,
That neuer of their proper force
can from this Center flye,
And therefore fixed stands the earth
and in the mydst doth lye
Sustayned with hir heauy waight,
that fast on eury side
To Center runs and frames a ball
both darke and thick, and wyde:
About the which wyth Crimsin horse
the Sunne is alwayes lead
And on the parte contrary styll
the darkesome night is spread.

For nothing else but shade it is
of earth and waters great,
Which shadow if in night it chaunce
vpon the Mone to beate
Doth cause Eclipse, and filles w̄ feare
the wofull gazers hearte,
Supposing that oppresst shee is
with charme of Magike arte.
This shadow makes the longest night,
when farthest from vs burnes,
The flaming Sunne, and shortest when
to Northerne signes he turnes.
The cause thereof is swelling earth
and stately mountaynes hie,
Which subtile nature hath deuised
in place betweene to lie,
That with their tops in change of time
the nights they alter may.
For loke when nearer vnto South
the same doth keepe his way,
Then farther forth their shadowes dark
these hilles abrode do fling
Such shades as hide the light and cause
the day more late to spring,
And force the day in shorter time
and space his course to ende.

Then

Then frosty winter vnto vs
his quaking colde doth sende,
Then sõmer makes the Indians blacke
with raging heate to frye.
But when the Sunne returneth backs
to toppe of *Cancer* hie,
Then shorter are the nightꝫ with vs
and heate beginnes agayne,
Then winter vexeth those with colde
that vnder vs do rayne.
Thus doth the Sũne with diuers cours
both alter times and tides,
And in foure equall partes the space
of all the yeare deuides:
And rolling round about the earth,
both nations serueth well,
Both them that vnder vs do liue,
and them aloft that dwell.
For men liue also vnder earth,
not onely woods and streames,
Nor nature willde that Sunne and day
in vayne should cast their beames
And onely serue for brutish beastes
and sortes of swimming kinde,
For all the earth is dwelt vpon
no place therein we finde,

For any clime there is, but that
there mortall men may dwell
And finde out places fitte for them
and seates that serue them well:
Though colde extreme, or to much heat
rayne there continually:
Where nature mischiefes doth permit
there plants she pleasure by
And wise she mixeth sowre with sweete,
and where diseases raynes
There hath she poynted remedies
that can release the paynes.
Therefore whersoeuer to much heate
anoyes the inhabitant
No mountaynes colde nor cooling blast,
no shaddowing trees do want
Nor pleasant streams wt store of spring,
whose coldenesse may defeate
The harmes that happen vnto man
by force of raging heate.
Besides the night hath equall length
there all times with the day
Which with an euen cooling force
doth heate of Sunne alay.
Wherby we iudge the myddle Zone
not voyd nor empty lies

But

But peopled well, by nature safe
and meanes that they deuise.
So th'vtter Zones where as they say
no kinde of people dwell,
with snowes and yse all couerde styll
men may inhabite well,
As reason good doth vs persuade.
for there great store of wood
Doth alwayes grow, & garments there
are made both great and good,
wyth furres of sundry sortes of beastes,
and stoues are many there
wherewō men well may warm thēselues
and winter nothing feare,
And bytter colde by many meanes
they well may driue away.
Nor foode conuenient do they want
but Cates at home they may
(Or brought frō other countreyes) haue
and daynty kinde of fare,
wherefore it is not true that some
brought vp in Græce declare,
That nature onely hath assignde
one Zone of smallest syse
For man to dwell, and all the rest
that voyd and desert lies

Alone

Alone to serue, for beast and fish
this world vnworthy seeme,
That nature graunting greater place
to beasts them best esteeme.
Wherfore if he may be beleeued
that troth doth playnly tell
No place there is vpon the earth
but men may safely dwell.
Dame natures ayde in nothing doth
sustayne or feele decay,
And witte of man the hardest things
doth breake and beare away.
Now last bicause vnto the ende
with haste apace we hie,
And time doth wyll vs to attempt
the fishes of the Skie:
Therefore I briefly will declare
the cause why earth doth quake
What force doth driue it for to moue
what might doth make it shake.
And thus we may be bolde to thinke
that in the earth belowe
Are many caues and mighty vawtes
where boysterous winds do blowe.
Which whilst with force they rage and
vpon the earth they beate (strive,

And

And in this rage do ouerturne
the walles and Cities greate,
Tyll breaking out at some one place
wyth force abrode they flye
And blowe about in puffing ayre
not long in rest they lye.
These windes are bred within the earth
of damps, which fiery heate
Doth draw from moysture nære about
for many fiers great
The earth within doth nourish styll,
a wondrous thing I tell
But yet no fayned thing I shewe,
he can beare witnesse well
Who so hath *Aetna* euer sæne
or bathes of waters hote,
Or who so knowes the wonders of
Veseuus viney plotte.
These winds the wicked spirits do moue
that in the lowest Yell
Possesse their place, and in the depth
of dongeons darke do dwell.
For trifles surely are they not,
nor words of vanitie
That of the *Stygian* lakes, and of
Auernus spoken be.

No

No place doth voyd or empty ly
but dwelt in euery wheare,
Both vnder earth and on the earth,
in ayre and firy spheare,
In Skies and eke aboue the Skies
where Heauen shineth bright,
where as the glistring pallayce standes
of Prince of greatest might
That owner is of all the world.
My *Muse adieu* farewell:
And finally prepare thy selfe
thy ending tale to tell.

Pisces, the twelueth Booke:

MOst glorious *GOD* almighty King
thou Parent chiefe of name
Whose wisdom gret this wõdrous world
of nothing first did frame,
And gouerns it and euermore
preseruez it day by day,
The spring and end of all that be
to whome all things obay,
Than whome more great, more good, or fayre,
is nothing, nor more hie,
That

That blessed liuest for euermore
aboue the starry Skye.
My minde desiring now to thee
to clime doth nothing neede.
Apollo, Muse, Parnasus hill
or springs that wont to feede
The prattling Poets, fansies vayne
when as they list to write
Disguised tales that frantike heads
of countrey Clownes delite.
For, other ayde, and other grace
it needefull is to haue,
And streames of other fountayns swete
I thyrsky now do craue.
I thee beseech and humbly pray,
on thee alone I call,
That this my worke of late begonne
and labour last of all
Thou fauour wilt, and graũt me grace,
to touch the appoynted ende,
O Lorde thy holy spirite vouchsafe
into my heart to sende,
wherewith inspirde I may beholde
the secrets of thy rayne
And others teache, and with my verse
immortall honour gayne.

A sorte there are that do suppose
the ends of euery thing
Aboue the heauens to consist,
and farther not to spring,
So that beyond them nothing is
and that aboue the Skies
Hath nature neuer powre to clime,
but there amazed lies.
Which vnto me appeareth false
as reason doth me teach.
For if the ende of all be there
where Skies no farther reach
Why hath not God created more?
because he had not skill
How more to make, his cunning stayed
and broken of his will?
Or was it because he had not powre?
but troth both these denies,
For powre of God hath neuer ende
nor bounds his knowledge ties.
No kinde of thing may God conclude
nor limits him assigne,
Nor propre force doth once restrayne
the Maiestie deuine.
Great things I tell, and reason greate
shall also this defende,

If any thing the powre of God
may ende or comprehende
Then is ỳ thing more strong than God.
For what thing can be found,
That if it haue not greater force
another thing can bound:
But nothing passeth God in powre
nor stronger is than he,
Therefore he neyther can nor wyll
with limits compast be,
For who wold haue his force restrayned
when that he may be free
And walke abrode where as he list
with powre at libertie:
No man there is that doth desire
himselfe for to abase,
But rather all men arrogate
to them a higher place,
And alwayes seeke for to enhaunce
the state that here they leade,
And though their wings be large & wide
yet farther them to spreade.
Will GOD then while he may be greatest
of powre omnipotent
His propre force himselfe restrayne
and liue in limits pent:

This surely doth not well agrée
nor ought to be beléeued
That God hath bounds, if that of none
he euer them receiued
Nor hath assigned to himselfe
as we before did proue.
These things foretold, we thus cõclude
the workes of God aboue
Unbounded for to be, least that
his power and maiestie,
And knowlege should be counted vayn.
For if aboue the Skie
He could and might haue framed more
and goodlier things by much
But would not: then in vayne is all
his power and knowledge such.
For if that any man haue skyll
and cunning in an arte,
And neuer will in practise put
the knowledge of his harte:
In vayne he should vnto himselfe
procure a workmans name,
In vayne with woordes hee should cõmit
his faculties to fame,
Which should be rather folly calde
and not a faculties.

But

But in the ſtate diuine of God
and glorious maieſtie,
We muſt beleeue is nothing vayne
ſince Godlieſt is the ſame.
Thus God what ſo euer he could doe
aſſurely did frame
Leaſt that his vertue were in vayne,
and euer ſhould lye hyd,
But ſince he could make endleſſe things
it muſt be thought he dyd
And all his power therein employed,
ſo that there did remaine
In him no kinde of power or force
that ydle were or vayne.
But learned *Ariſtotle* ſayth
there can no body be
But that it muſt of boundes conſiſt:
to this do I agree,
Becauſe aboue the Skies no kinde
of body we do place,
But light moſt pure, of body voyd
ſuch light as doth deface
And farre excel our ſhining Sunne,
ſuch light as comprehend
Our eyes can not, and endleſſe light
that God doth from him ſend,

Wherein togither with their King
the ſpꝛites that are moꝛe hie:
Do dwell, the meaner ſoꝛte beneath
in Skies do alwayes lie.
Therfoꝛe the raygne and poꝛtion of
the woꝛld conſiſts in thꝛæ
Celeſtiall, Subceleſtiall: which
with limits compaſt be,
The reſt no bounds may compꝛehend
which bꝛight aboue the Skie
Doth ſhine with light moſt wonderfull.
But here will ſome replie
That without body is no light,
and ſo by this denie
That light can neuer thoe be found
aboue the heauens hie.
But at vs vainly doth he barke,
in vaine he doth contend,
Foꝛ reaſon doth my woꝛds appꝛoue
and veritie defend.
I pꝛay thee ſhew what is the cauſe
that here the Sunne doth ſhine?
Becauſe his matter giues him light
oꝛ rather foꝛme deuine
That doth ſo great a globe contayne?
foꝛ foꝛme and faſhion gay

To all things state of being giues,
as *Nature searchers* say:
With whome we also do agree.
this same doth playnly showe
That Forme, not Matter makes ỹ sun
to shine. From Forme doth flowe
All kinde of force and comelinesse.
And if so greate a light
Assigned be to bodyly Formes,
why should we in this plight
Deny that incorporeall states
may any light containe?
Since that more pure and fine they are
and layer farre agayne.
Wherefore the spirites and ghosts aboue
do shine with wondrous light
Although it can not be discernde
of our corrupted sight:
So that among these Saincts the more
their state and powre is hie
With brighter beauty much they shew
and greater maiestie.
No golde, no pearls nor precious stones
nor pompe of purple gowne
Doth them as it doth vs set out
but light is their renowne.

And as the Sunne amongſt the ſtarres
doth ſhine with goodlieſt light,
So ſhines among the Saincts aboue
the *LORD* of greateſt might
And neuer darkneth them a whit,
but makes them all to ſhine,
Such is the goodneſſe of his grace
and maieſtie deuine.
But here perchaunce he wyll obiect
that in the ayre doth lye
No ground of light, and ſince no ayre
there is aboue the Skye
He wyll deny that there is light.
But now he lies agayne,
For ayre is not the ground of light,
nor as ſome fondly fayne
Is light in ayre, but contrary
the ayre in light doth dwell,
If reaſon what, not *Ariſtotle*
doth ſay he marketh well.
For if without the dores faſt ſhut
a candle burneth bright,
Or by ſome clift the fier ſhine
in houſe all voyde of light,
And ſome therewith the ayre about
the beame with ſtriking ſhakes

The

The ayre is forced to passe the light
but light no mouing makes.
And if the ayre were ground of light
then with one motion so
Both ayre and light should moued be
and both togither goe.
Beside, if that in time of night
a man with Torch in hand
Should passe, ỹ light doth places chaũge
but ayre doth quiet stand.
Which if to light it subiect were
it should continually
Go wander place by place with light
and styll kæpe company.
But now this same is nothing so
but doth contrary proue,
For light doth passe when aire doth stay
and styll with torch doth moue.
Wherby it appeares that light doth not
the ayre as subiect nœde,
But well may stand and well wythout
the vse of ayre proceede.
Especially the light of God
whereof a parte doth passe
Into our sunne and there is kept
contaynde as in a Glasse.

For as within his proper speare
that vnder Mone doth lye
No fier can discerned be
by force of any eye,
But if that any matter chaunce
to kindle with the same,
Then Starres do fall and firy streams
in Sommer nights do flame
And other sights that feare the mindes
of men in dreadfull wise.
So as it is the light of God
can not be seene with eyes,
But fixed in the Sunne it shines
bycause the matter cleare
Whereof the Sunne is made is fitte
and apt for light t'appeare,
For God hath framde it in such sorte,
as there his light may byde
And shine, creating day and life
and goodly things beside.
That light doth also shine in shapes
of sundry sacred spirites
Though not alike to all as Starres
shine not with equall lights
But some more bright than others be
as they are set before.

And

And as a candle can giue light
to many candels more
And yet doth neyther lose nor lesse
his beauty burning bright,
So light of God decreasing not
to other Saints giues light.
But some perchaūce will here demaūde
and doubtfull question finde
If that besides this light that I
declarde of endlesse kinde
Doth any other thing consist
without the world so great
Though this be neyther meete nor fitte
for mortall men t'entreat
Yet wyll I proue to passe the path
wherein no Poet yet
That hath bene hitherto before
might euer set his feete,
And wyll attempt to bring to light
the treasures hie in place
Of God if he be pleasde and helpe
with his accustomed grace.
First must we graūt that God is spring
and Father eke of all
Who made all things and best & chiefe
him may we truly call.

There-

Therefore where so euer GOD abides
his glory there is found,
And euery good and gorgeous sight
doth in that place abound.
And thus what so euer good the earth
the seas or ayre contaynes,
All this is seene in place whereas
the LORD almighty raygnes.
And though no matter be in such,
yet iudge not thou therfore
They being lacke, for perfecter
and fayrer they be more
than things that are of matter made.
For forme that can it selfe sustayne
without this matters hand,
Is perfecter than that which boyd
of matter cannot stand.
Therefore all boyd of matter there
things perfect are and pure
And in despite of fretting age
and force of fate endure.
And store of goodly things are there
that in this worldly light
GOD hath not made, from which proce-
great ioyes & Saincts delight, (des
Such

Such ioyes as tong of mortall man
can neuer full define,
Such ioyes as neuer can decay
with space of any time.
These incorporeal formes were known
to minde of *Plato* hie,
Although the enuious sorte do scorne
his bookes full bytterly.
But eury man doth not aspire
these mysteries to knowe,
A fewe them finde to whome the *LORD*
aboue doth fauour showe,
And giues to them his light that they
these things may playne beholde.
In fine, there spyrites and Angels are
as many thousand folde
As all the woods contayne in leaues
or all the shores in land,
Or all the Fishes in the seas
or starres in Skie that stand,
Yea, number none can them containe,
for since that *GOD* could frame
Them numberlesse, he sure so dyd
the more to spread his name,
Especially since that the world
doth voyd of limits lye.

As

As is before declared playne
and reason strong doth trye,
But since they voyd of body be
and Matter all away
Therfore they neuer chaunge in tyme
nor age doth them decay,
No greefe they feele, nor slæpe nor foode
at any time they craue
Nor labour knowe but ioyfull youth
continually they haue
And frædome chiefe, no bondage there
no seruants in degree
Nor none there are that there compels,
nor none compelled bee,
One onely Lord they do confesse
the King and spring of all
Him worship they and him they loue
and serue in generall,
They willingly do him obey
and serue in euery thing
Reioycing all his laud and prayse
and wondrous actes they sing
Eche one doth there apply himselfe
to please with gladly grace,
No fighting there, no cancred spite,
nor enuy can haue place,

Continuall peace there flourisheth
great loue and concorde great
Among them is suspicion nons
no craft nor falle deceat.
In fine the godliest parts it is
of all the world beside,
And farre more worthy are the spirites
that in this place abyde,
Than those that in the Skies do dwell
and in the Starres do lye,
For loke as lower euery spheare
doth come to earth more nye,
The meaner spirites it doth contayne,
and meaner gods doth giue,
And so much baser is the same.
whereby such things as liue
Aboue the Skie, as they most fayre
and good, and blessed show,
So those that in the bowels darke
of earth do dwell below,
Are most vifauoured, vile, and yll,
and there not all in vayne
The stinking lakes and soyels of Hell
to be did Poets fayne:
Of Hell where men do after death
their paynes for michiefe take

And

And vainely ſeeke for reſt and peace
in euer darkned lake.
But wherfore waſte I words in winde
and ſtriuing all in vaine
Doe ſeeke vnto ſuch Buzzards blinde
the trothe to open plaine?
So ſore the ſtate of mankinde dotes
that it will neuer knowe
That eyther Gods in Heauen be
or ſpyrites in Hell belowe.
But moſt men laugh if any man
do tell them credibly
That after death the ſoules doe liue
and neuer more doe dye.
Hence ſpringeth it that night and days
they richeſſe ſeeke to gaine
This is their greateſt carke and care
their greateſt toyle and paine
That they in Golde and Jewels maye
their neighbours farre excell,
Golde is the thing that all men ſeeke
in golde their hope doth dwell.
For thys, runnes into raging warres
the Captaine ſtout of minde
For thys, his Children wyfe and houſe
and countrey left behinde

The Marchaunt cutting homing seas
in shyp with sayles set out
Allayes the blewe and dreadfull gulfes
and coastes the worlde about.
Eche man doth practise craft and theste
this golde to kæpe in sight
Golde euery man desires and loues
golde pleaseth euery wyght.
Ne feare they any kinde of paynes
that after death is due
O altogither earthly men
that onely in the viewe (else
Frõ beasts are knowẽ. Cã you nought
than golde to knowledge call:
By which a wyse man from a fole
doth differ nought at all
Wherewith fonde fortune ill men oft
habundantly doth fæde
Learne you that many things there are
that golde doe farre exceede
Which vnto foles and wicked men,
of God not giuen be
These are the vertues: Godlinesse
iustice and prudencye
And wysedome passing farre the rest.
These gods who doth retaine

A moꝛtall God is and the ſame
immoꝛtall man agayne
That after death ſhall happy be,
but he that hath them not
And ſtaines himſelfe with filthy ſinnes
(when death his ſhaft hath ſhot)
ſhall headlong into Hell be caſt.
Theſe are not trifles, tales oꝛ dꝛeames
but true and ſure they be,
Yea moſt aſſurde, beléeue it well,
you blinde, belæue you me,
Woe be to you if that you wyll
not me herein belæue
Foꝛ life ſhall quickly you foꝛſake,
and then you ſhall perceyue
That I ſayd true euen then when as
your ſoules in Hell ſhall lye,
You laugh: but this your ioy ſhall chãge
to teares and græuous cry.
The time ſhall come when many men
that now in welthy pꝛide
Do beare the ſway and ſcoꝛnefully
both God and man deride
All naked, bare, in miſerie
and wꝛetched caſe ſhall lye

And

And shall of others ayde require
with pyteous wofull crye.
Wherfore O you that haue delight
in good and Godly things
Endewed with a better soule
whose rootes from heauen spring.
These earthly Gods that as the cloudes
away doe swiftly flye
Which fortune vnto fooles and knaues
doth giue most commonlye,
And which a fewe yeares ended once
doth death take cleane away
Regarde not muche, nor in such things
your heape or treasure laye.
Seeke you no more than that, which is
for lyke sufficient
A small thing certes will suffise
with little liue content.
But let your chiefe delight be in
the sacred seates on hye
Seeke heauenly things w̄ all your force
to this your mindes applye:
In Heauen are the perfect goods
that euermore remaine
Which neuer foolishe dolt shall haue
nor wicked man obtaine.

In earth whatsoeuer doth delight
are trifles all and toyes
Which fooles and beastly people seeke
and count as chiefest ioyes
For which a thousande hazardes great
they rashely vndertake
And offring vp their foolishe brestes
to death, they skirmishe make
Of thys they bost the Bytle doth
in dong reioyce to lye
Things filthy, filthy folkes doe loue
and villaines villanie.
Leaue earthly things to earthly minds
let swine in dust delight
And let your only trauaile be
to gaine the heauens bright.
The goodlyest things doe best become
the men of best degree
And valiant things most meetest are
for them that valiant bee.
The earth is but a Chery fayre
God hath to you assynde
The heauens for your countrey swéets
your countrey seeke to finde.
That when from bondes of body thou
escaped art and gone

And

And left your flesh for dogges to fede
or wormes to gnawe vpon
You there may alwayes happy liue
from flesh vncleane exempt
And lame and often weary limmes
wherin whylest you were pent
Remaining in the vale of teares
and in the mortall rayne
Both many harmes and sicknesses
and griefes you did sustaine
For so the earth may called bee
which is the stable sure
Of all the worlde, the mother and
the nurse of vice vnpure
Wheras the raging Deuill dwels
the king of sinfull kinde
Wherfore it needefull is that you
haue often death in minde
And with your selues consider well
how nere the doth he standes
Still threatning with his deadly darte,
in pale and dreadfull handes
How suddainely he strikes therewith
how oft he doth destroy
The lusty youth and takes away
our fayre and flowring ioye.

O fading lyfe that subiect art
to thousande casualtyes
O to to shorte and doubtfull state
that smokelyke from vs flyes
Now this now that man drops away
and thou this present day
To morrowe I, thus at the last
we all doe passe away
None otherwise than simple shéepe
that Butcher hath preparde
In folde to kill, now these now those
with knife he striketh harde.
To morrowe other the next day moe
thus all in time they dye
Tyll that by this his slaughters great
the folde doth emptye lye.
This fading lyfe therfore despise
which first beginning takes
with teares his middest is toyle & griefe
and death conclusion makes.
Who wyll delyght in such a lyfe
except a foolishe braine:
Sæke you an other lyfe to haue
an other lyfe to gaine
Whereas no mourning griefe or paine
whereas no death is founde

This

Thus happy ſtate you ſhall receaue
when carcaſſe comes to grounde
You that haue hated ſinne, and God
haue worſhipped holylie
And haue not put your confidence
in things that worldly be
But chaſt, vnhurtful, milde and true
haue liude in pure degree.
But ſome perchance ỹ think how gods
doe dwell in Heauens clere
Wold alſo learne ſome wayes or meanes
(if any ſuch there were)
By which they might w̃ them haue talk
and ſee them face to face
O what a godly thing were this
and what a wondrous grace
Than which no greater thing on earth
I think can man obtaine
But fewe deſerue ſo great a ſtate
and honor for to gaine
For many I graunt with diuels talke
which eaſely they entice
By humble prayers made to them
or meanes of ſacrifice
Since farre they be not from the earth
but in the ayre doe lye

And oftentimes beholde and kéepe
the people companie:
Yea vnto many they appere
and serue them willingly
And with the beautie great of youth
enamoured oft they be.
But Gods that in the heauen dwell
the things that mortall be
Disdaine to knowe and wicked factes
of men abhorre to sée
As they that well doe vnderstande
how foolishe and how vile
Mans nature is how false and bolde
and eke how full of guile
Despiser and blasphemer of
the chiefest maiestie
Wherefore to haue the speache of them
and sée them presentlie
Is labour great and seldome had
bicause their eares they close
To voice of men and turne away
their eyes from giftes of those
Which after that they be enrichde
with sédes that others sowe
A portion small of others gwdes
vpon the Church bestowe,

Thin-

Thinking that Heauen may be solde
O two legged Asses blinde
Thinke you that God is couetous:
and precious stones doth minde:
Or hath delight in glittering golde:
or needes your helpe to haue:
Doe you suppose that he is such
as doth your fauour craue:
Think you that bribes can him corrupt
as many men they doe:
No sure he is not got with golde
nor giftes he lusteth to:
When that he liues in happyest state
and blessed on euery syde,
When his are all that earth contaynes
or seas or heauens wyde
How can you giue to God the things
that his alreadye be:
Doth not he rather giue to you
the things that here you see:
Therfore since neither they with giftes
nor vowes will moued be
A matter very harde it is
them presently to see.
Although the matter be so harde
yet wyll we passe the way

And what our force in this can doe
by proofe we will assaye.
First needes we must the meanes finde
that God doth best content (out
Who is not moude with noble bloud
nor vnto riches bent
No king nor *Ceysar* he respects
nor triumphes doth esteme
Ne careth he for such as are
most strong and fayrest seeme.
But these doth vtterly despise
nor for the loue of them
Vouchsafes the prayers to beholde
or present sight of men
Thus must we seeke an other way
by which we may obtaine
Their speache and presence for to haue
perchaunce my verses plaine
This way & meanes shall bring to light
if that the Gods aboue
So fayre attempts doe ayde and helpe
and wyth their spryte approue.
The first thing is the cleanlinesse
of body and of minde
By which, man well esteemde of God
doth loue and fauour finde

For

For all vncleanesse doth he hate
and doth abhorre to see,
So fayre and blessed is his state
and of so hye degree.
Wherfore we must at first take heede
that we be perfectly
Well purged and pure from filthines
and all iniquitie
Vnclothed of our garments blacke
and clad in comely whites
Which colour best with God agrees
and blacke with fiendishe spites.
A harde thing is this same I graunt
for who doth here remaine
That leades his life without a fault
and free from blot or staine?
To euery man hath nature delt
some crime or vicious kinde
And nothing is on earth so faire
but fault therin we finde.
Yet are there certaine sinnes so small
and to such trifling ende
That in a manner nought at all
the eyes of God offende
Wherwith he is not greued much
no sores are these nor staynes

But

But as the little freckels that
in body kayze remaines
Which easely the Lorde forgiues
since well perceiueth hee
How weake and frayle the nature is
of such as mortall bee.
But great & haynous crymes doe much
offende the mighty state
And wicked men he alwayes doth
abhorre, despyse and hate
Nor wyll he once their prayers heare
except they clense before
And washe away their sinnes w̄ teares
and whyte for black restore
Requiring pardon for their faults
with voice of mourning minde
Obtaining once againe the pathes
of vertue for to finde.
And casting of hys cancked skinne
as in the pleasant spring
The Serpent vseth all his skinne
of olde away to fling.
who thus renewed departes & leaues
his slough in stones behinde
And casting vp his head aloft

with

with proude and stately minde
His dreadfull hyssing doubleth oft
with tong of triple kinde.
Thus Gods are pleased, & thus whē as
we rightly on them call
They shewe themselues and thus to vs
theyr prophecies let fall.
Yet must there one thing more be had
vnto this perfect whight
A Crymsin colour must be foynde,
the beautie then is bright
When as a purple redde with white
well entermedled lyes
What meanes this ruddy colour here:
sure, loue it signifies.
For loue resembled is to fire
which fyre hath reddishe flame
And both a colour and an heate
procēdeth from the same.
Therefore it nēedefull is beside
that we the Gods aboue
Doe hartely loue for he that loues
deserueth to haue loue.
For whosoeuer loues the Gods
and liueth Christianly

Can

Can not be odious vnto them
but shall rewarded bee
And shall in happy state obtaine
whatsoeuer he doth require
But who is he that loues the Lorde:
the man that doth desire
In filthy entisements of the flesh
and pleasures for to slæpe:
Or he that hath a great delight
the rauening hauke to kæpe,
And (madde) in fæding dogges & horse
hys liuing doth decaye:
Or he that sækes for hye estate
that quickly fades awaye:
An Owle that in the rouse doth sit
a mate of Fortunes playe:
Or is it hæ that vpon God
hath heart and fansie set
And which he worships as a God
by all meanes sækes to get:
Beleue mæ: they that earthly things
doe couet to obtaine
The things that in the heauens are
regarde not for to gaine.
No man can well two maisters serue
for who so toyes in white

It

It followe must that he deteſſes
the black and griſley ſight.
Who ſo delightes in light of Sunne
him darkneſſe heauie makes
And he that ſweeteneſſe loues in bit-
ter things no pleaſure takes
Who ſo approcheth to the earth
muſt needes the heauens flye
And where as loue of earth remaines
no man can loue the ſkye
But fewe (alas) and all to fewe
theſe earthly things deſpiſe
And able are with wings of minde
to mount vnto the ſkyes.
Wherfore: bicauſe it is ſo harde,
to this doe I agree:
But great rewardes makes greateſt
both eaſie and light to be. (paynes
What greater thing can be obtaynde
than here with Gods to walke:
And to beholde them with our eyes
and thus with them to talke:
This is chiefeſt Jewell ſure
for which we ought to beare
Eache kinde of trauaile toile and griefe
with good and pleaſant cheare.

The

The Cat would gladly milke receiue
but feete she wyll not wet
The way to vertue sure is harde
yet shall th'vnslouthfull get
Both vertue and honour vertues prise
the souldiour god obtaynes
A due rewarde whereas no prayse
the slouthfull cowarde gaynes.
Therefore we must apply our selues
with all our force and might
That these so glorious states aboue
in vs may haue delight
Then euery thing we shalbe sure
here prosperously to haue
Both whilst we liue vpon the earth
and when we are layde in graue.
why doe we thus esteeme the earth
that sone we shall forsake
O blinded fooles of fading ioyes
we more account doe make
Than of the goods that alwayes lastes
what madnesse is this same?
Nowe last remaynes that prayers oft
with humble minde be frame
That seekes the sight of Gods to haue
which once for to require

Sutti-

Sufficeth not but oftentimes
we muſt and much deſire
Tyll at the length in ſpace of time
we get the victorie
And as our minde deſireth moſt
obtayne the Gods to ſee.
One ſtroke doth not cut downe ỹ Oke
of olde and auncient yeares,
Nor yet the ſtone by falling of
one drop of water weares
Nor *Rome* was builded in a day
eche creature, grayne and tree
In time ſpring vp, and in great ſpace
of yeares encreaſed bee.
And thinkſt thou ſuch a wōdrous thing
and of eſtate ſo hie
Can with ſo little paynes be done
and wrought immediatly?
So eaſily can we not the ſight
of earthly Kings obtayne
Nor come to tell our tales to them
and heare them talke agayne.
Thinkſt thou that Gods no better are
than Kings that here we ſee
Wherfore then ſhould they come except
they oft deſired bee,

Except

Except we them as we doe Lordes
in humble sort desire
Wherfore we must on euery daye
them oftentimes require.
That they vouchsafe themselues some-
to shewe to vs in sight (time
And with their talke the secrete things
to bring abrode to lyght
This if we doe (beleue mee well)
at length they will appere
And with their presence will vs blesse
in wretched carcasse here
And shortly bring vs to the skyes
an ende of all our strife
whereas the perfectest pleasure is
and eke the happyest lyfe
Then shall we passe and come before
the maker great of skyes
And haue the Prince of all the worlde
in viewe of these our eyes
Than which no better state can be
nor more renouned thing
who is of goodnesse and bewtye all
the fountaine hedde and spring.
But many think it can not be
that vnto any here

On earth the ſacred ſpyrites aboue
ſhould talke or thus appere
And think that I but trifles tell.
to theſe I pardone gyue.
For nature hath not delt lyke wyt
to all that here doe liue.
Some ſtill doe ponder in their minde
the Heauenly ioyes aboue
And alwayes think of hauty things
ſome, meane things only loue
And haue no pleaſure much to rayſe
themſelues from earthly place
And thouſandes on the grounde doe lye
nor thence wyll ryſe an aſe.
But earthly ioy doe only minde.
ſure in none other wiſe
Than certayne byrdes that in the ayre
aloft moſt hylye flye
Where many kæpe the midſt thereof
and mount not very hye
The reaſt frequent the loweſt partes
and nere the earth doe flye.
Wherfore it is no wonder great
if what I here declare
The common people not beleue
whoſe mindes moſt brutiſhe are.

Yet true it is that I haue tolde
for how should any one
Liue on the mountaines colde & dwell
in wilderneſſe alone
And willing leade ſo harde a lyfe:
ſure perilhe ſhould he ſtaight,
Except ſome God him comforting
ſhould eaſe him of this waight.
Beleue me he that liues alone
auoiding companye
Is eyther mad, or more than man
doth talke with Gods on hye.
In this ſort liued the Prophets olde
as it apperes by fame,
And many after Chriſt whom men
did holy Fathers name
And in this preſent age of ours
full many may we finde
That leade their life & ſpēd their yeares
in this ſame ſort and kinde.
Theſe men when they do wiſely ſpeake
and reaſon fayre and well
And wonders great doe bring to paſſe
and things to come foretell.
Wilt thou eſteeme as mad or fonde
or to be wayed lyght:

Or rather wilt thou iudge they be
inſpirde with holy ſpyte:
Beſides the holy Church affyrmes
that earſt haue many béene
That ſacred ſhapes of bleſſed ghoſtes
full oftentimes haue ſeene
Why ſhould not I beleue ſith that
the Church doth tell it mee:
Therfore it is no fable fonde
but doth wyth truth agree,
That men may come to ſpeake wt God
and them in preſence ſee
Which I ſuppoſe the chiefeſt good
and finall ende to be
Of all good things that vnto man
may any wayes aryſe
While as of thys hys preſent lyfe
the troublous ſeas he tryes.
And when eſcaped from mortall chaine
the ſoule hath paſſage ſtraight
Conueying with hir ſelfe theſe three
that alwayes on hir wayte
The minde the ſenſe and mouing force
vnto the heauens hye
Shall ioyfull go and there remaine
in bliſſe perpetuallye:

And dwelling there with Gods a God
shall it created be.
O Heauen great O house of Gods
of fayrest dignitie
How pure arte thou how wonderfull
with Maiestie diuine
How garnishte rounde about w̄ starres
dost thou most brightly shine:
Thou palayce well replenished
with euery sweete delight.
For if the earth habounds with things
so fayre and good to sight
The earth a place for man and beastes
the byleest part of all
what shold we think of thee wher dwels
the Gods celestiall
The Lordes and happy kings of all:
O would to God that when
My dolefull thredes the Systers three
had fully finisht, then
It thyther were my hap to come
my Carcasse cast in graue:
And euermore such wondrous ioyes
before my eyes to haue.
And now by grace of God I haue
of Zodiake finisht here

Twelue

Twelue ſtarry ſignes which nũber doth
in theſe my bookes appere:
A labour great with ſtudy long
and tedious trauaile pende
Yet finiſht now and cloſed vp
with laſt and finall ende.
What thanks ſhall I thee giue O Lord
and Prince of euery lande
That haſt me willde ſo fayre and great
attempts to take in hande
And giuen me mind and might therto:
the prayſe is onely thine,
If any fayre or godly thing
in theſe my bookes doth ſhine,
For euery fayre and godly thing
from thee doth firſt deſcend
Thou wert the fyrſt beginning of
this worke and finall ende:
My minde and hand were gouernde by
thy Maieſtie deuine,
To thee I onely giue the thanks
the honour all is thine.
But yet if any due deſert
on theſe my paynes attende
I thee beſeeche O Lorde that when
my lyfe is at an ende

This life that night by night I spend
in dreames of vanitie
And when the day retornes still vext
with griefe and myserie
Thou wylt vouchsafe in wyping out
my sinnes to pardone mée
Whatsoeuer I haue done (alasse)
with mist of minde oppreſt
And suffer thys my soule with thée
in Heauens hye to reſt.
And thou my booke in this meane while
thorow sundry cities run,
Assured vnder cankred clawes
of enuie great to come,
For Carpers and Correctors thou
shalt finde in euery place,
Whose mouthes with téeth enuenomed
shall tearing thée deface.
For some shall surelywatin ng be
which when they nothing can
Doe worthy prayse wyll yet reioyce
to rayle at euery man:
And finding fault at others works
will purchase folyslye fame.
Shunne ỹ such enuious whelps as these
and mouthes that thus defame

And

And searche for good and learned men
which though but fewe they bée
Yet happy mayst thou dwell with few
for fewe of best degrée
Hath God created here on earth
to such go reuerently
And all that we haue done laye thou
before the vertuous eye
which if they lyke it doth suffise
and what the rest doth saye
Regarde not thou, but clownishe words
with laughter passe awaye.
The iudgement of the common sorte
is grosse and eke their minde
Is wondrous weake and fowlishe things
delights the fowlishe kinde:
All men the meate doe most desire
that them doth best delight
Eache pleasure is not acceptable
to euery kinde of spryte
But good and learned men the things
of good and godly sense
Giue eare vnto and reade and marke
the same with diligence
This is the foode that them doth fede
and comfort of their minde

And if forefchewing doe not lye
vnto this vertuous kinde
Thou fhalt be heartyly welcomed
and with a fmiling looke
Of them thou fhalt perufed bee.
Go therfore bleffed booke
Abyde a long and happy tyme,
and when the ghaftly graue
Encompaft rounde about with earth
my carcaffe colde fhall haue,
Through euery countrey (thou aline)
and realmes of fundry fame
Go paffe, and feeke in euery place
to blafe abrode my name

FINIS.

Non nobis Domine fed nomini tuo.

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by Henry Denham, for Rafe
Newberye dwelling in
Fleete ſtreate.